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Our Gang COMICS

Timothy's GOOD DEED

Copr., 1946, by Oskar Lebeck

Timothy Turtle shivered slightly in the autumn air and pulled his little boatman's cap further down on his head. He was taking a little nap against an old stump, while Danny Beaver carried on the work of hauling passengers back and forth across the Mill Pond.

Suddenly Timothy opened one eye and looked about. "Hm-m-m. Thought I heard a voice." He listened carefully and then shook his head. "Guess not," he said, and turning over on his side, he sought a more comfortable position. Then he sat up again.

"I DID hear a voice, and it sounds like someone's in trouble. I'd better take a peek around." And getting to his feet he started off in the direction of the voice.

"Where can it be? I can hear it more plainly now," he mused to himself as he searched through the tall grasses and weeds which lined the bank.

"If you're looking for me, I'm right here," said a wee voice at his feet. And Timothy looked down to discover a tiny field mouse sitting in the grass, weeping bitterly.

"My goodness," said Timothy in surprise. "What seems to be the trouble?"

"The wheat threshers have gone through the field where I lived and have destroyed my home. Now I have no place in which to shelter my babies."

"Golly! Gee! That's terrible. Can't you find a new home?"

The wee creature shook its head, and sobbed into a tiny handkerchief. "I can't leave my babies while I go in search of one."

"Well, gosh, I can take care of them while you go househunting," volunteered Timothy.

Mrs. Fieldmouse's eyes shone with pleasure. "Oh, would you, Timothy?"

"Sure. I'll ride them back and forth across the Mill Pond. They'll enjoy that."

And enjoy it, they surely did. Timothy swam back and forth until they were all exhausted, and when Mrs. Fieldmouse returned as the sun was going down, she found them all curled up in Timothy's upturned shell, fast asleep.

"The dears," Mrs. Fieldmouse said, tenderly, as she gazed at her sleeping youngsters. "What a pity not to have a home for them."

(Continued on page 48)

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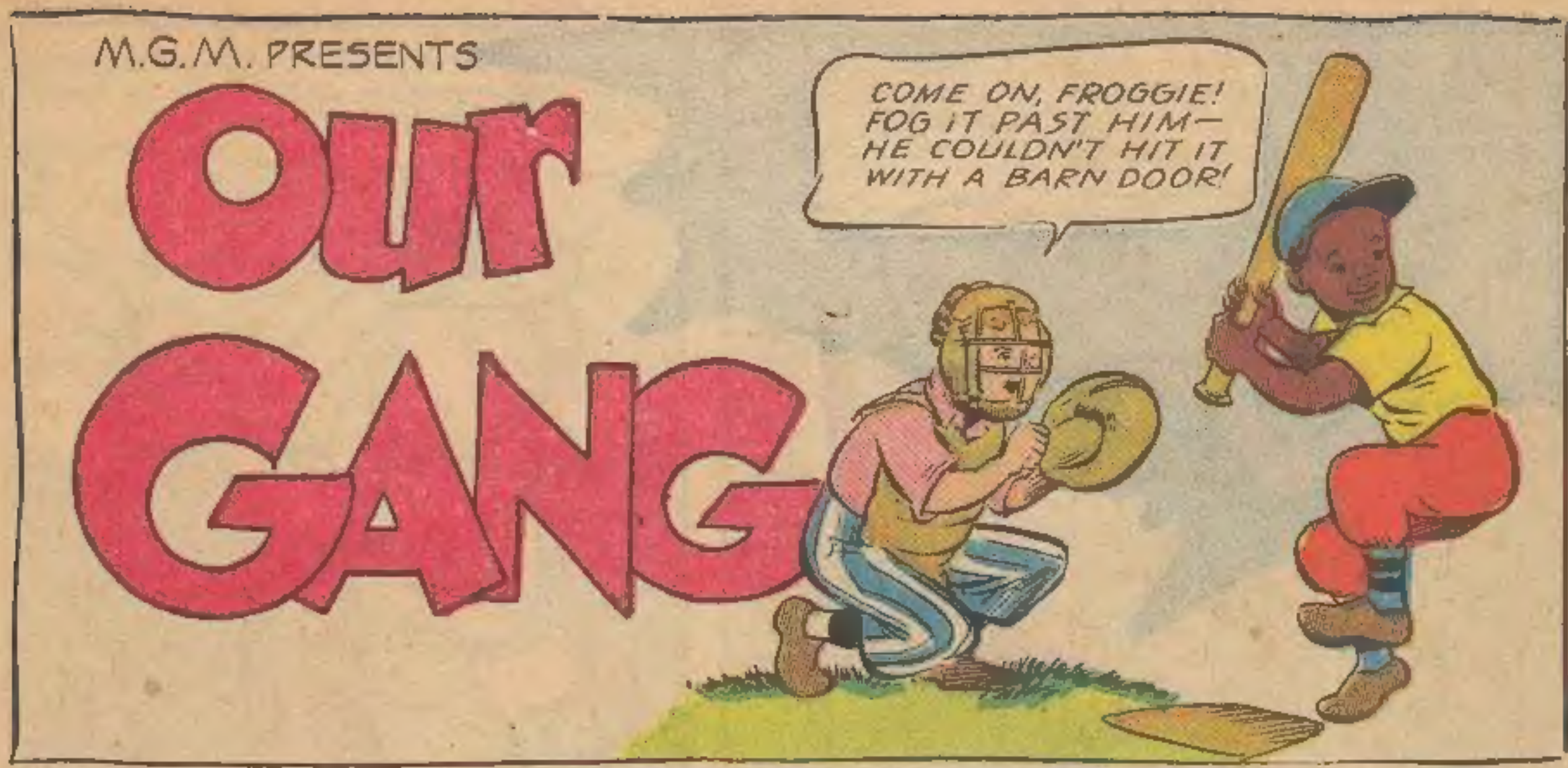
M.G.M. PRESENTS

OUR GANG



Give a gift subscription to OUR GANG. See back cover.

"NUTS," YOU SAY? NOW YOU'RE ON FAMILIAR GROUND—YOU KNOW ABOUT NUTS—YOU'RE THE ORIGINAL SALTED CASHEW.
TAKE OFF THAT MASK AND I'LL POKE YOU ONE!

SURE, PUTTY FACE—BUT YOU TAKE OFF YOUR MASK, TOO—OR IS THAT JUST A RUBBER NOSE?
OW!

WHY, YOU BROKEN DOWN EAGLE SCOUT, I'LL KNOCK YOUR HEAD OFF!
TSK, TSK, TEMPER, TEMPER.

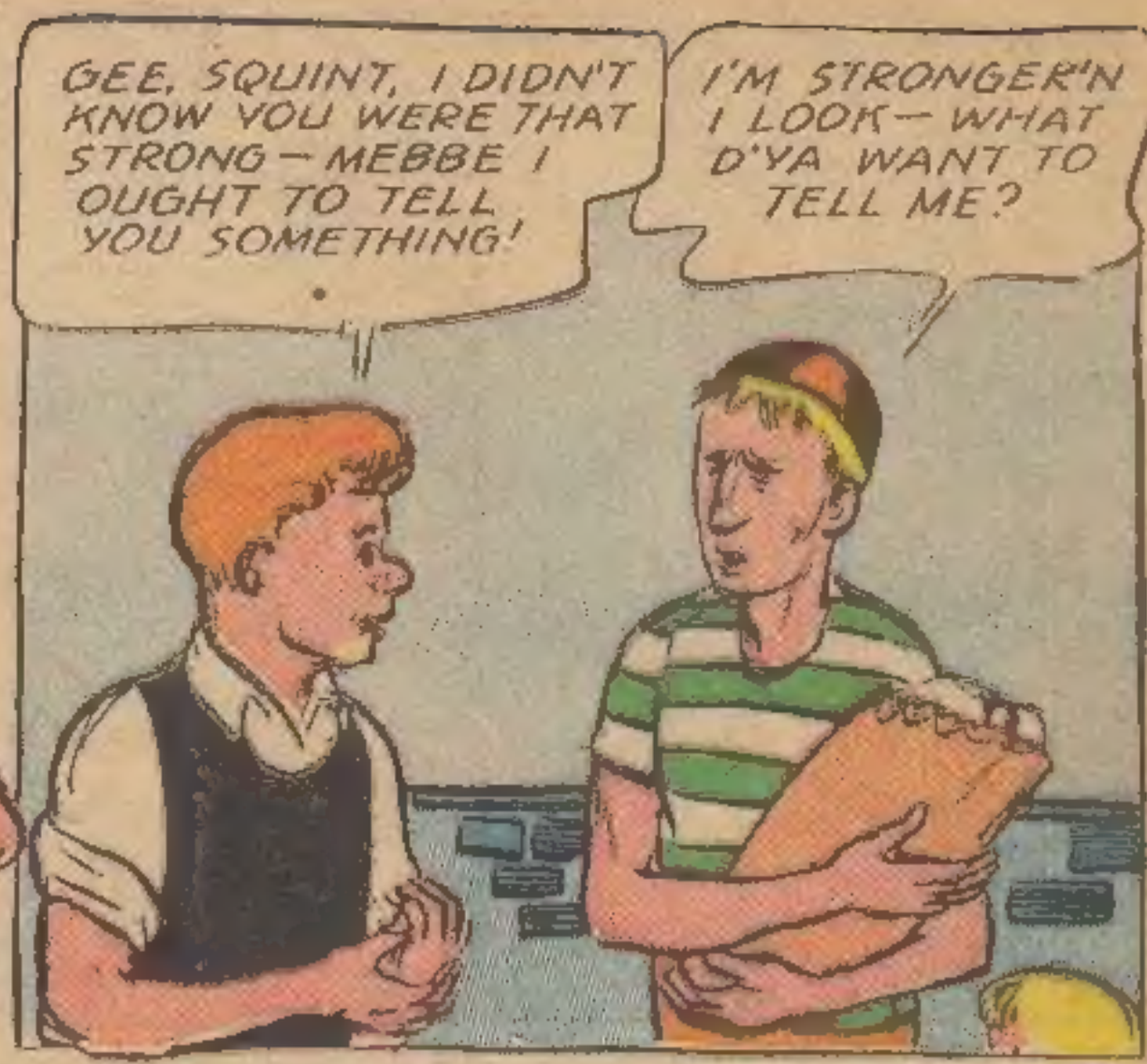
DON'T HOLD ME, JANEY, I'M A RAVING TIGER—FEENEY'S JUST RAVING.
HEY, KNOCK OFF—REMEMBER WHAT THE PRINCIPAL SAID—ANY MORE FIGHTING AND YOU'RE IN TROUBLE.

LET HIM COME—HE'S GOING TO BE IN TROUBLE SURE ENOUGH—FEENEY'S FIGHTING BLOOD GOES A LONG WAY BACK, AND I'M GONNA SEND HIM AFTER IT
AW, LAY OFF THE SMILING JACK DEMPSEY ROUTINE AND LISTEN TO ME!

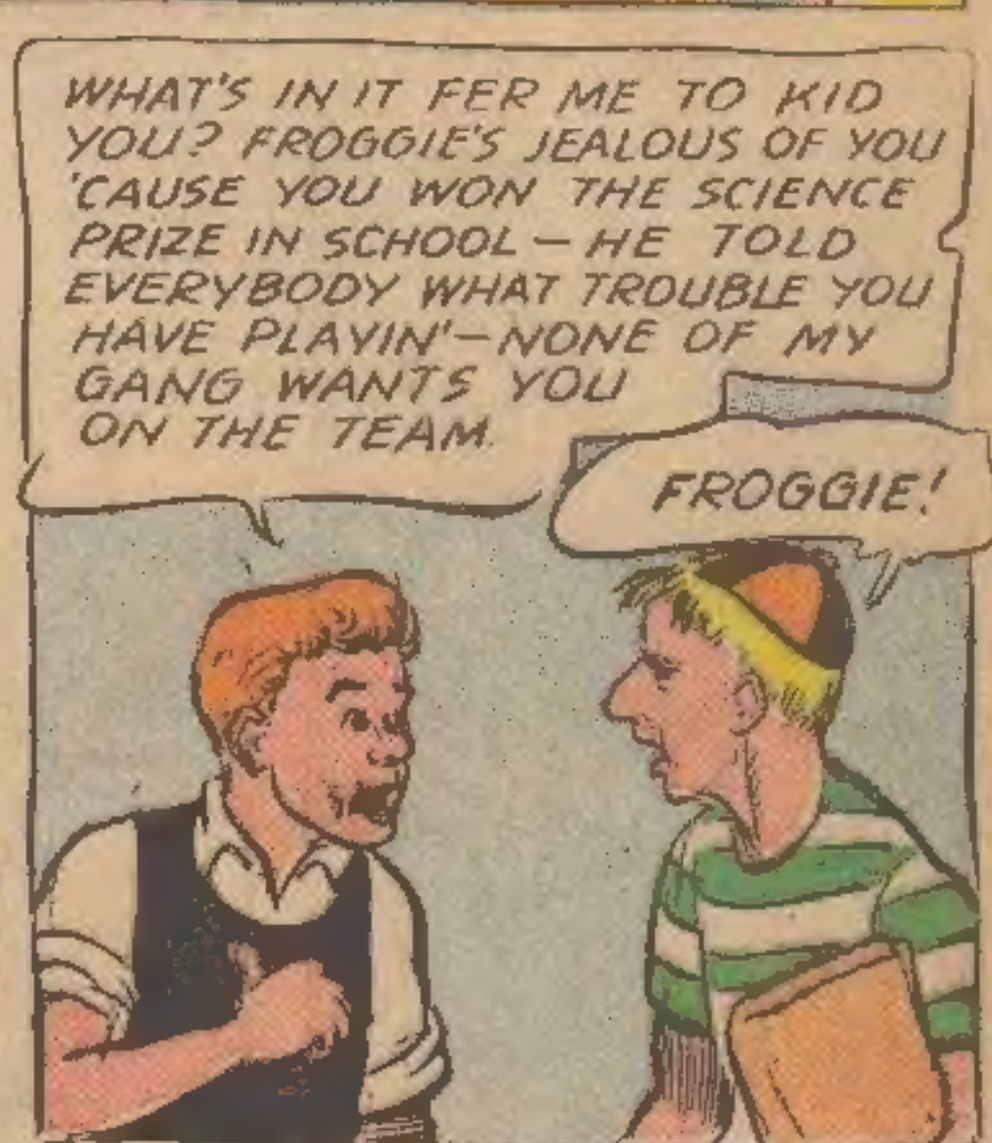
IF MR. JEFFERS, THE PRINCIPAL, CATCHES OUR GANG AND THE GASHOUSE TEAM IN A SCRAP HE'LL FORBID US PLAYING OUR CHAMPIONSHIP GAME, AND WORSE, HE MIGHT SUSPEND WHOEVER IS FIGHTING!

YEAH, JANEY'S RIGHT—THAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH WOMEN—THEY SPOIL ALL THE FUN BY BEING SENSIBLE—WE CAN'T AFFORD TO HAVE OUR BEST CATCHER SUSPENDED.
YOU'RE SAFE THIS TIME, RED McDOUGAL, BUT IF I EVER CATCH YOU WITHOUT YOUR GANG—I'LL—I'LL—
YEAH—YOU'LL FAINT! GO ON HOME WHILE IT'S STILL DAYLIGHT, FEENEY, OR I'LL SURROUND YOU IN THE DARK AND BURN YOUR WAGON TRAIN.
COME ON!
I'LL FIX THAT CROWD!
THEY'RE SO SMART—THINKIN' THEY GOT SO MUCH OF A PITCHER WITH THAT FROGGIE! HOW'D THEY LIKE TO LOSE HIM FOR THE GAME?
HEY, FEENEY! I BEEN LOOKIN' ALL OVER 'F' YOU! HOW'S TH' CHANCE OF PLAYIN' IN TOMORROW'S GAME?
AAAH, SQUINT, WHO TOLD YOU YA COULD PLAY BALL? OUR TEAM'S FULL—GO PLAY FER THE GANG TEAM.
BUT I WANT TO PLAY WITH THE KIDS FROM MY OWN NEIGHBORHOOD.
WHY DON'T YA STICK TO PLAYIN' NURSEMAID, SQUINT? TAKE YER DIRTY-FACED BROTHERS AN' SISTERS TO THE GAME FER LAUGHS—YOU'RE SO BLIND YOU'LL HAFTA HAVE SOMEBODY DESCRIBE THE GAME, ANYWAYS.
AW, HEY!

YOU SHOULDN'T HIT LITTLE KIDS, FEENEY! AN' STOP MAKIN' FUN OF MY EYES!
AW OW OW! YOU'RE TWISTIN' MY FINGERS!


GEE, SQUINT, I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE THAT STRONG — MEBBE I OUGHT TO TELL YOU SOMETHING!
I'M STRONGER'N I LOOK — WHAT D'YA WANT TO TELL ME?

THE GUY WHO'S BEEN MAKIN' A LOT OF CRACKS ABOUT YER EYES AN' HOW BAD YA PLAY BALL WEARS GLASSES HIMSELF
ARE YOU KIDDING ME?


WHAT'S IN IT FER ME TO KID YOU? FROGGIE'S JEALOUS OF YOU 'CAUSE YOU WON THE SCIENCE PRIZE IN SCHOOL — HE TOLD EVERYBODY WHAT TROUBLE YOU HAVE PLAYIN' — NONE OF MY GANG WANTS YOU ON THE TEAM.
FROGGIE!

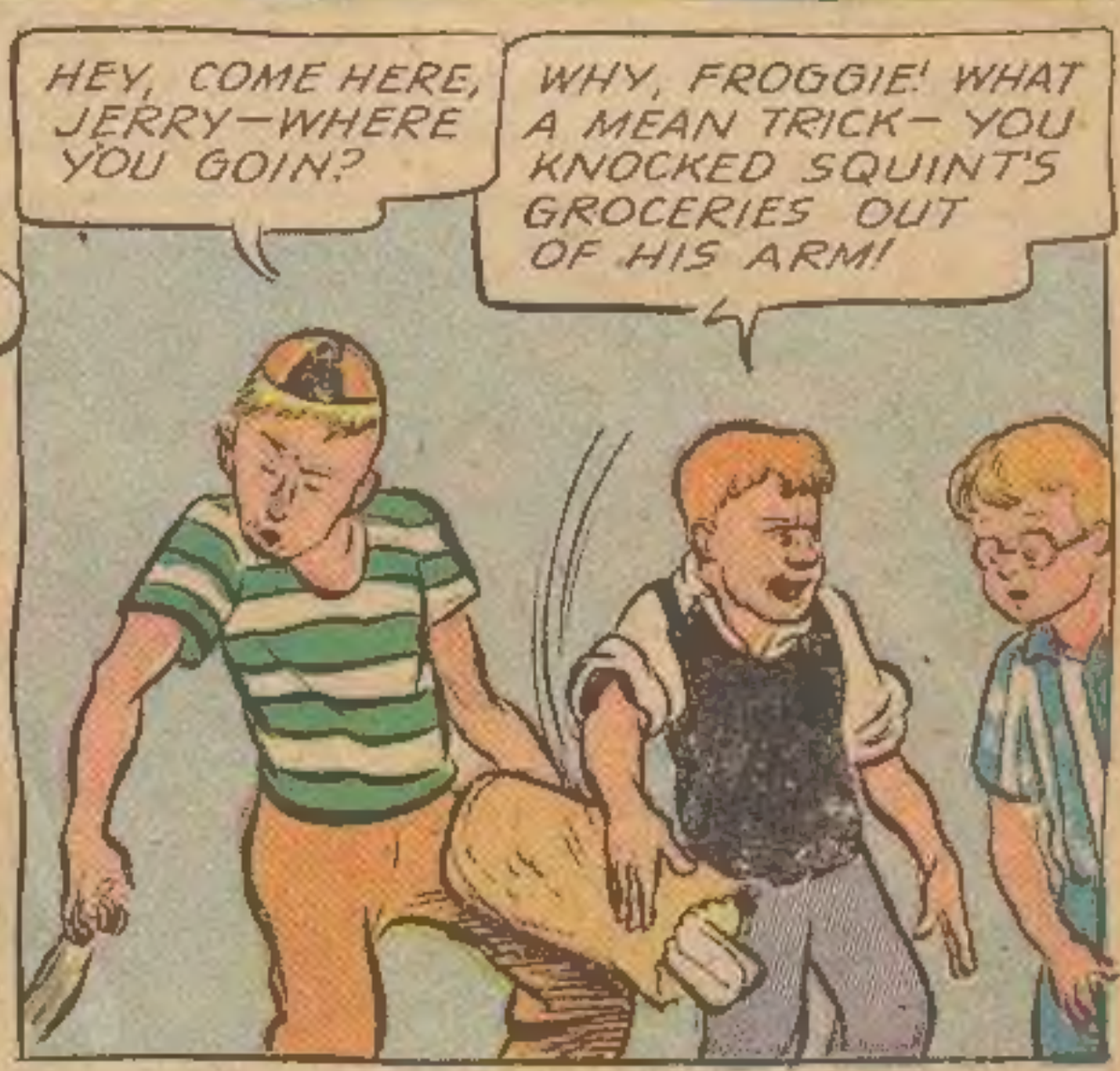
THAT'S A DISAPPOINTMENT TO ME — FROGGIE KNOWS THAT ON GOOD DAYS WHEN MY EYES FEEL OKAY, I CAN HIT BETTER'N MOST AND CATCH, TOO.
YOU GOIN' TO LET HIM GET AWAY WITH TALK LIKE THAT?

WHAT CAN I DO ABOUT IT IF HE WANTS TO SHOOT OFF HIS MOUTH?
HE'S OVER IN THE LOT NEXT TO HIS TEACHER'S HOUSE — YOU COULD POKE HIM IN THE NOSE.

I DON'T KNOW— BUT I OUGHT TO SPEAK TO HIM!
THERE HE IS!

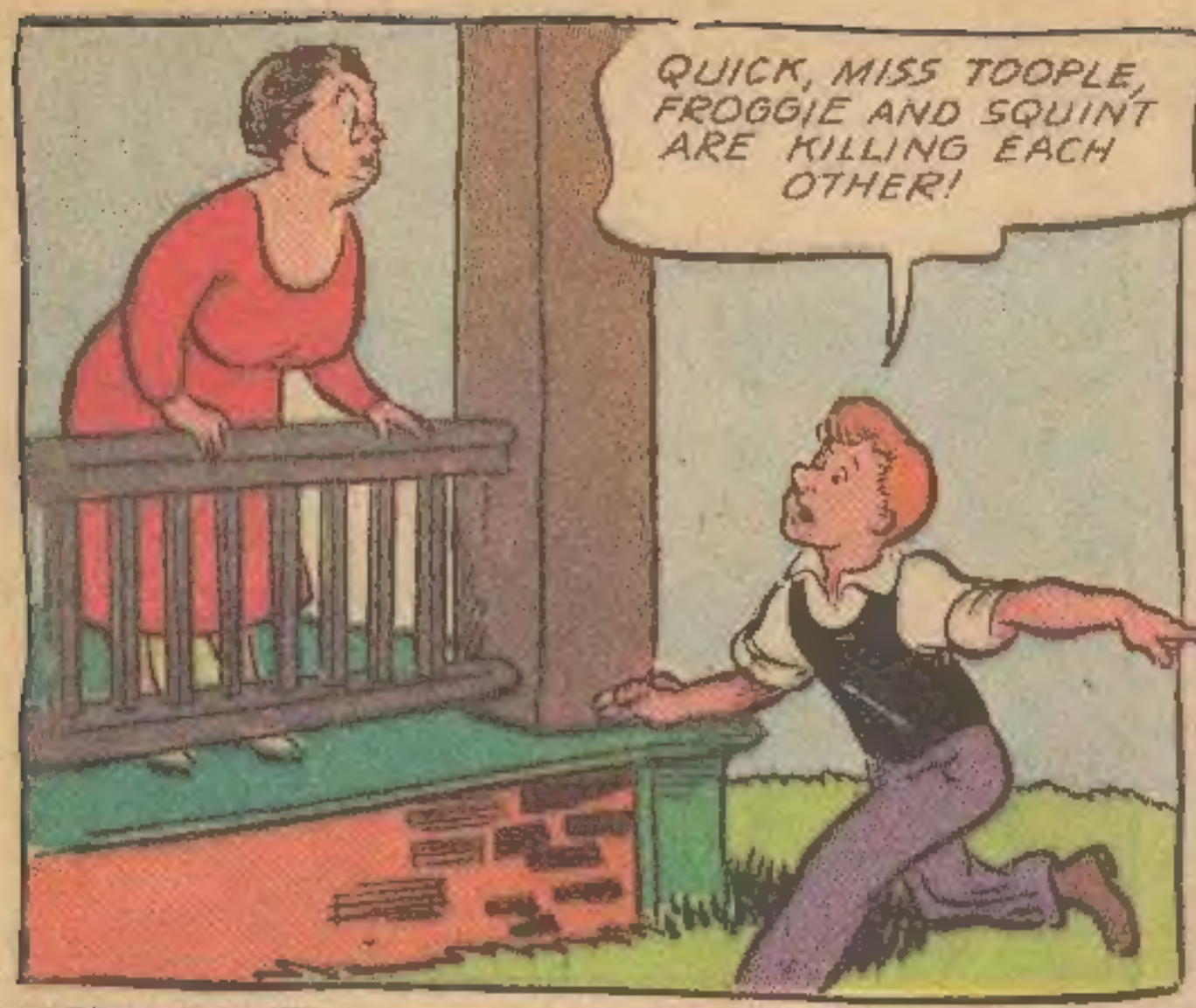
AH THERE, FIREBALL—HERE'S A GUY WHO WON'T TAKE ALL THE GUFF YOU HAND OUT!
OH HELLO, MUDHEAD! I THOUGHT YOU WERE TRADED TO THE BRIDGEPORT BEARS.

I'LL DO MY OWN TALKIN', FEENEY.
NEVER FEAR, SQUINT, THIS FROGGIE CAN'T GET AWAY WITH ANYTHING WHILE I'M HERE.
WHAT'S UP?


HEY, COME HERE, JERRY—WHERE YOU GOIN?
WHY, FROGGIE! WHAT A MEAN TRICK— YOU KNOCKED SQUINT'S GROCERIES OUT OF HIS ARM!

WHY, YOU MISERABLE—! I'LL—I'LL—.
SLUG HIM, SQUINT!
WAIT A MINUTE, FEENEY, YOU DID THAT!

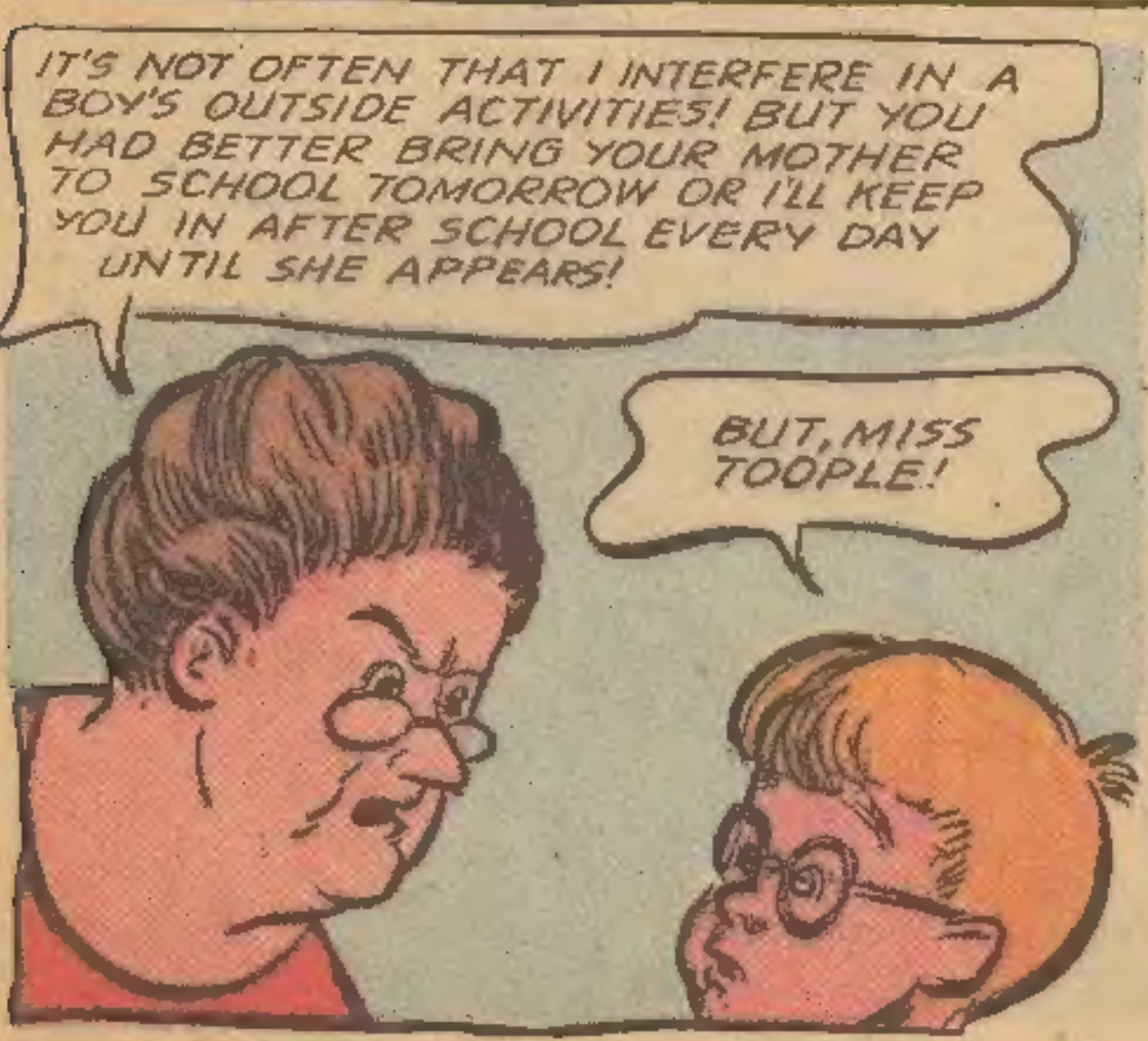
HELP!
I'LL SHOW YOU!
CUT IT OUT, SQUINT!


QUICK, MISS TOOPLE, FROGGIE AND SQUINT ARE KILLING EACH OTHER!

I'M GOING TO SEE ABOUT THAT!
IT'S ALL FROGGIE'S FAULT.

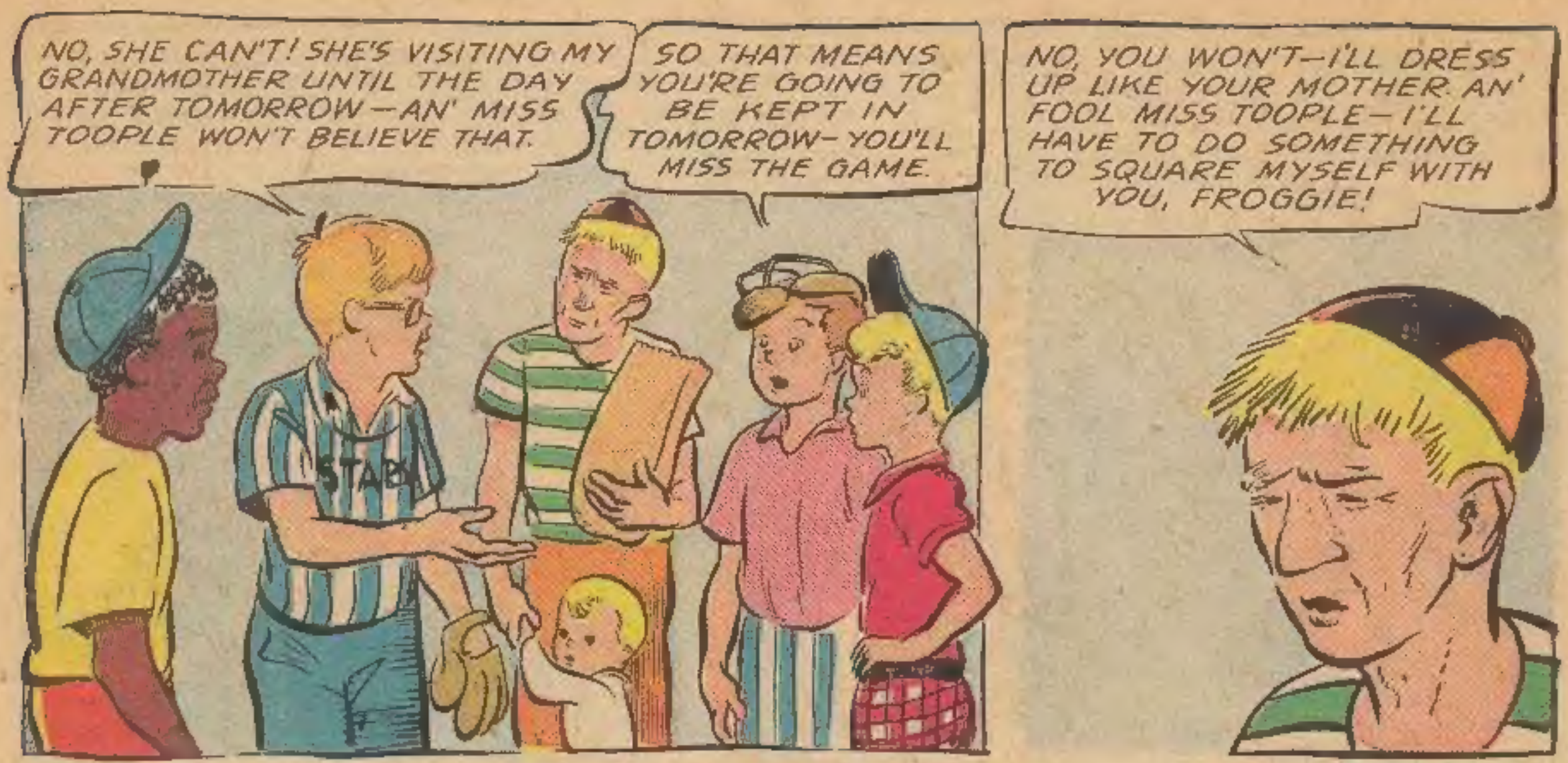
HERE, YOU BOYS! STOP THIS FOOLISHNESS RIGHT AWAY— YOU, FROGGIE! YOU SHOULD BE ASHAMED!

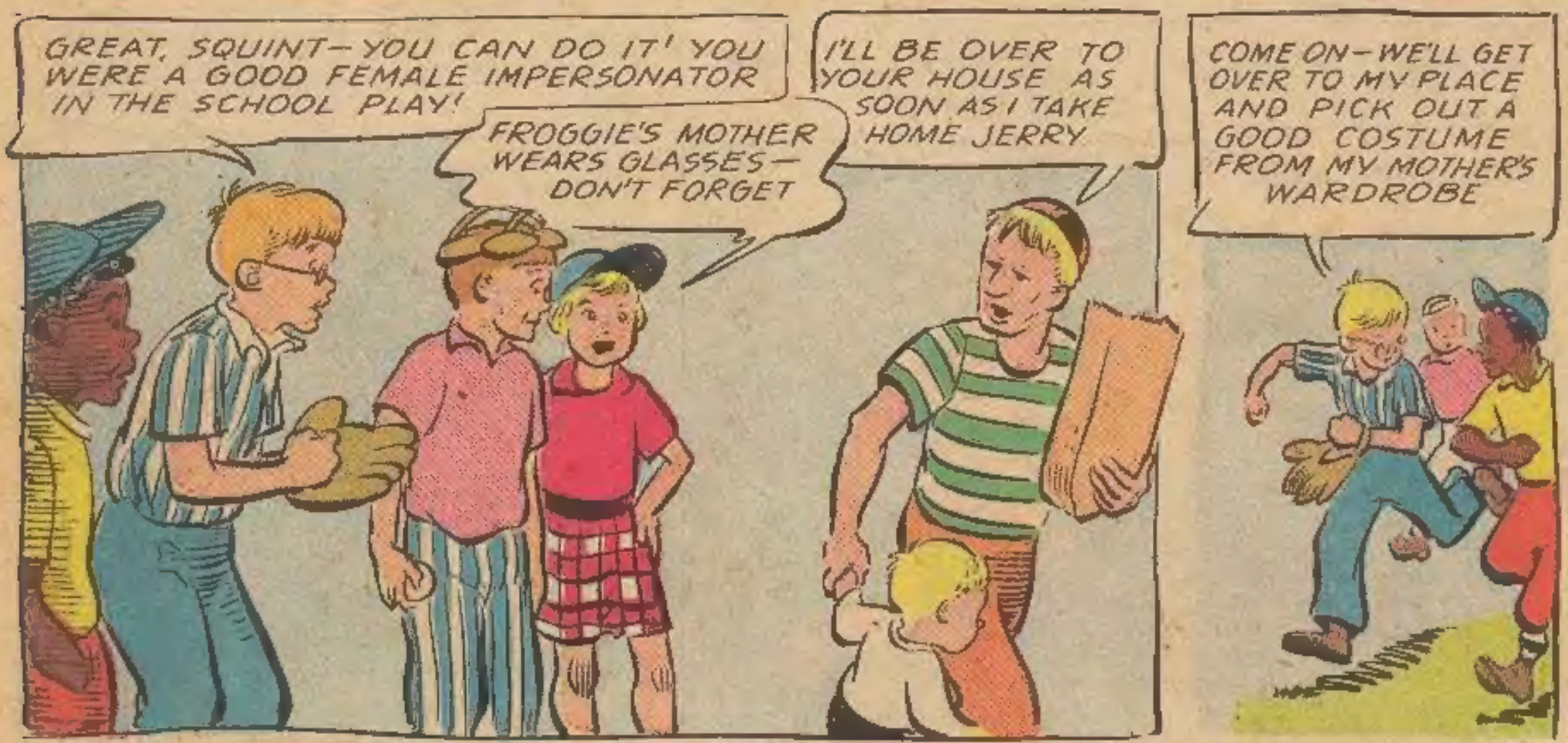
BUT GEE WHIZ, MISS TOOPLE, I WASN'T FIGHTING! FEENEY STARTED IT ALL... HE—
WHAT!? THAT IS A DELIBERATE FALSEHOOD!

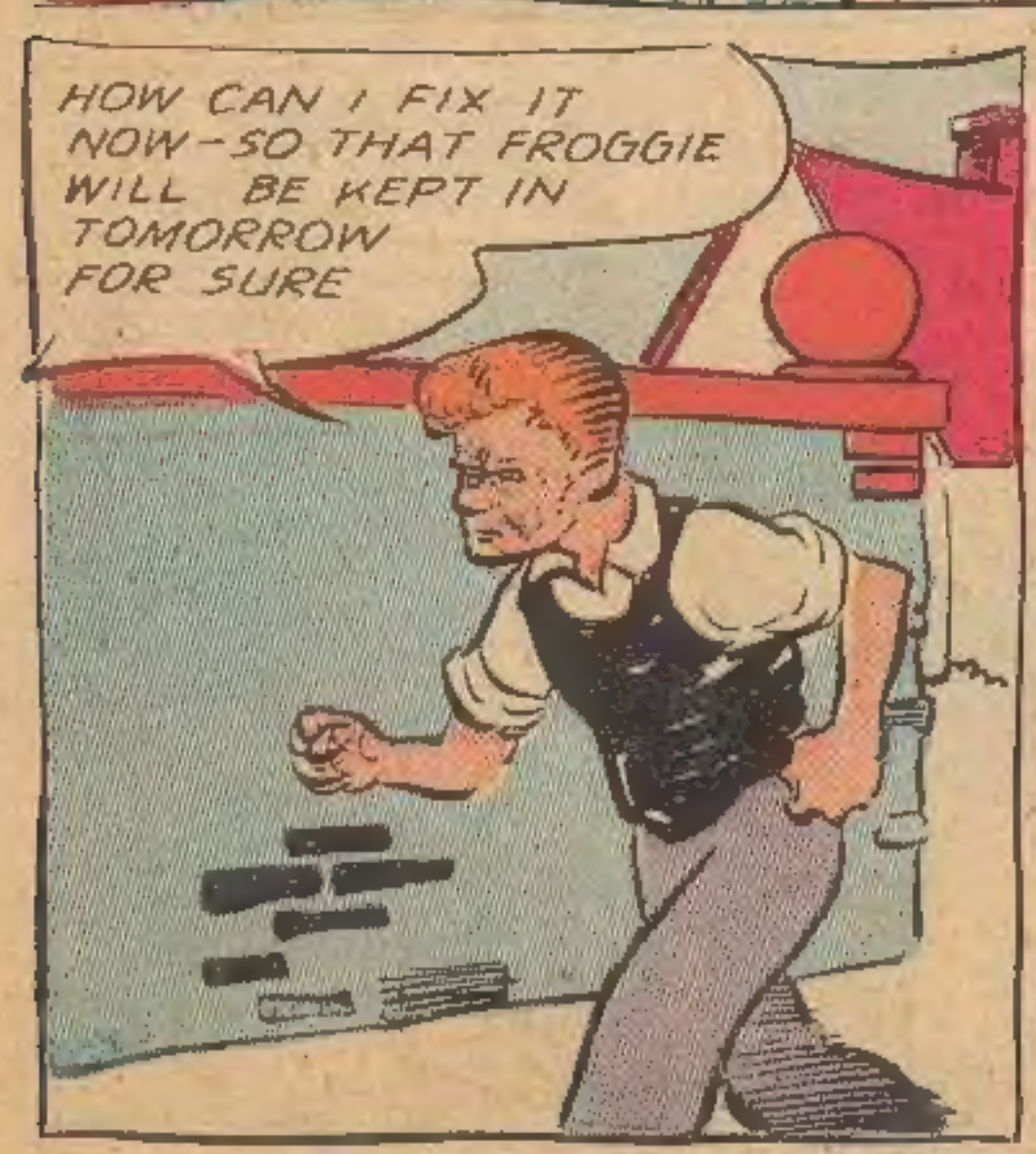

IT'S NOT OFTEN THAT I INTERFERE IN A BOY'S OUTSIDE ACTIVITIES! BUT YOU HAD BETTER BRING YOUR MOTHER TO SCHOOL TOMORROW OR I'LL KEEP YOU IN AFTER SCHOOL EVERY DAY UNTIL SHE APPEARS!
BUT, MISS TOOPLE!

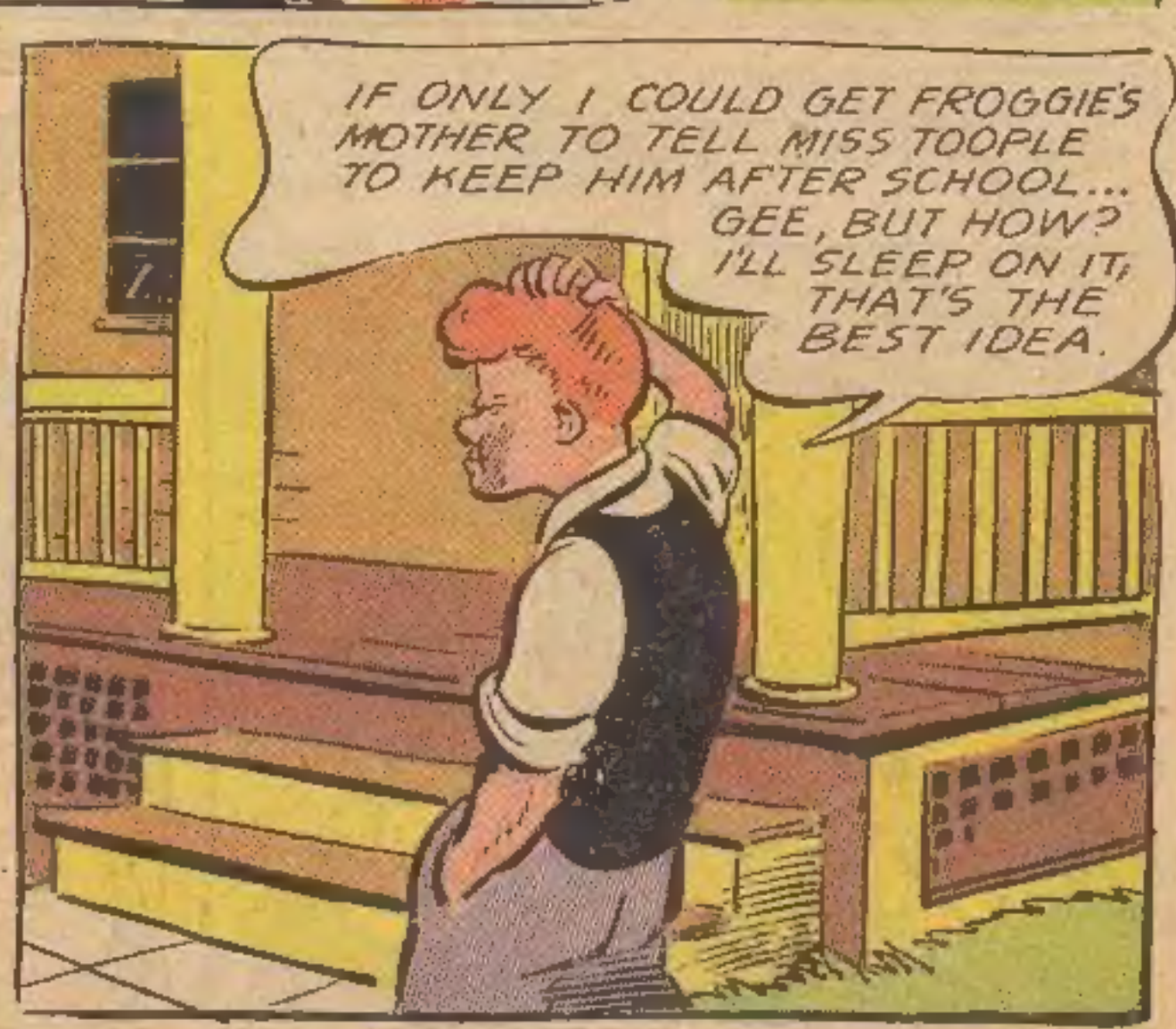
NOT ANOTHER WORD OR I'LL REPORT THIS TO MR. JEFFERS. IMAGINE PICKING ON POOR SQUINT, AND HAVING THE BRASS TO ACCUSE CHARLES FEENEY OF STARTING THE FIGHT—TSK-TSK-TSK!

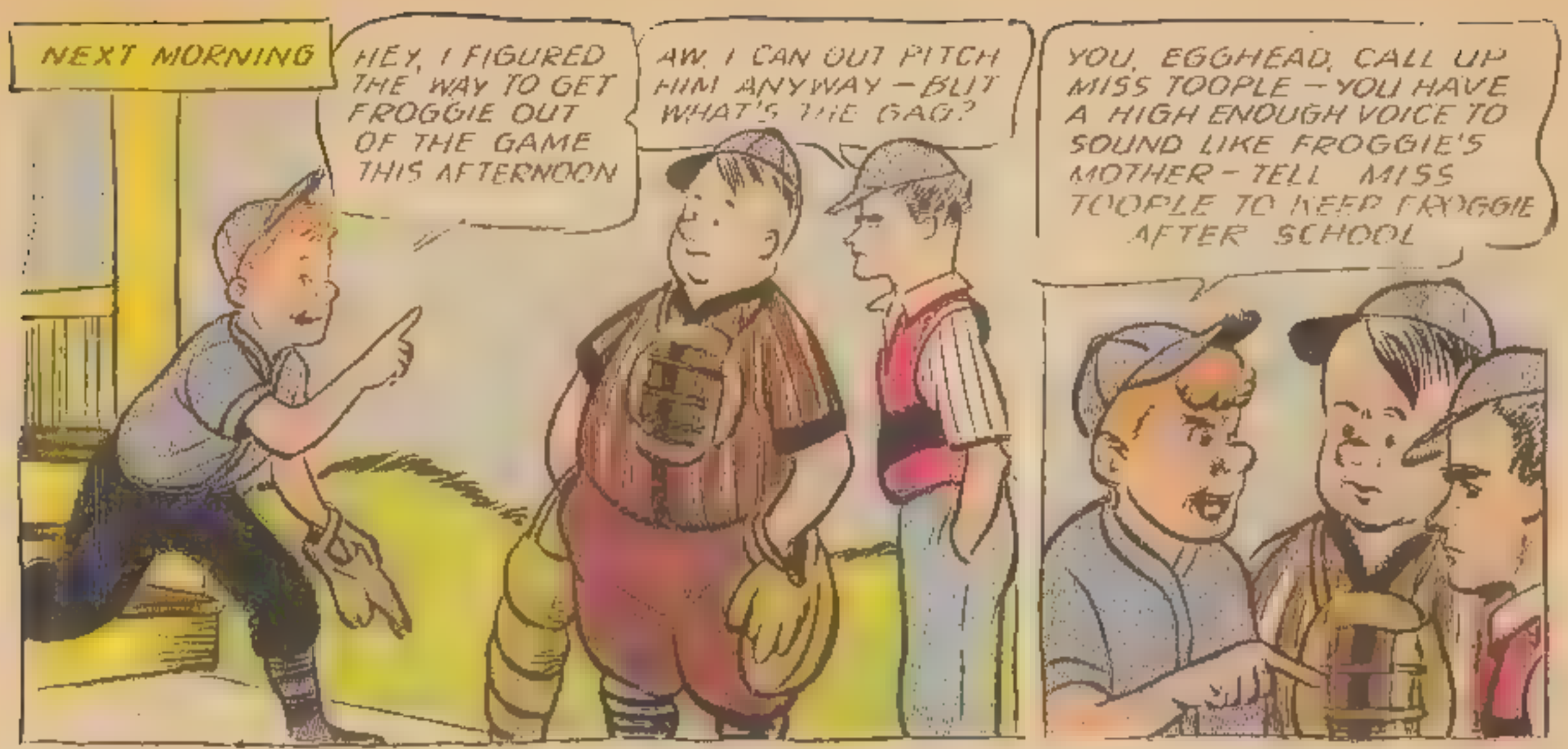
HAW HAW! NOW THERE'S A GOOD CHANCE YOU WON'T GET IN THAT GAME TOMORROW!
SO THAT'S WHAT YOU WERE AFTER, EH, FEENEY?
I THINK I GET IT NOW—FEENEY, YOU STARTED THIS FIGHT BETWEEN US JUST TO GET FROGGIE IN TROUBLE—I BET FROGGIE DIDN'T EVEN SAY THOSE THINGS ABOUT ME!
WHAT THINGS?
THAT'S ENOUGH FOR ME! YOU'RE A CHEAT, FEENEY—BEAT IT BEFORE I GET REAL MAD!
AAAH HAH HAH!
HEY!
SWISH!
SWOP!
HEY, BE CAREFUL WHO YA THROW MUD AT!
WE ARE CAREFUL, FEENEY—WE'RE VERY PARTICULAR.
SPLOP!
THAT SETTLES IT! NOW I'LL REALLY MAKE SURE FROGGY CAN'T PLAY—YOU WAIT!
THAT'S A LAUGH! HE'S ALREADY FIXED IT BEYOND REPAIR!
BUT YOUR MOTHER CAN SEE MISS TOOPLE IN THE MORNING.

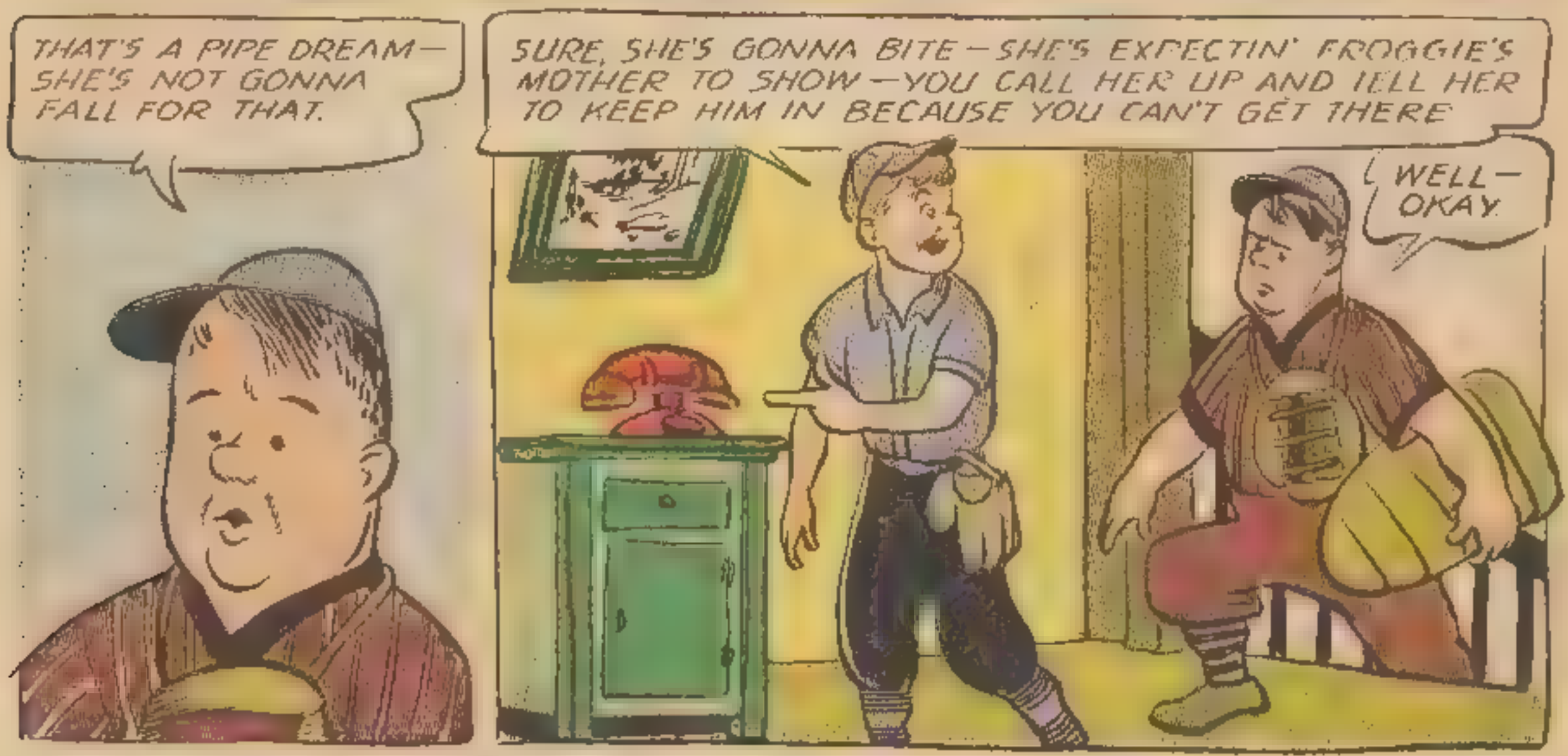

NO, SHE CAN'T! SHE'S VISITING MY GRANDMOTHER UNTIL THE DAY AFTER TOMORROW—AN' MISS TOOPLE WON'T BELIEVE THAT.
SO THAT MEANS YOU'RE GOING TO BE KEPT IN TOMORROW—YOU'LL MISS THE GAME.
NO, YOU WON'T—I'LL DRESS UP LIKE YOUR MOTHER. AN' FOOL MISS TOOPLE—I'LL HAVE TO DO SOMETHING TO SQUARE MYSELF WITH YOU, FROGGIE!

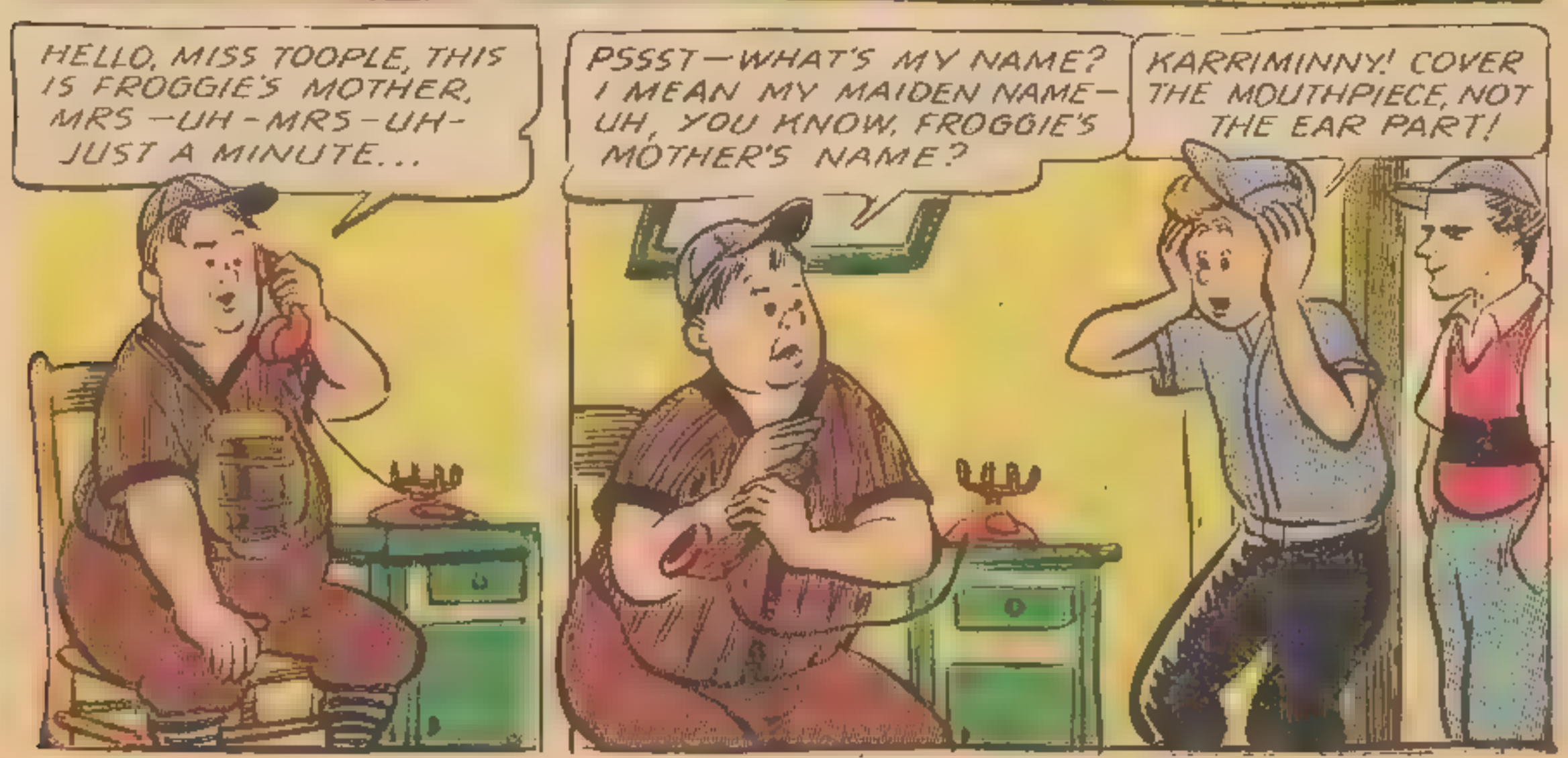

GREAT, SQUINT—YOU CAN DO IT! YOU WERE A GOOD FEMALE IMPERSONATOR IN THE SCHOOL PLAY!
FROGGIE'S MOTHER WEARS GLASSES—DON'T FORGET
I'LL BE OVER TO YOUR HOUSE AS SOON AS I TAKE HOME JERRY
COME ON—WE'LL GET OVER TO MY PLACE AND PICK OUT A GOOD COSTUME FROM MY MOTHER'S WARDROBE


HOW CAN I FIX IT NOW—SO THAT FROGGIE WILL BE KEPT IN TOMORROW FOR SURE


IF ONLY I COULD GET FROGGIE'S MOTHER TO TELL MISS TOOPLE TO KEEP HIM AFTER SCHOOL... GEE, BUT HOW? I'LL SLEEP ON IT, THAT'S THE BEST IDEA.

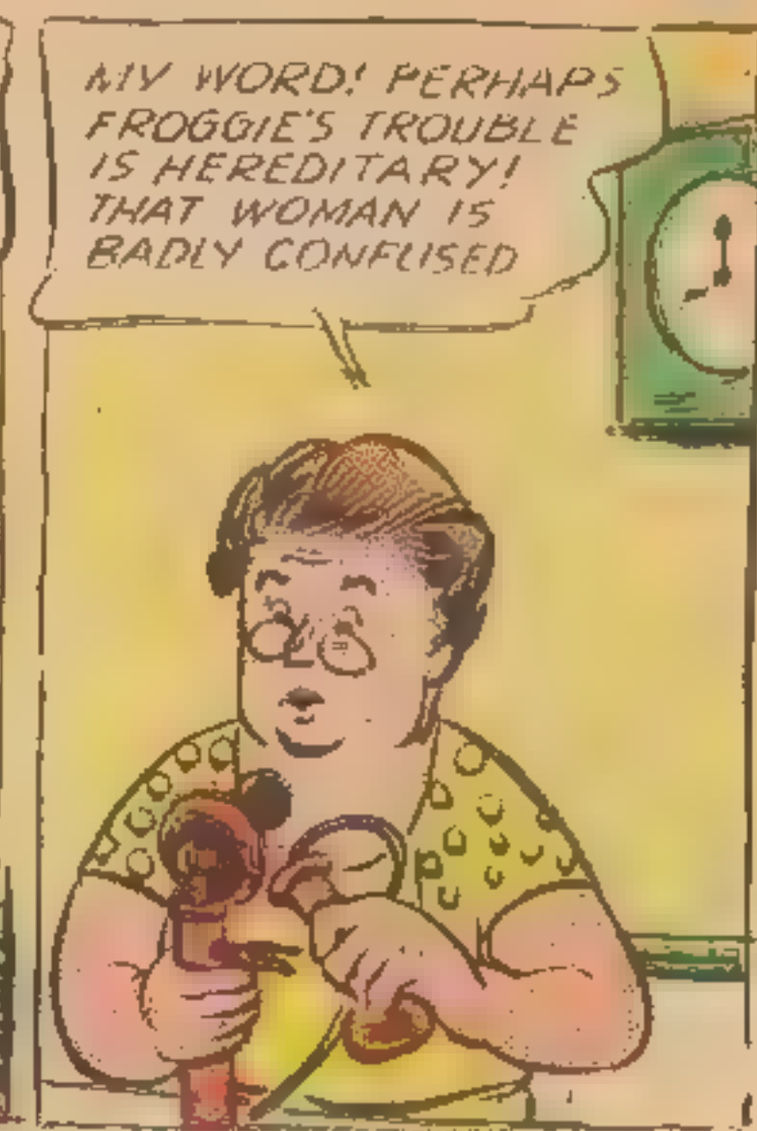

NEXT MORNING
HEY, I FIGURED THE WAY TO GET FROGGIE OUT OF THE GAME THIS AFTERNOON
AW, I CAN OUT PITCH HIM ANYWAY — BUT WHAT'S THE GAG?
YOU, EGGHEAD, CALL UP MISS TOOPLE — YOU HAVE A HIGH ENOUGH VOICE TO SOUND LIKE FROGGIE'S MOTHER — TELL MISS TOOPLE TO KEEP FROGGIE AFTER SCHOOL

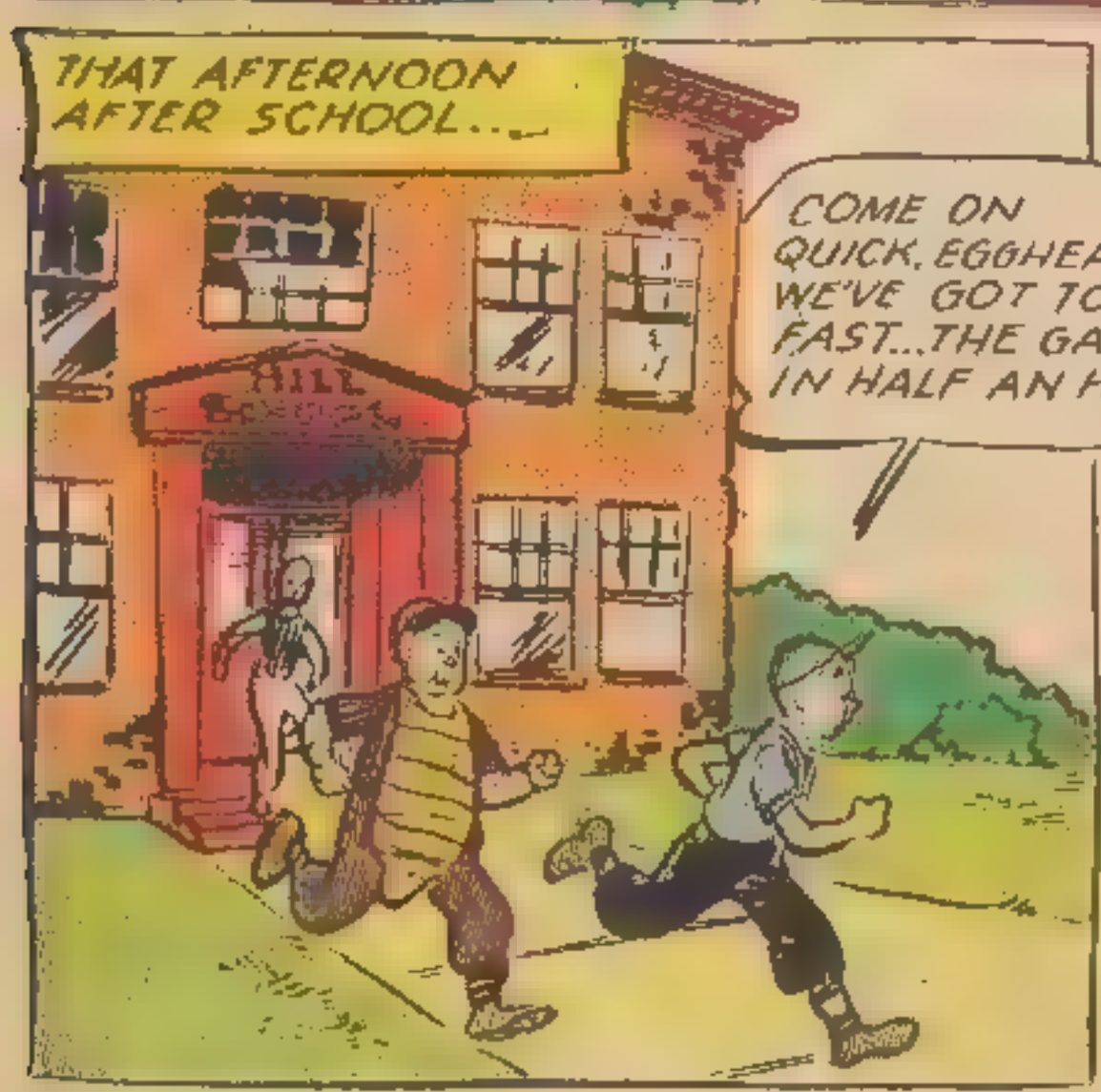

THAT'S A PIPE DREAM — SHE'S NOT GONNA FALL FOR THAT.
SURE, SHE'S GONNA BITE — SHE'S EXPECTIN' FROGGIE'S MOTHER TO SHOW — YOU CALL HER UP AND TELL HER TO KEEP HIM IN BECAUSE YOU CAN'T GET THERE
WELL — OKAY

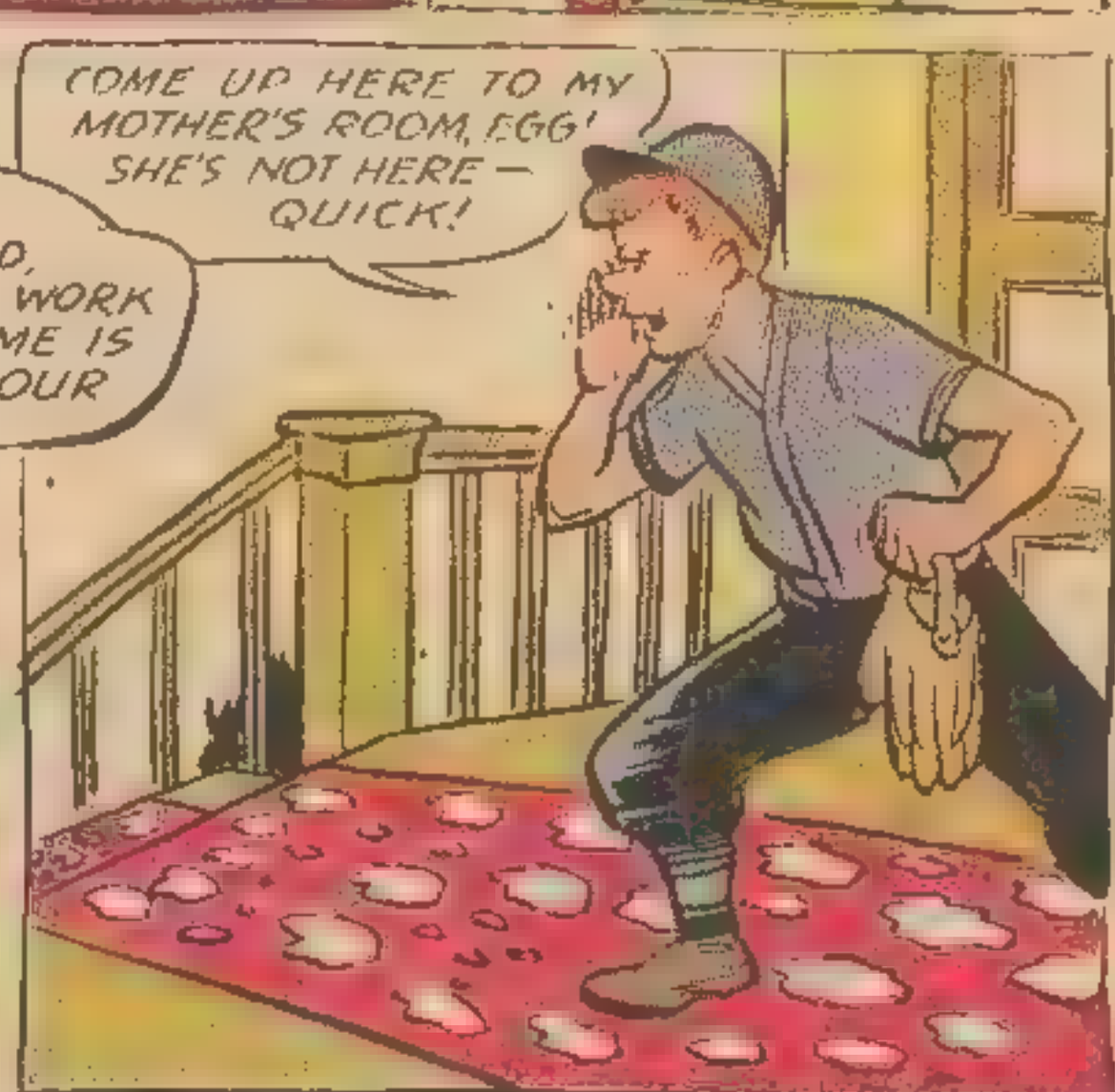

HELLO, MISS TOOPLE, THIS IS FROGGIE'S MOTHER, MRS — UH — MRS — UH — JUST A MINUTE...
PSSST — WHAT'S MY NAME? I MEAN MY MAIDEN NAME — UH, YOU KNOW, FROGGIE'S MOTHER'S NAME?
KARRIMINNY! COVER THE MOUTHPIECE, NOT THE EAR PART!

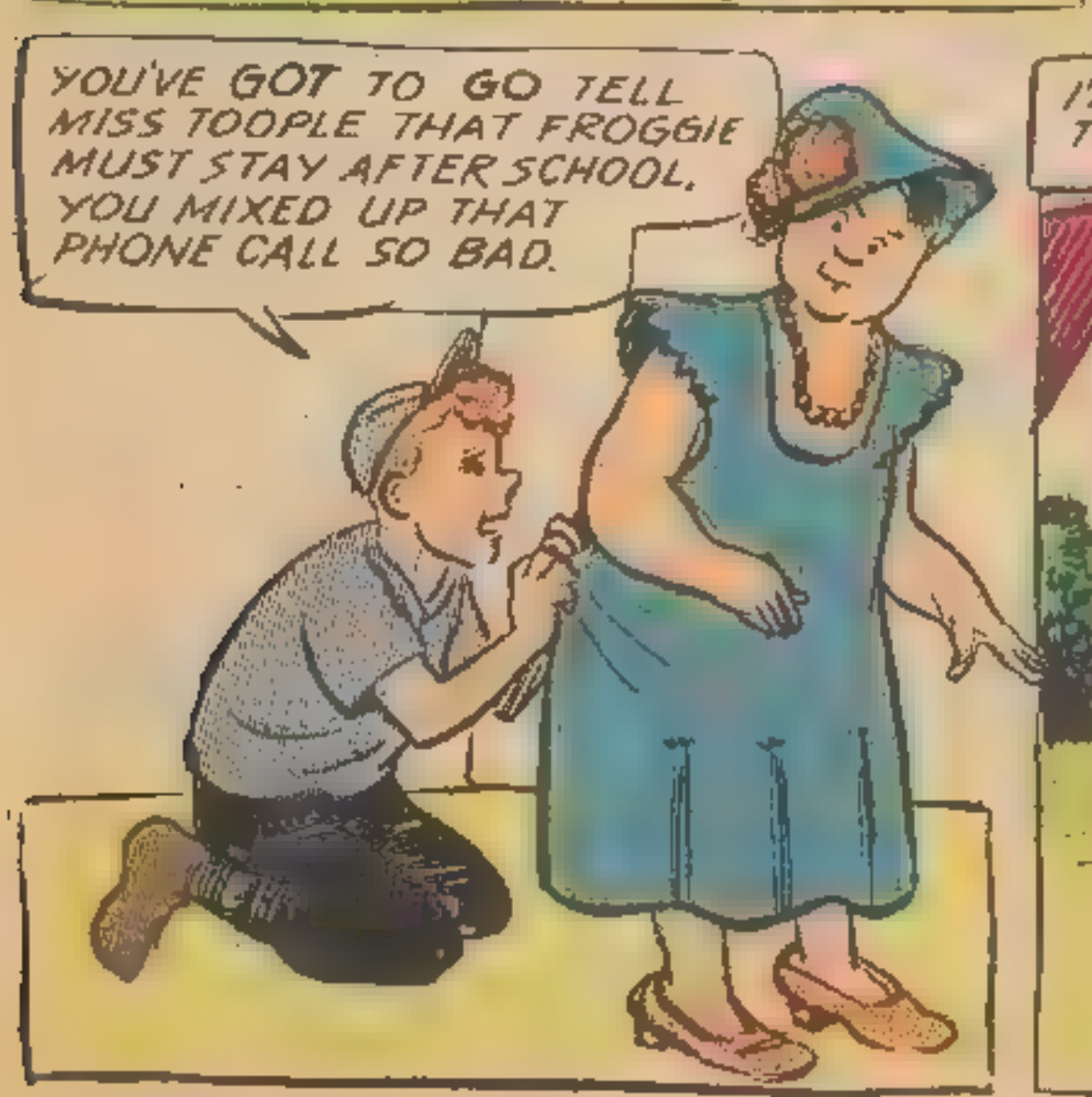
THIS IS MRS KARRIMINNY— WILL YOU KEEP—UH—WHAT, MISS TOOPLE? YOU WANT ME TO SEE YOU RIGHT AFTER SCHOOL TODAY?

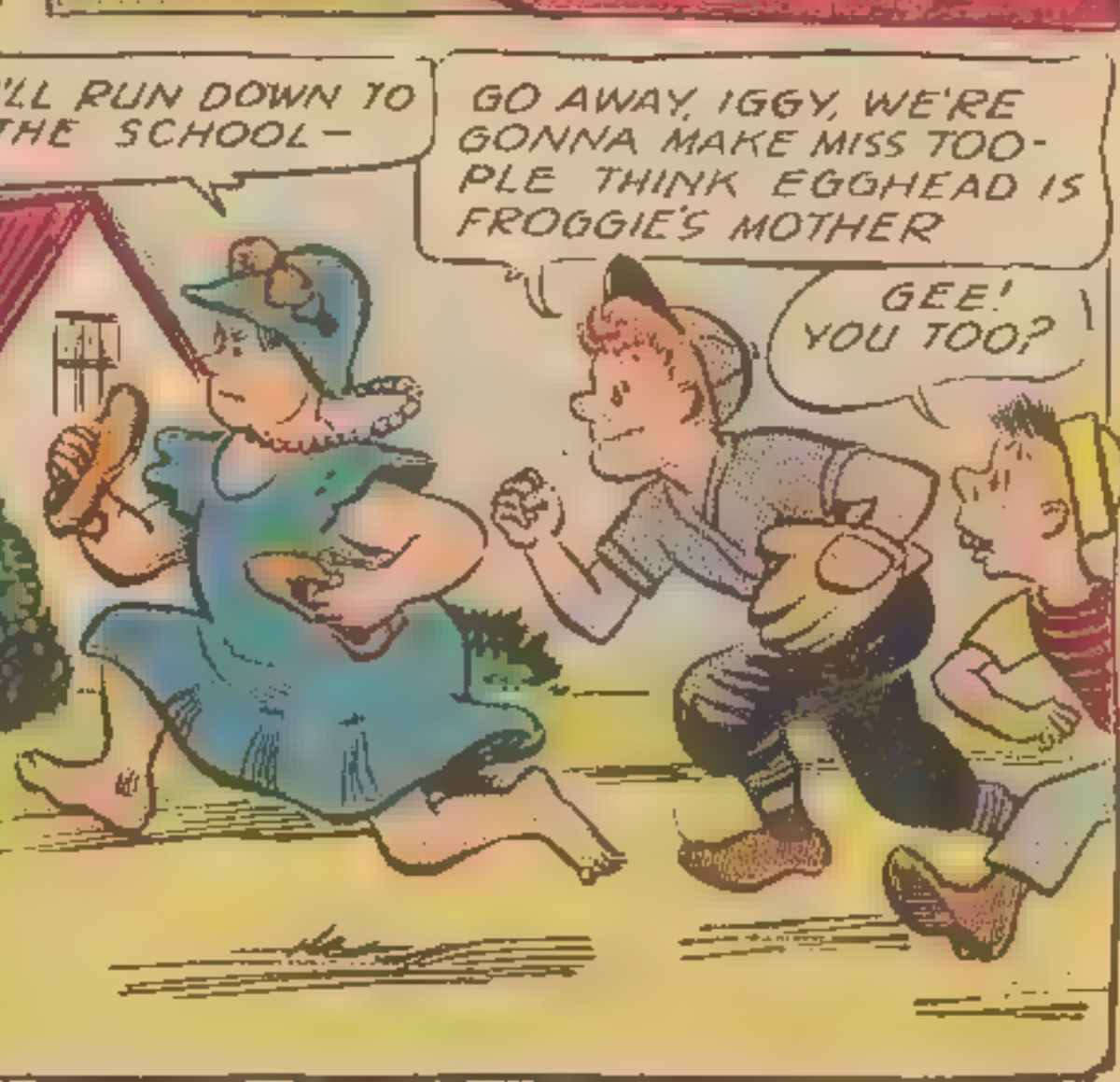
GEE WHIZ, MISS TOOPLE, I AIN'T DONE NOTHIN'— I GOTTA CATCH TONIGHT—I-UH—


MY WORD! PERHAPS FROGGIE'S TROUBLE IS HEREDITARY! THAT WOMAN IS BADLY CONFUSED

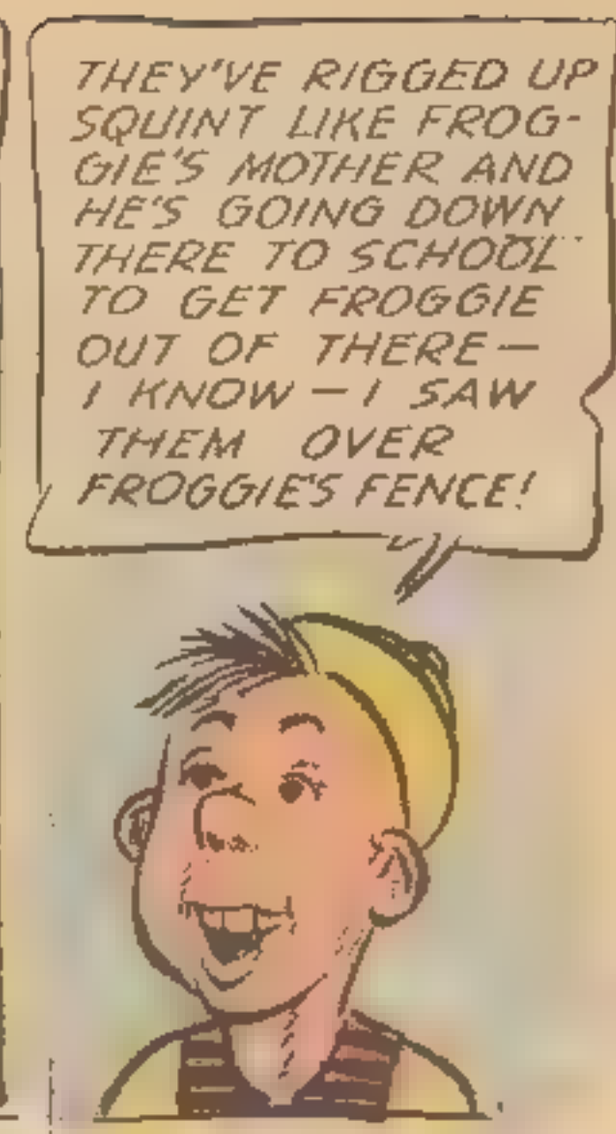

THAT AFTERNOON AFTER SCHOOL...
COME ON QUICK, EGGHEAD, WE'VE GOT TO WORK FAST...THE GAME IS IN HALF AN HOUR


COME UP HERE TO MY MOTHER'S ROOM, EGG! SHE'S NOT HERE— QUICK!


YOU'VE GOT TO GO TELL MISS TOOPLE THAT FROGGIE MUST STAY AFTER SCHOOL. YOU MIXED UP THAT PHONE CALL SO BAD.

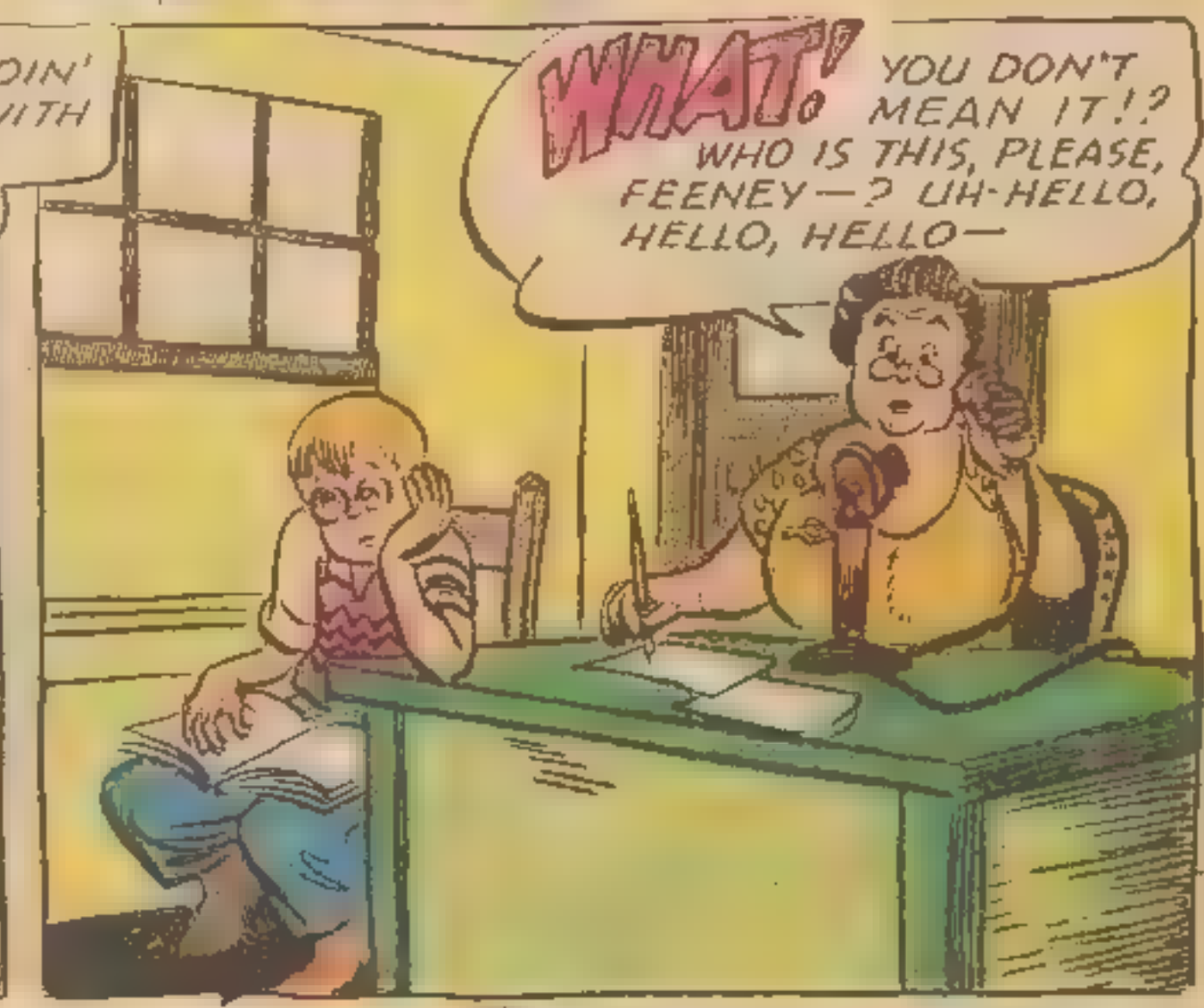

I'LL RUN DOWN TO THE SCHOOL—
GO AWAY, IGGY, WE'RE GONNA MAKE MISS TOOPLE THINK EGGHEAD IS FROGGIE'S MOTHER
GEE! YOU TOO?

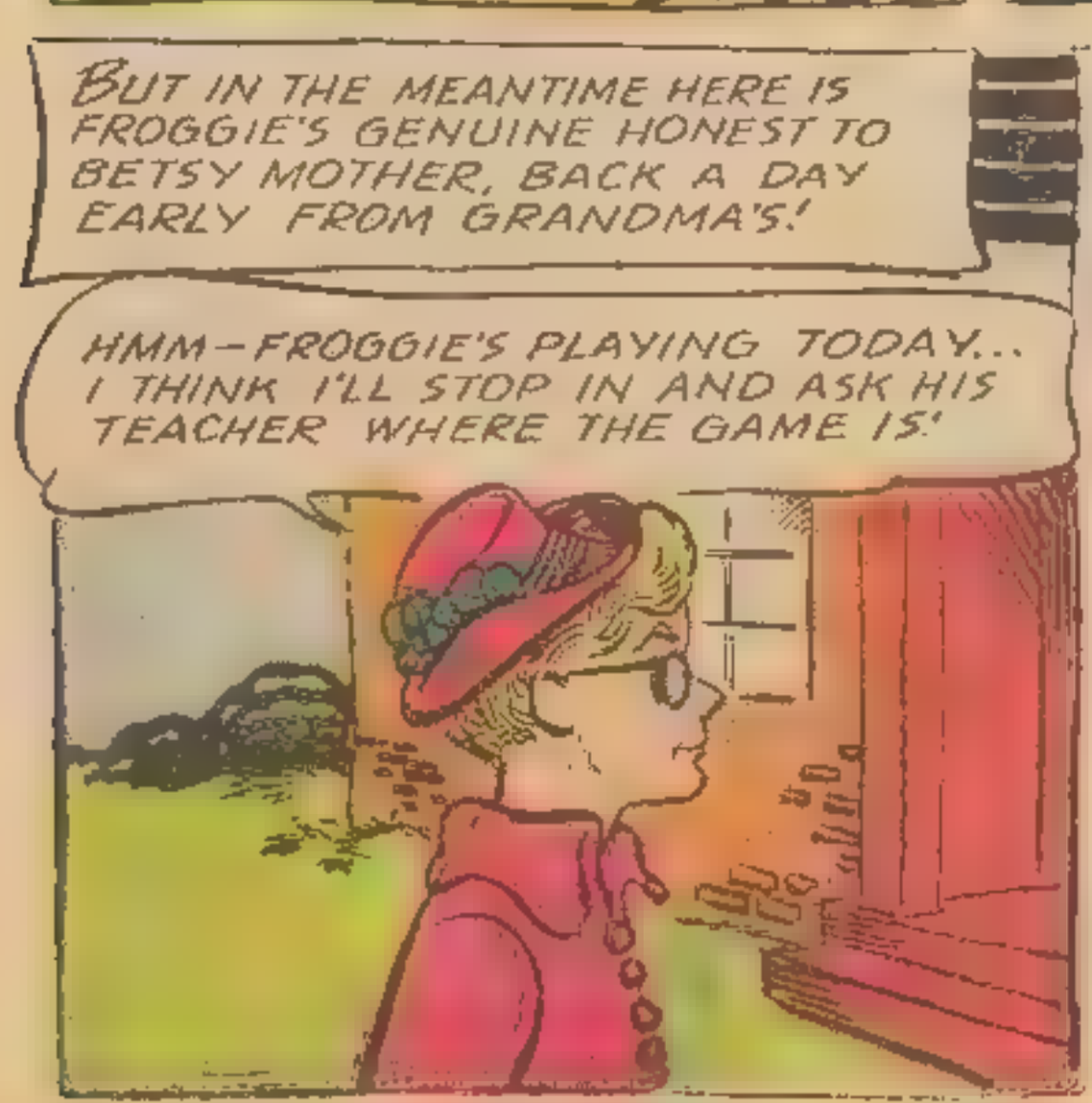
WHOAP! WHAT DO YOU MEAN— "YOU TOO?"
WHY, RED McDOUGAL AN' SQUINT ARE DOIN' THE SAME THING!

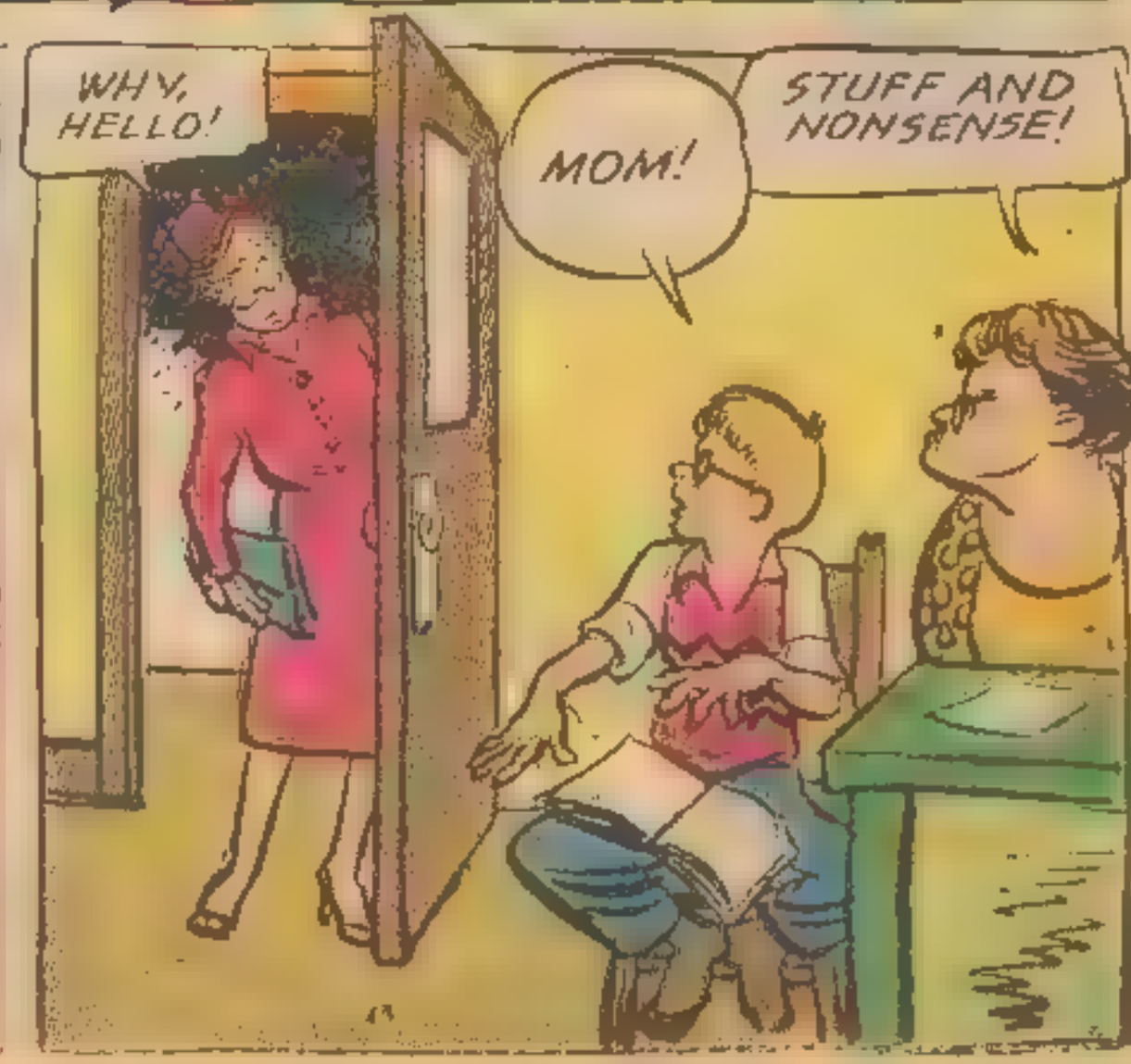

THEY'VE RIGGED UP SQUINT LIKE FROGGIE'S MOTHER AND HE'S GOING DOWN THERE TO SCHOOL TO GET FROGGIE OUT OF THERE— I KNOW—I SAW THEM OVER FROGGIE'S FENCE!

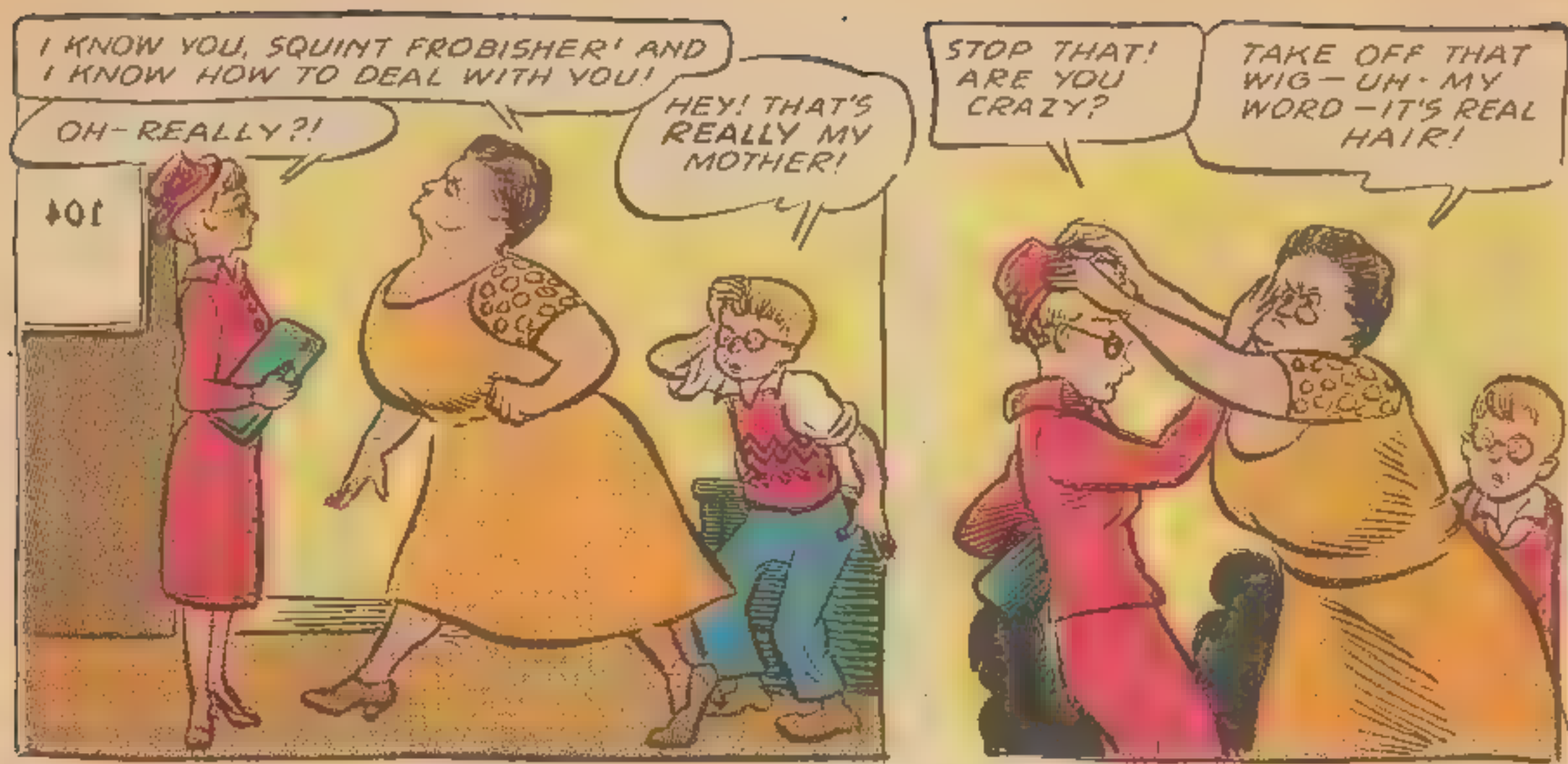
GOLLY, AM I GLAD YOU CAUGHT UP WITH US—RUN AFTER EGGHEAD AND TELL HIM TO HOLD EVERYTHING—I'M GONNA CALL MISS TOOPLE

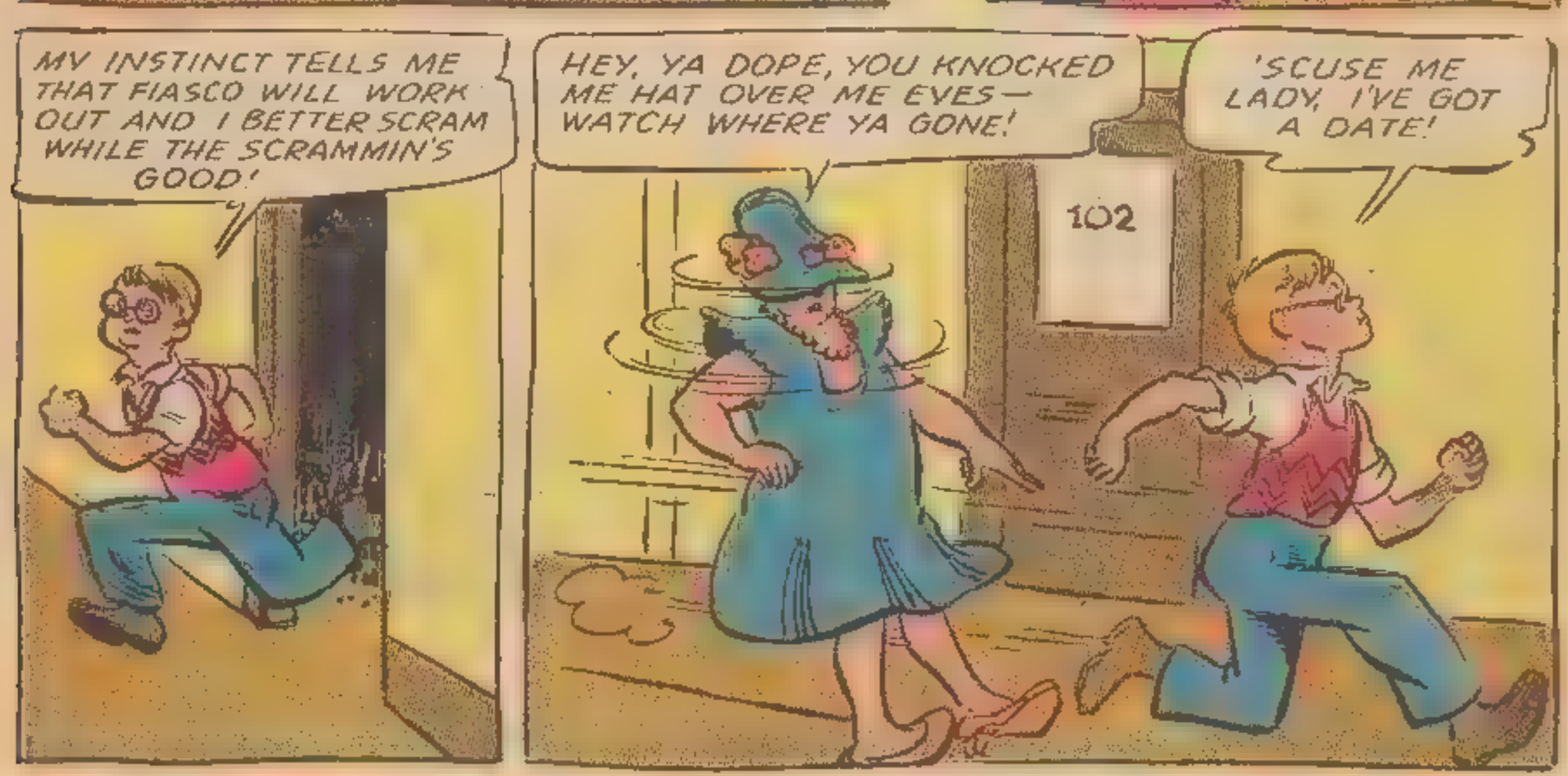
I'LL TELL HER WHAT SQUINT'S DOIN' AN WHEN SHE GETS THROUGH WITH FROGGIE AN' SQUINT, THEY'LL BE SERVIN' TIME ON ALCATRAZ!


WHAT! YOU DON'T MEAN IT!? WHO IS THIS, PLEASE, FEENEY—? UH-HELLO, HELLO, HELLO—


BUT IN THE MEANTIME HERE IS FROGGIE'S GENUINE HONEST TO BETSY MOTHER, BACK A DAY EARLY FROM GRANDMA'S!
HMM—FROGGIE'S PLAYING TODAY... I THINK I'LL STOP IN AND ASK HIS TEACHER WHERE THE GAME IS!


WHY, HELLO!
MOM!
STUFF AND NONSENSE!


I KNOW YOU, SQUINT FROBISHER! AND I KNOW HOW TO DEAL WITH YOU!
OH-REALLY?!
HEY! THAT'S REALLY MY MOTHER!
STOP THAT! ARE YOU CRAZY?
TAKE OFF THAT WIG—UH-MY WORD—IT'S REAL HAIR!


MY INSTINCT TELLS ME THAT FIASCO WILL WORK OUT AND I BETTER SCRAM WHILE THE SCRAMMIN'S GOOD!
HEY, YA DOPE, YOU KNOCKED ME HAT OVER ME EYES—WATCH WHERE YA GONE!
'SCUSE ME LADY, I'VE GOT A DATE!
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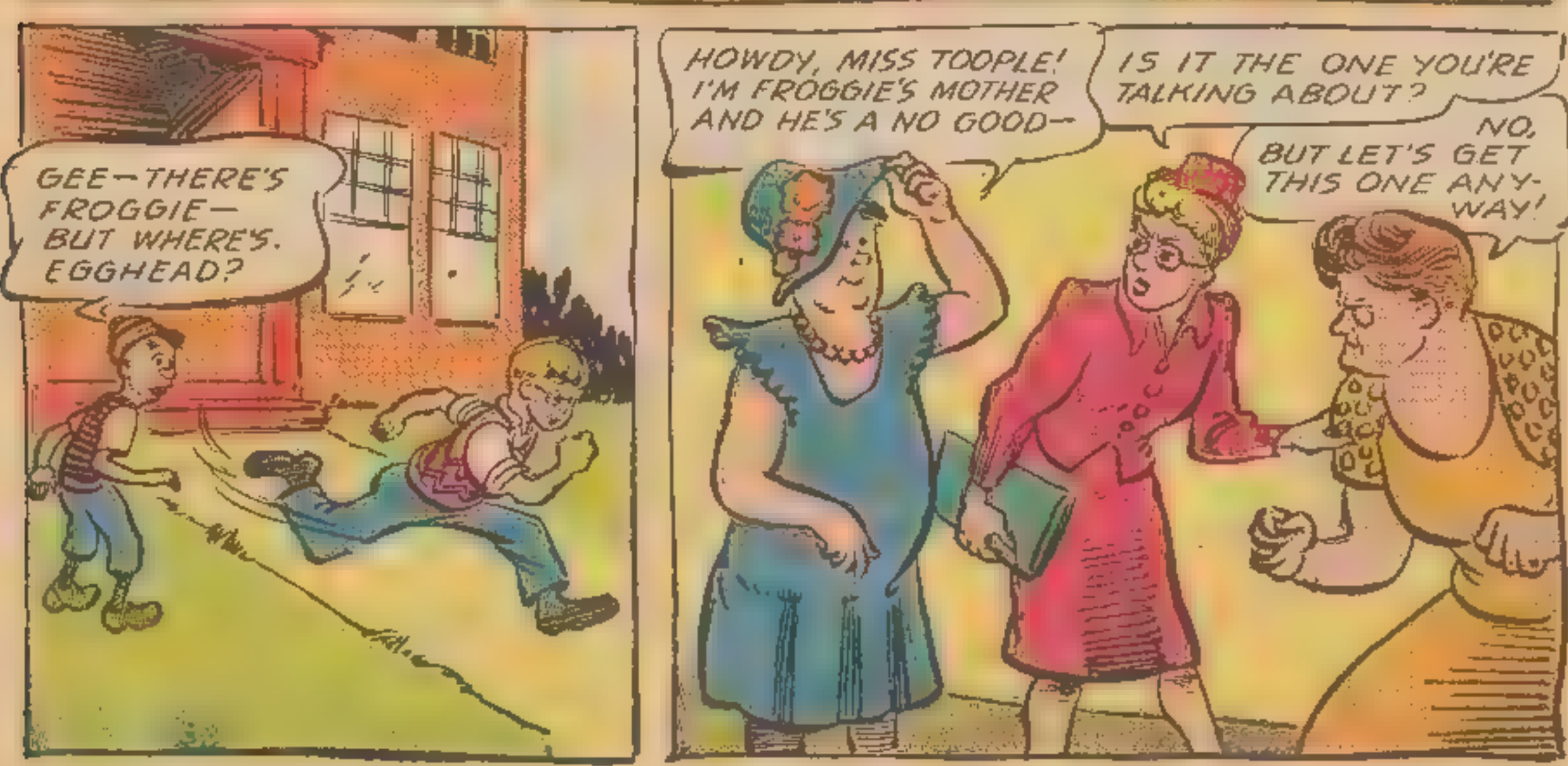
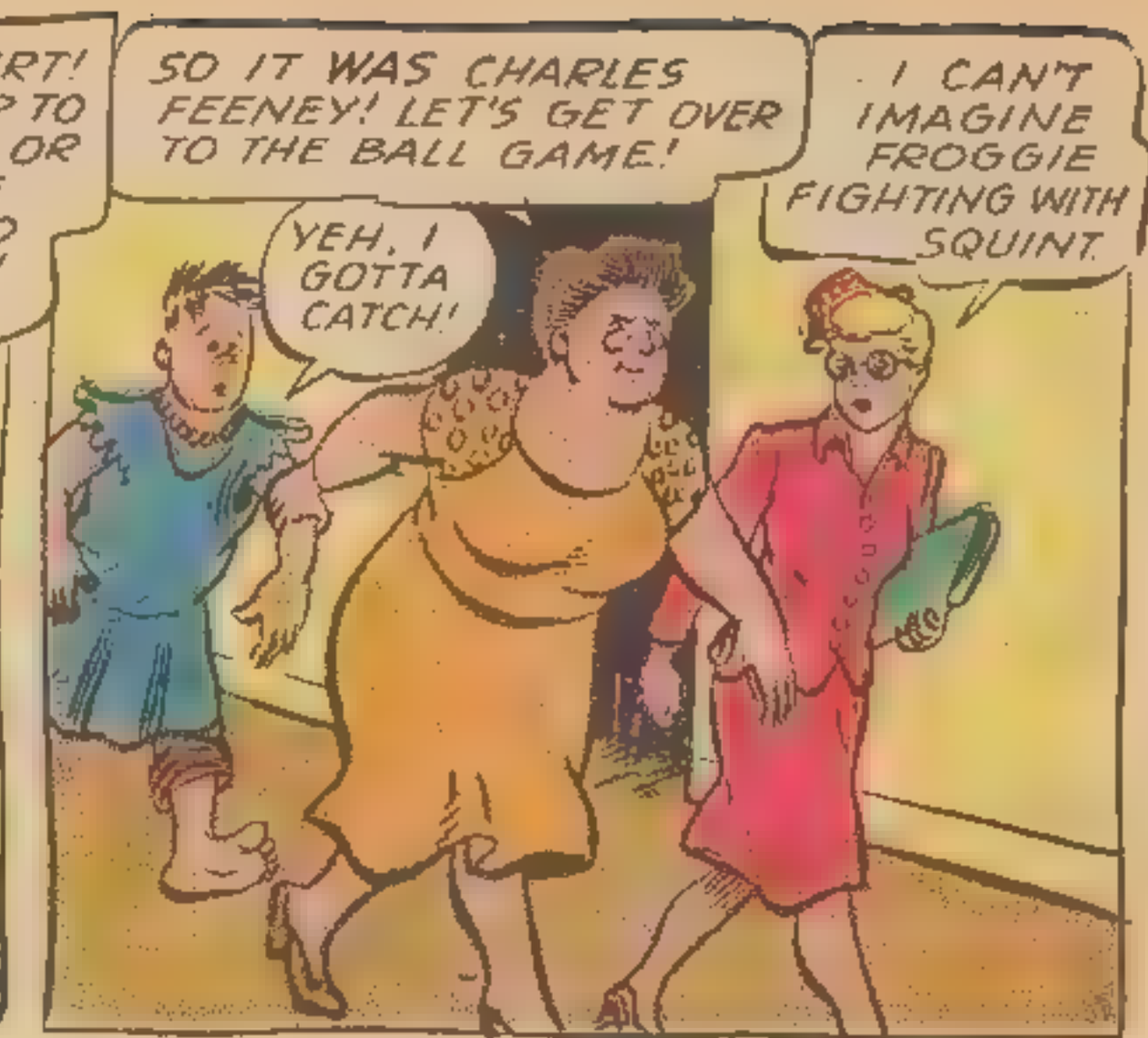
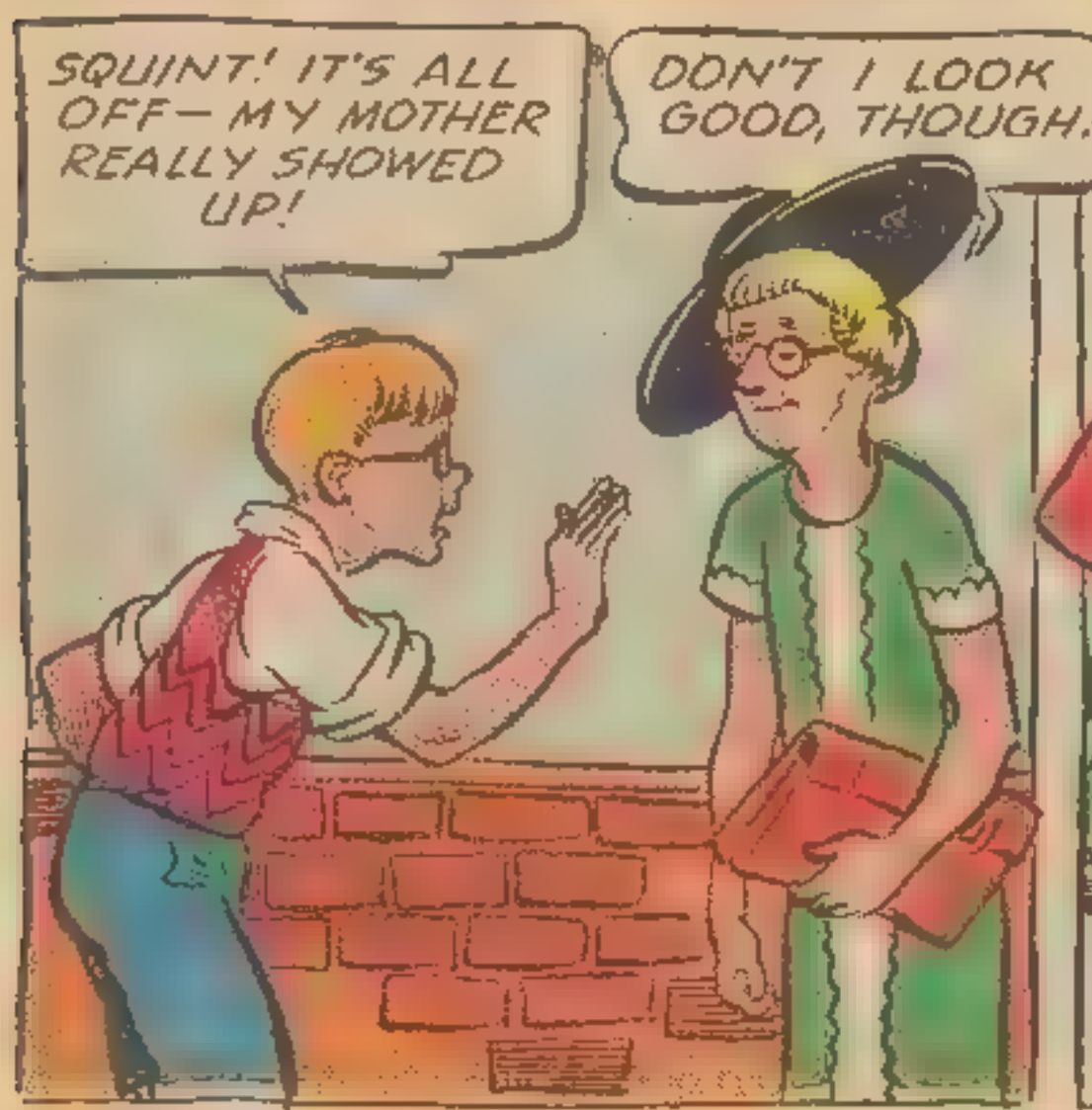
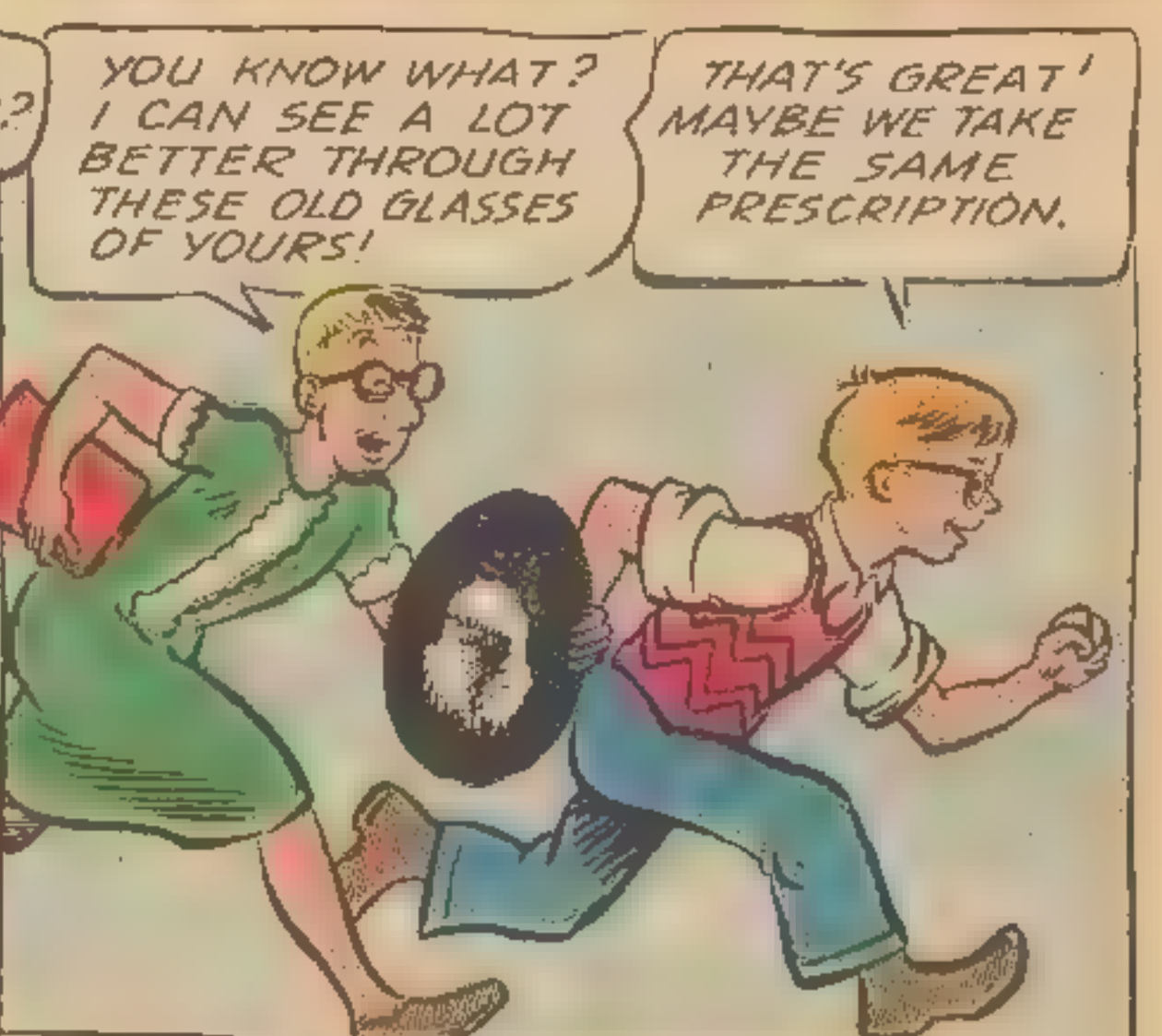
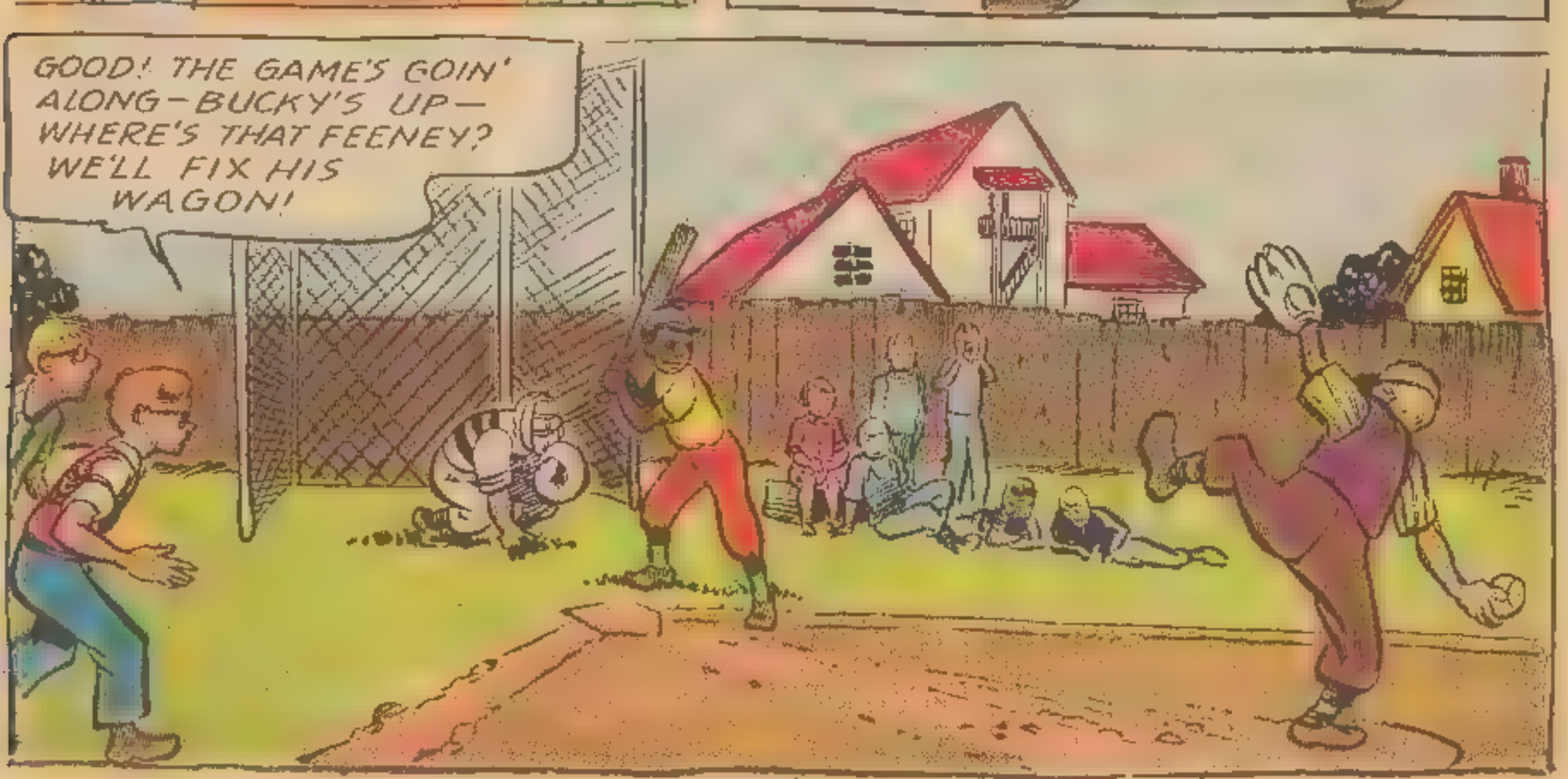

GEE—THERE'S FROGGIE—BUT WHERE'S EGGHEAD?
HOWDY, MISS TOOPLE! I'M FROGGIE'S MOTHER AND HE'S A NO GOOD—
IS IT THE ONE YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT?
NO, BUT LET'S GET THIS ONE ANYWAY!

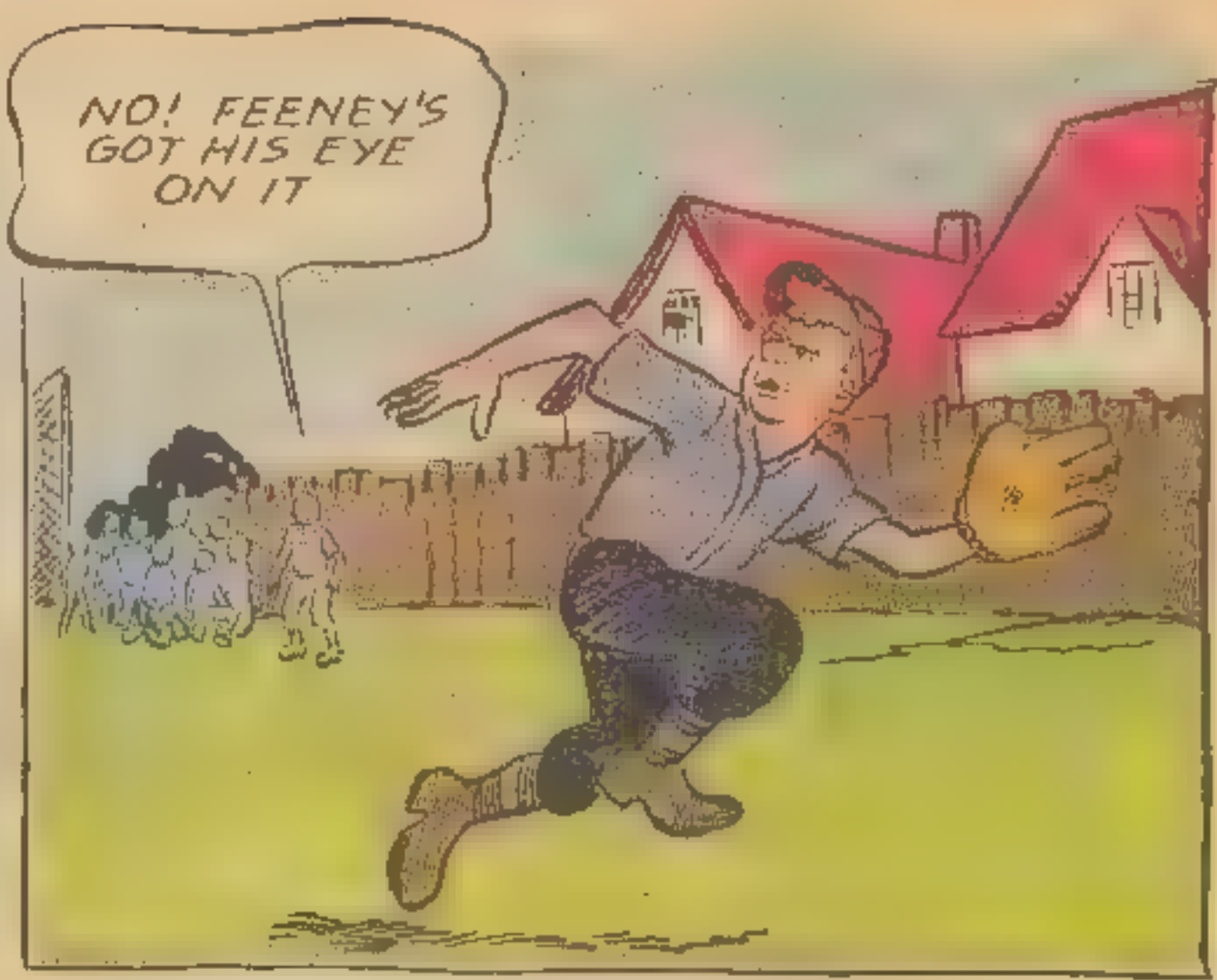
HEY! I'M A LADY!
SO IT'S YOU, EGBERT! WHO PUT YOU UP TO THIS? TELL ME OR I'LL SHAKE YOU INTO A JELLY!

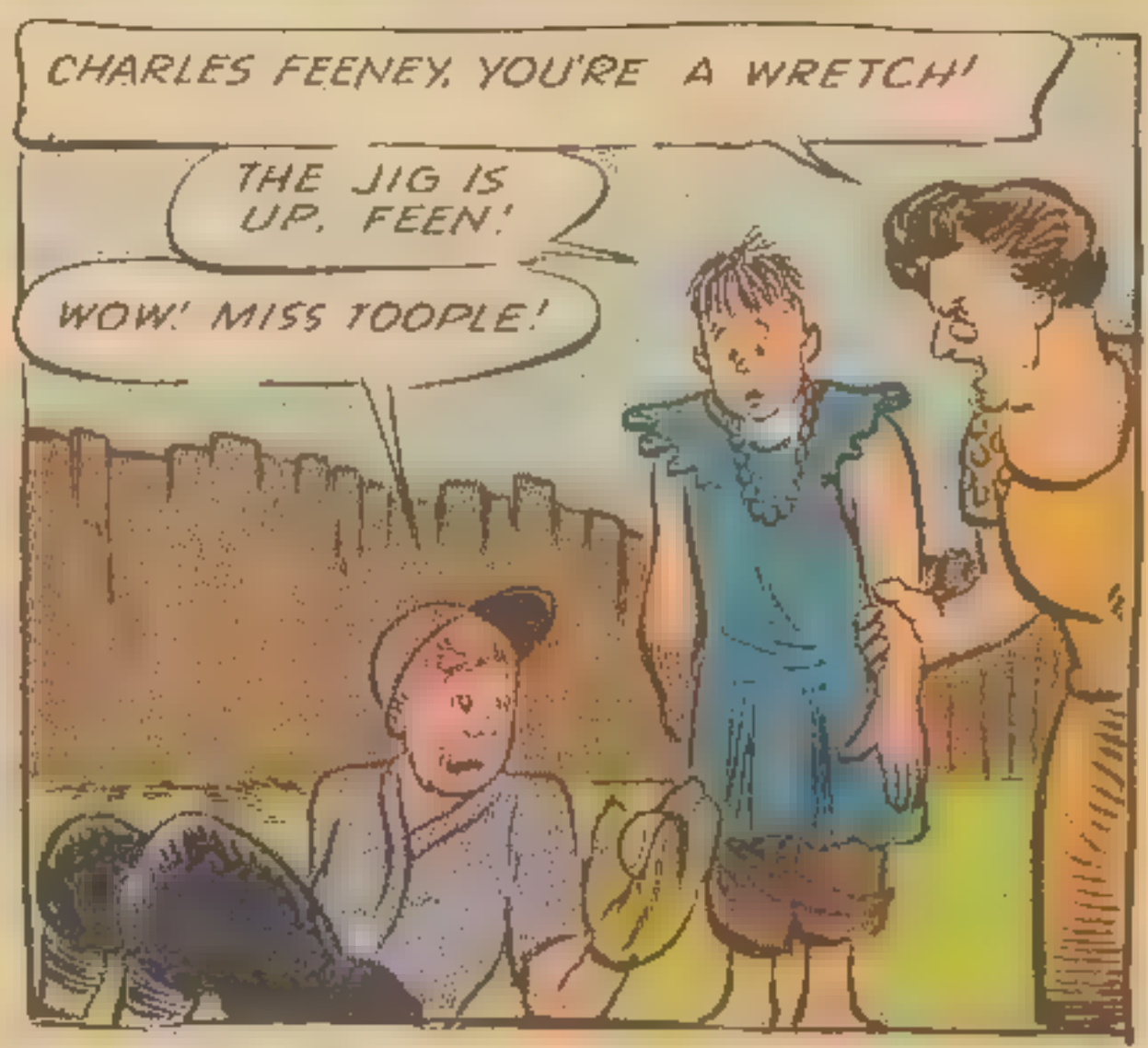

SO IT WAS CHARLES FEENEY! LET'S GET OVER TO THE BALL GAME!
YEH, I GOTTA CATCH!
I CAN'T IMAGINE FROGGIE FIGHTING WITH SQUINT.

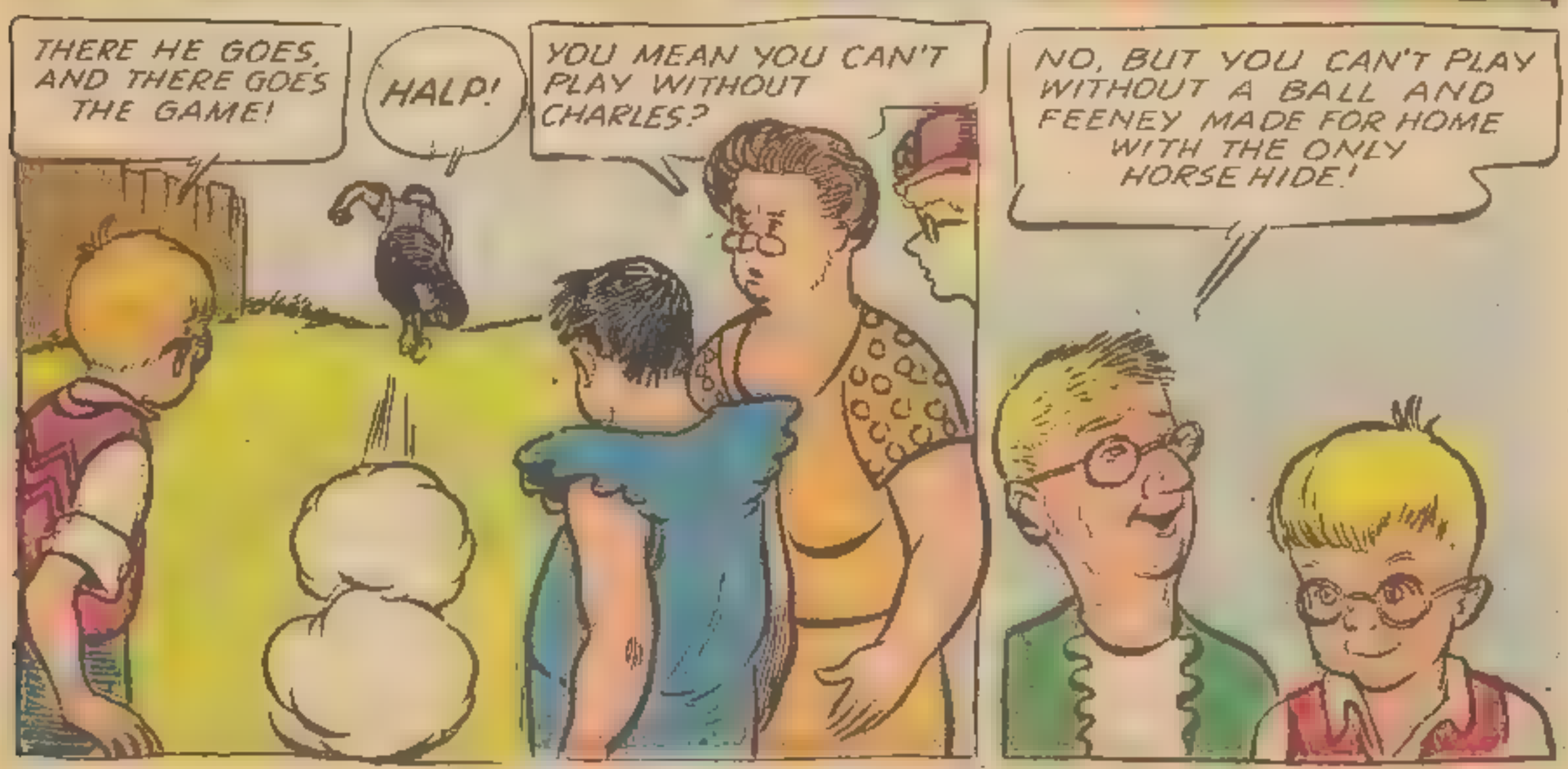

SQUINT! IT'S ALL OFF— MY MOTHER REALLY SHOWED UP!
DON'T I LOOK GOOD, THOUGH?


YOU KNOW WHAT? I CAN SEE A LOT BETTER THROUGH THESE OLD GLASSES OF YOURS!
THAT'S GREAT! MAYBE WE TAKE THE SAME PRESCRIPTION.


GOOD! THE GAME'S GOIN' ALONG—BUCKY'S UP— WHERE'S THAT FEENEY? WE'LL FIX HIS WAGON!







OUR GANG appearing in M-G-M pictures

TOM and JERRY

THINGS ARE SURE DULL AROUND HERE WITH THE WHOLE FAMILY AWAY ON VACATION!

YEH, AT LEAST THEY COULD HAVE LEFT OLD TOMCAT BEHIND TO HELP LIVEN THINGS UP A BIT!

THIS LAZYING-AROUND IS GETTING ME DOWN. THE LESS YOU DO, THE LESS YOU FEEL LIKE DOING. HO HUM!!

AND I'M GETTING AWFULLY SICK OF CHEWING ON OLD NEWSPAPERS. THEY COULD AT LEAST HAVE LEFT A TINY MORSEL OF FOOD IN THE HOUSE!

IF YOU COULD HAVE ANY WISH AT ALL COME TRUE RIGHT NOW, JERRY, WHAT WOULD YOU WISH FOR?

I DON'T KNOW! LET'S SEE---

I THINK A WHOLE CITY MADE OF GOOD THINGS TO EAT--BUILDINGS AND STREETS MADE OF CHEESE, CANDY STICK TREES WITH MARSHMALLOW LEAVES AND BIG RED CHERRIES HANGING ALL OVER THEM--CHOCOLATE MALTED MILK STREAMS, GINGERBREAD BRIDGES, COCOANUT GRASS---

HMM! SOUNDS GOOD! CONTINUE!!

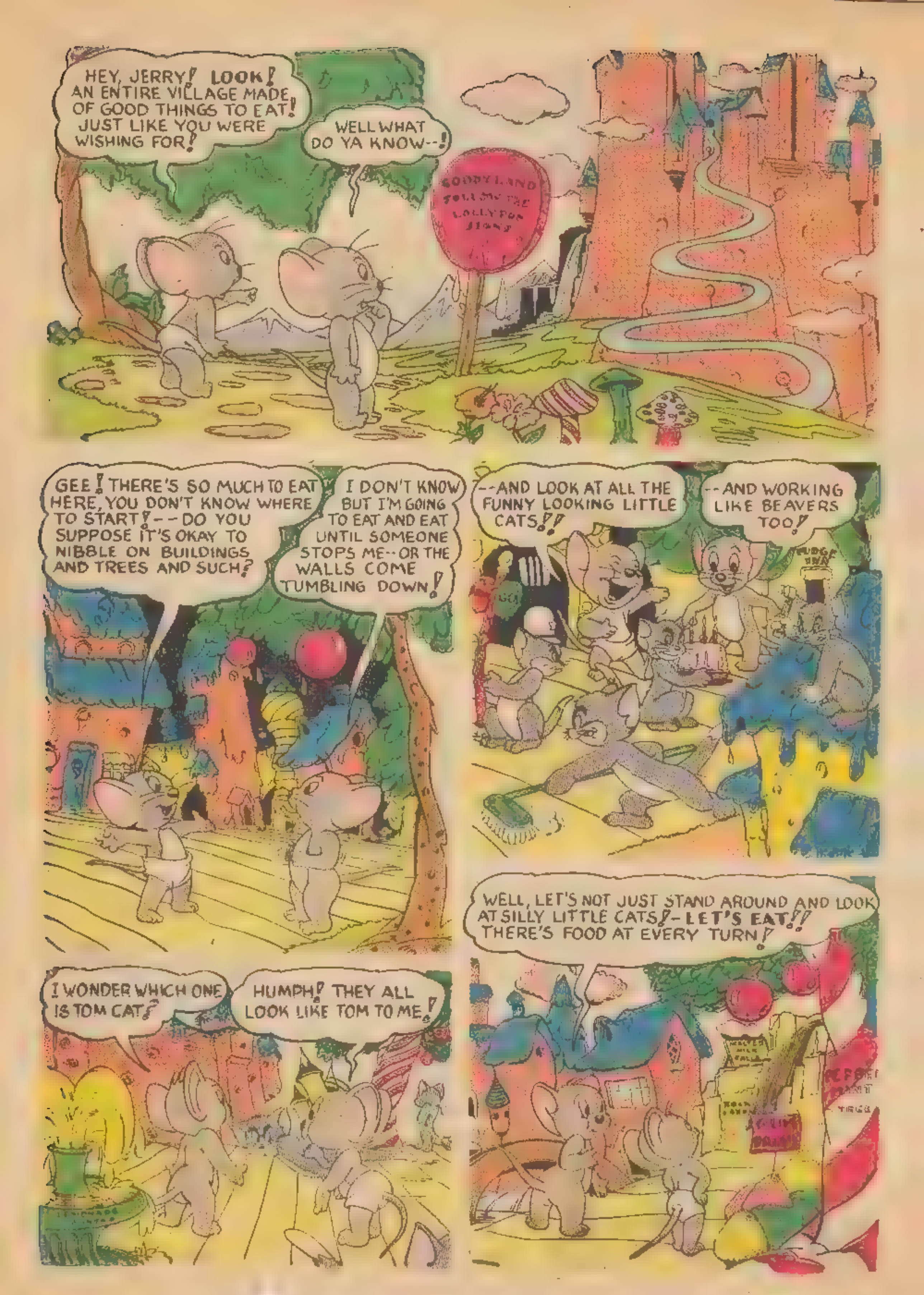
MMMMM--MICE BIGGER AND STRONGER THAN CATS--CAT TRAPS INSTEAD OF MOUSE TRAPS--LOTS OF--OF--Z-Z-Z-Z

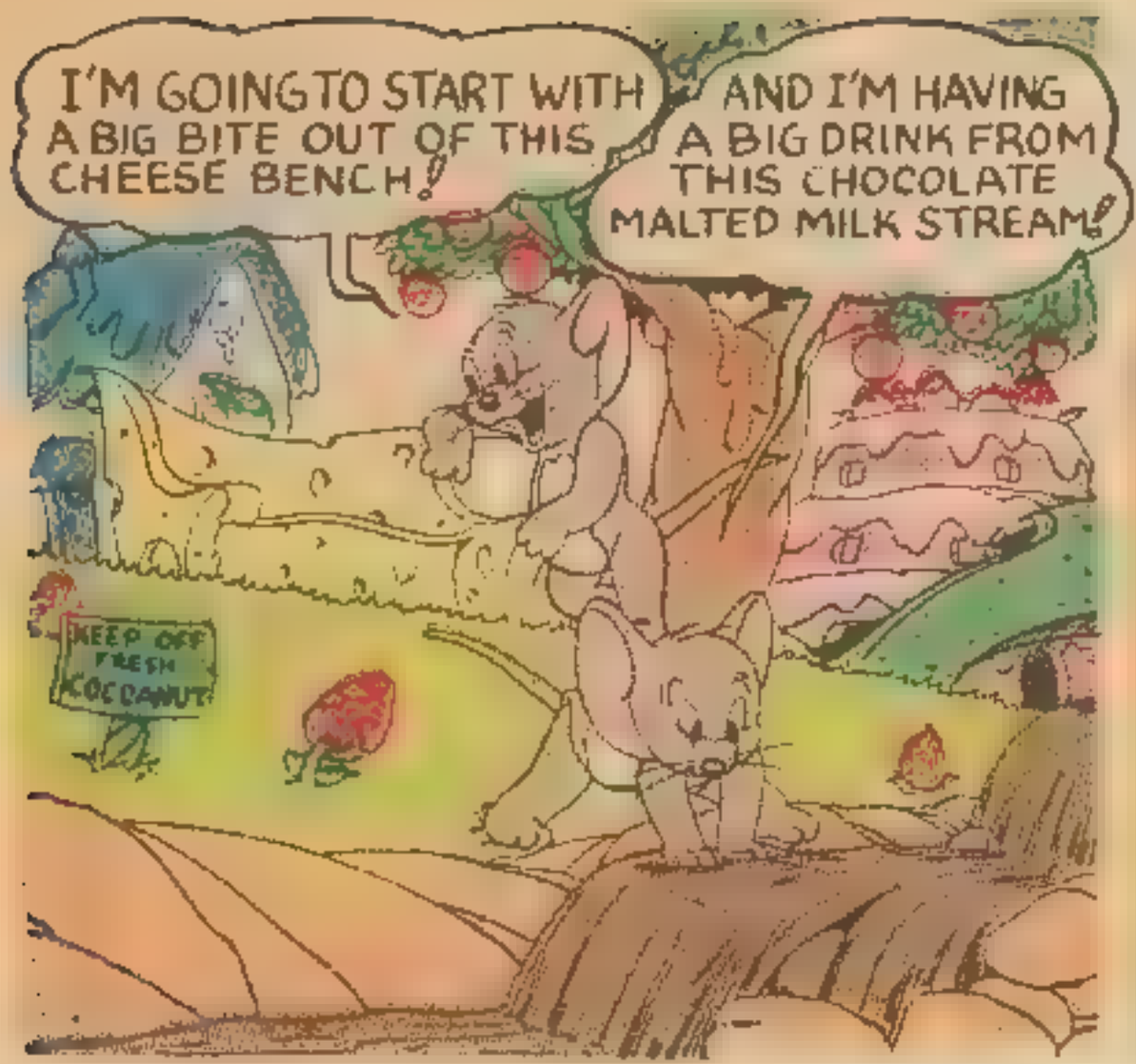
S'WONDERFUL-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z

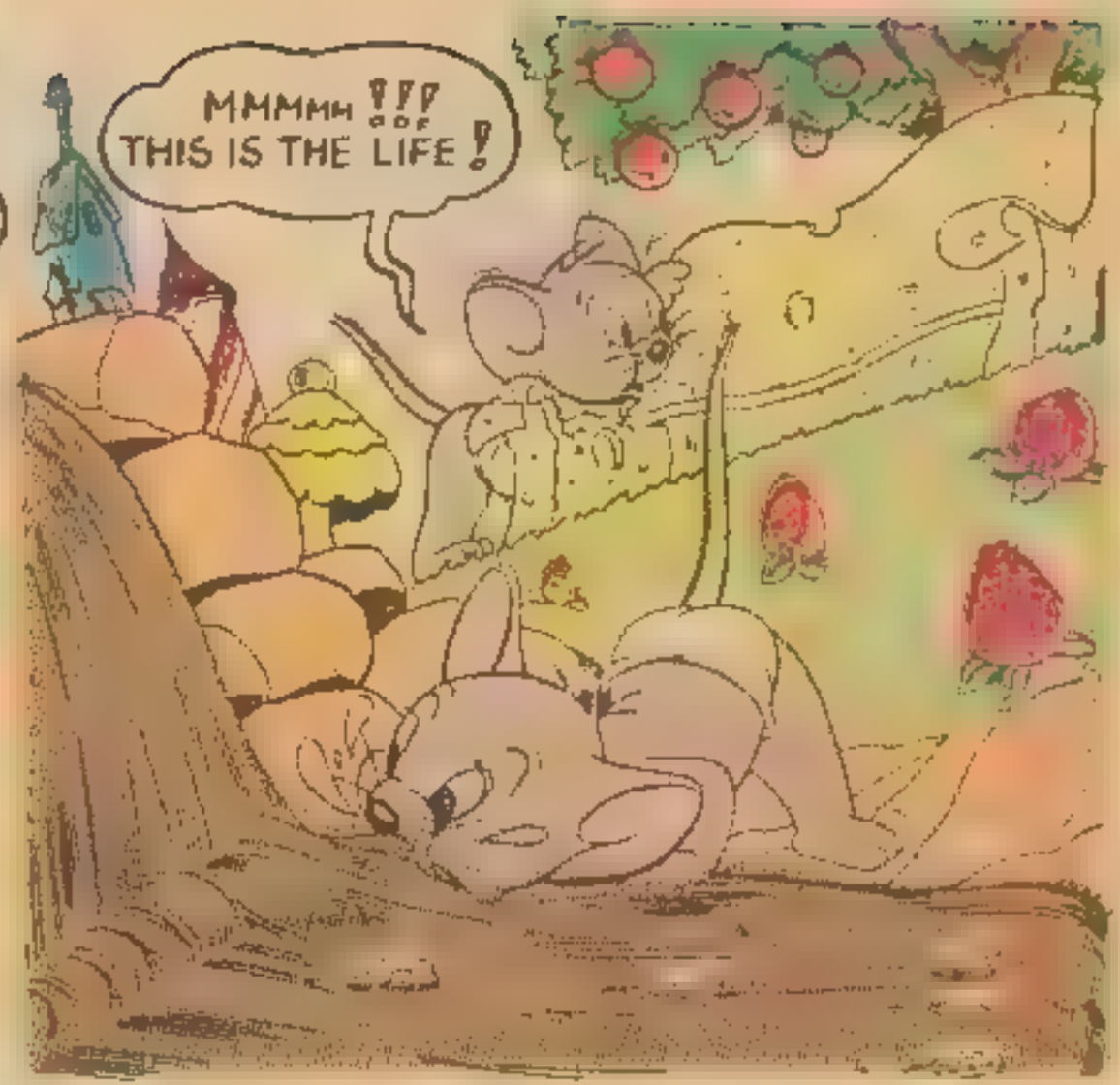
SNORE

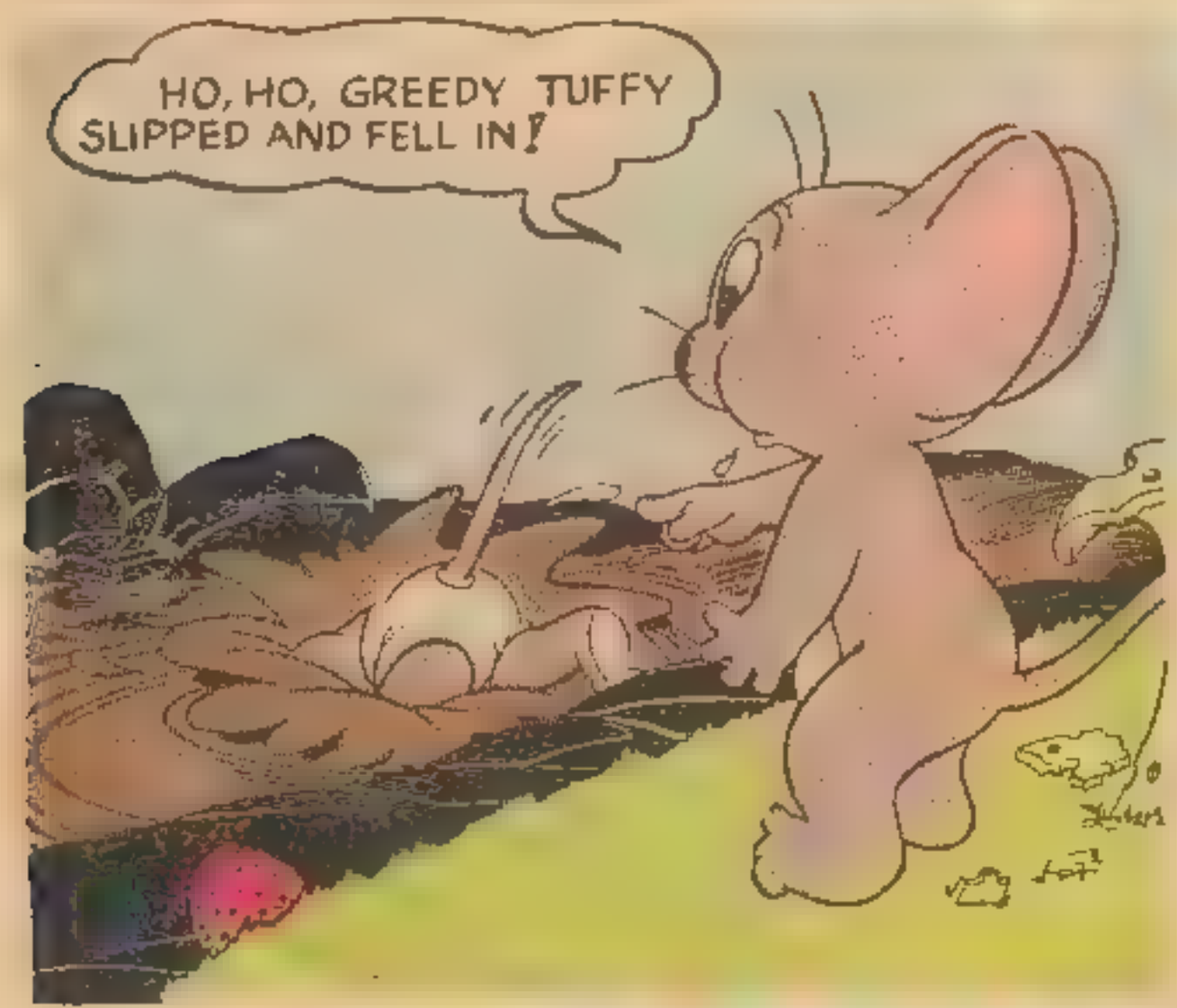
SNORE

FREE! A big picture of TOM AND JERRY. See back cover.

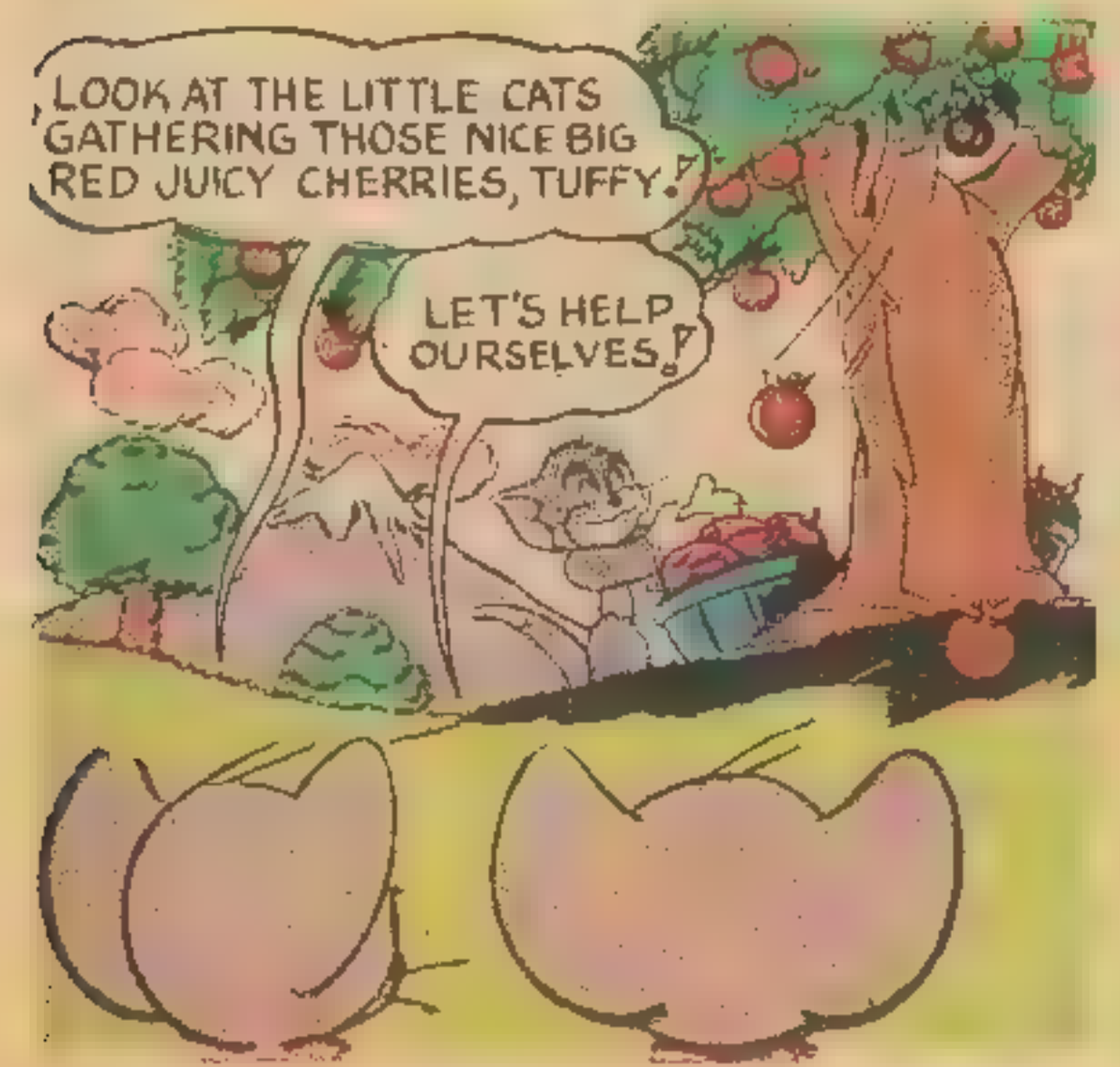

HEY, JERRY! LOOK! AN ENTIRE VILLAGE MADE OF GOOD THINGS TO EAT! JUST LIKE YOU WERE WISHING FOR!
WELL WHAT DO YA KNOW--!
GOODYLAND
GEE! THERE'S SO MUCH TO EAT HERE, YOU DON'T KNOW WHERE TO START! -- DO YOU SUPPOSE IT'S OKAY TO NIBBLE ON BUILDINGS AND TREES AND SUCH?
I DON'T KNOW BUT I'M GOING TO EAT AND EAT UNTIL SOMEONE STOPS ME--OR THE WALLS COME TUMBLING DOWN!
--AND LOOK AT ALL THE FUNNY LOOKING LITTLE CATS!!
--AND WORKING LIKE BEAVERS TOO!
FUDGE INN
I WONDER WHICH ONE IS TOM CAT?
HUMPH! THEY ALL LOOK LIKE TOM TO ME!
WELL, LET'S NOT JUST STAND AROUND AND LOOK AT SILLY LITTLE CATS! - LET'S EAT!! THERE'S FOOD AT EVERY TURN!


I'M GOING TO START WITH A BIG BITE OUT OF THIS CHEESE BENCH!
AND I'M HAVING A BIG DRINK FROM THIS CHOCOLATE MALTED MILK STREAM!
KEEP OFF FRESH COCOANUT

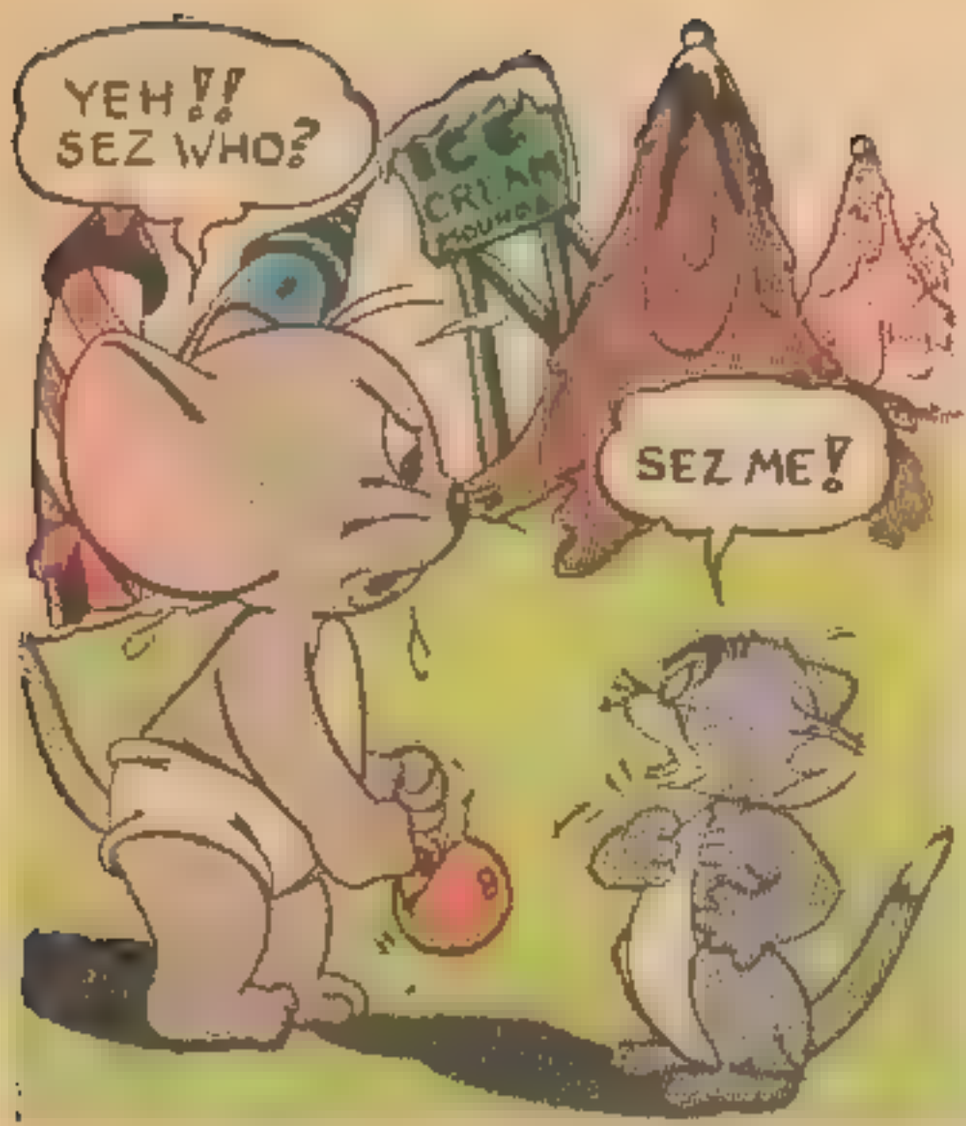

MMMmm !!! THIS IS THE LIFE!

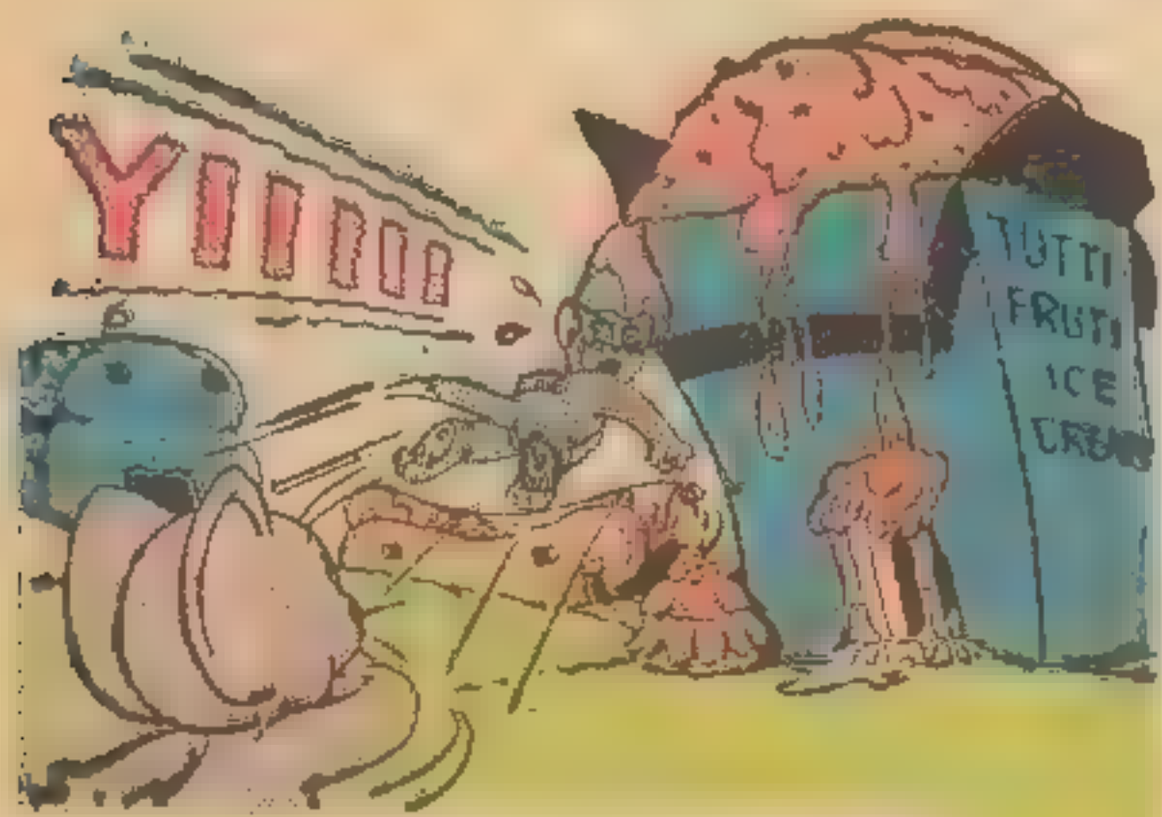

HO, HO, GREEDY TUFFY SLIPPED AND FELL IN!

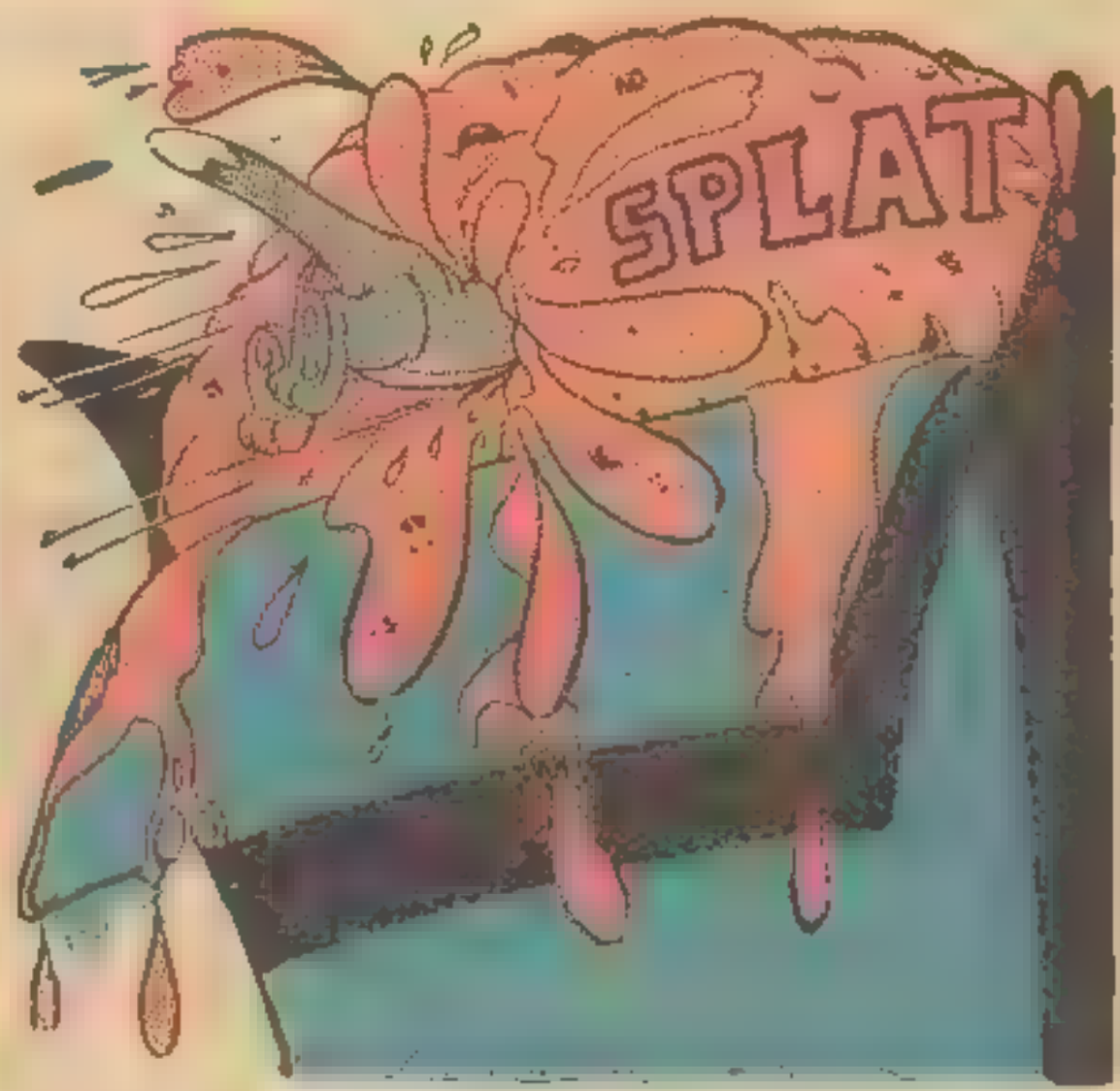
THIS IS ONE TIME I DON'T MIND GETTING WET! -WHEW!!--AM I FULL OF MALTED MILK!


LOOK AT THE LITTLE CATS GATHERING THOSE NICE BIG RED JUICY CHERRIES, TUFFY!
LET'S HELP OURSELVES!

THANKS PAL FOR SAVING US THE TROUBLE OF PICKING THE CHERRIES!
GO AWAY! THEY BELONG TO US!







STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF

August 24, 1912, and March 3, 1933 of Our Gang Comics published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1936. State of New York, County of New York, ss.

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Helen Meyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Business Manager of the Our Gang Comics and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, George T. Delacorte, Jr., 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Editor, Helen Meyer, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Helen Meyer, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

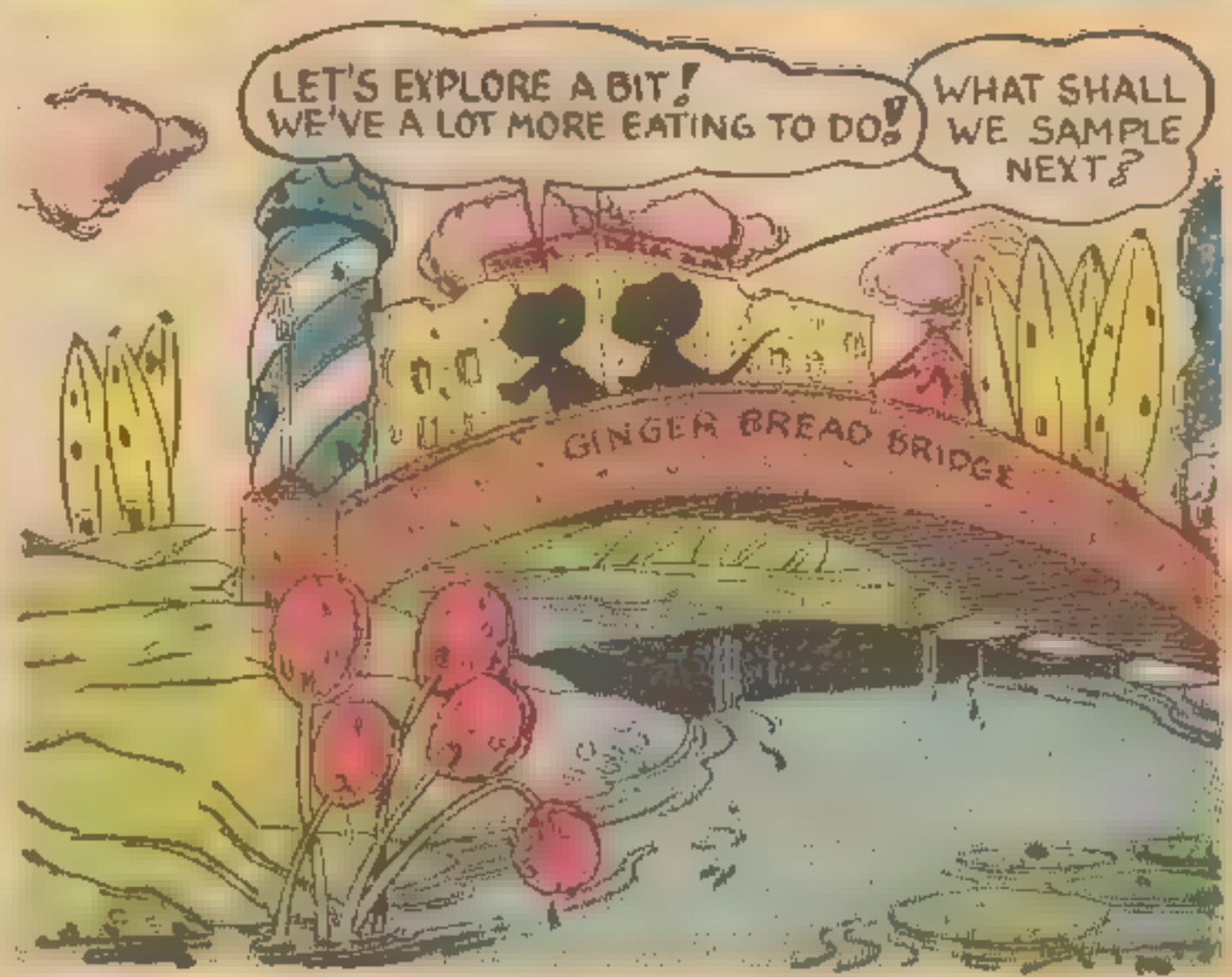
2. That the owner is: Dell Publishing Company, Inc., 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; George T. Delacorte, Jr., 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Margaret Delacorte, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as holders of stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

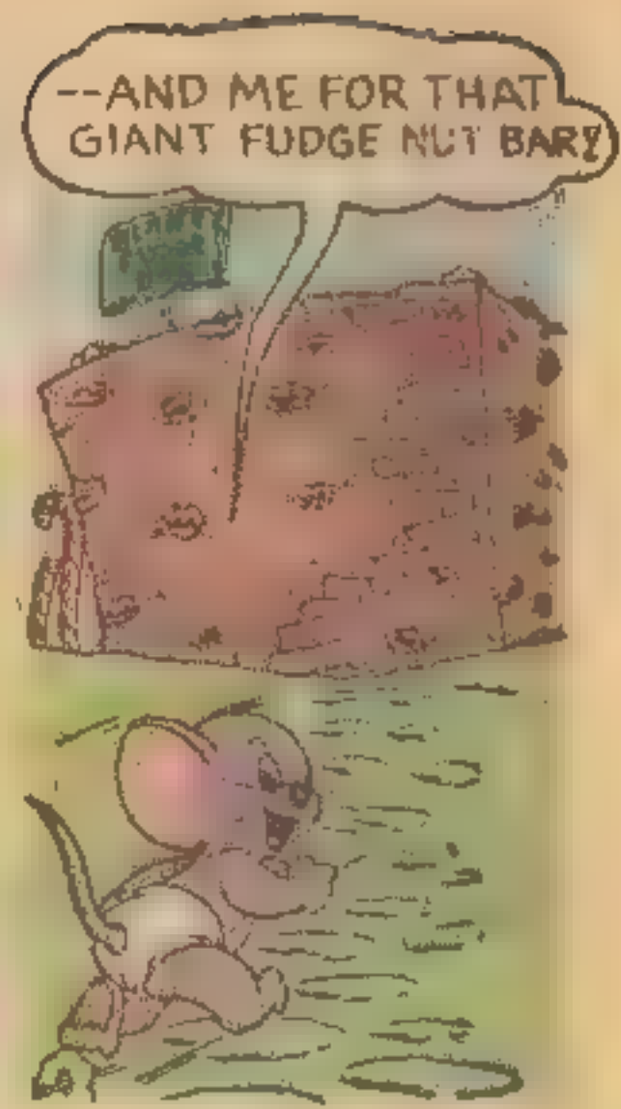
(Signed) HELEN MEYER
Business Manager

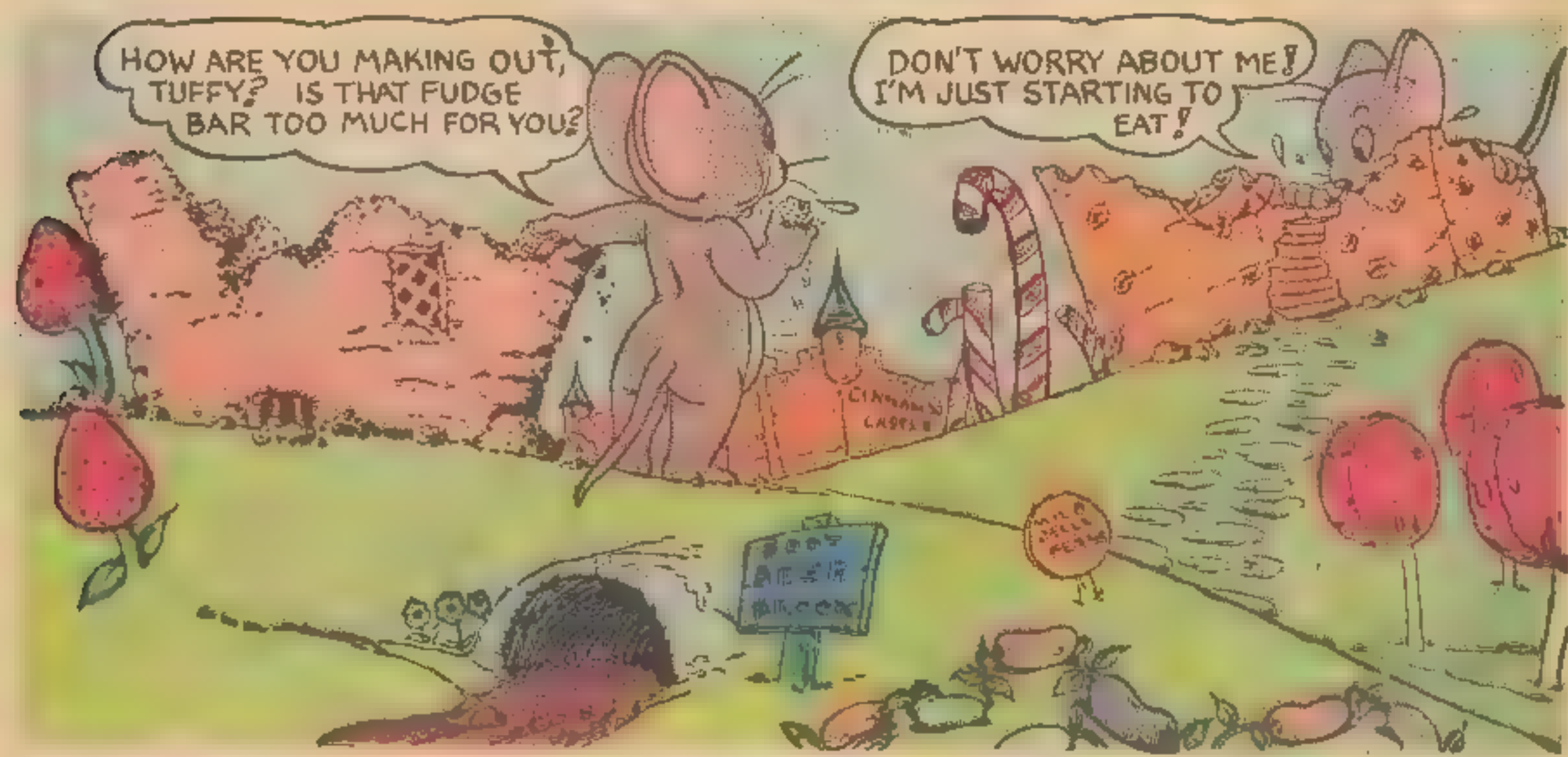
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 9th day of September, 1936.
JEANNETTE SMITH
(Seal) (My Commission Expires March 30, 1938)



LET'S HAVE A CONTEST! I'LL BET I CAN EAT MORE THAN YOU CAN!
IT'S A GO! I'LL SHOW YOU A MOUSE WHO CAN REALLY PACK IT AWAY!

ME FOR THAT CUP CAKE HOUSE!

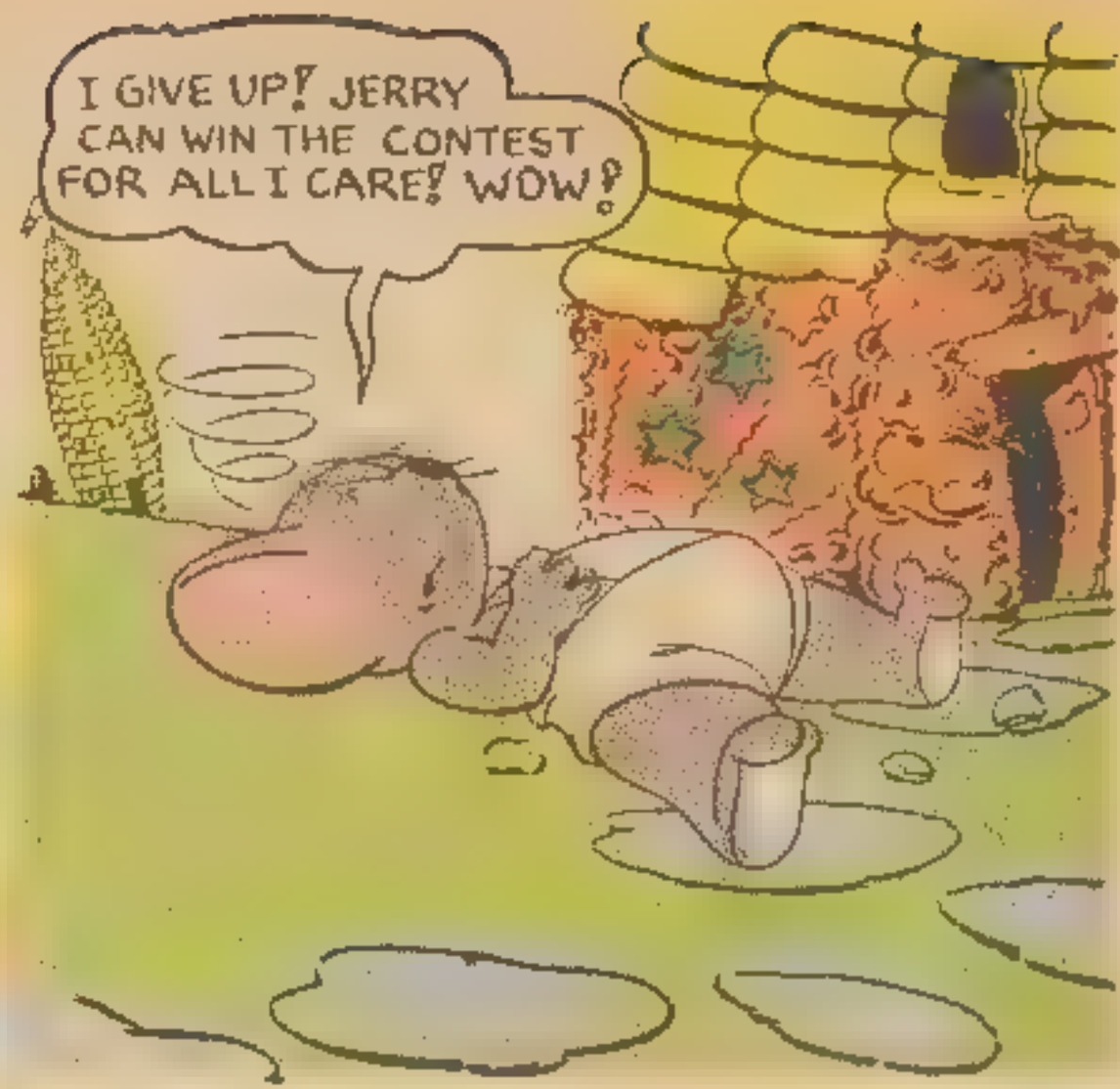

--AND ME FOR THAT GIANT FUDGE NUT BAR!

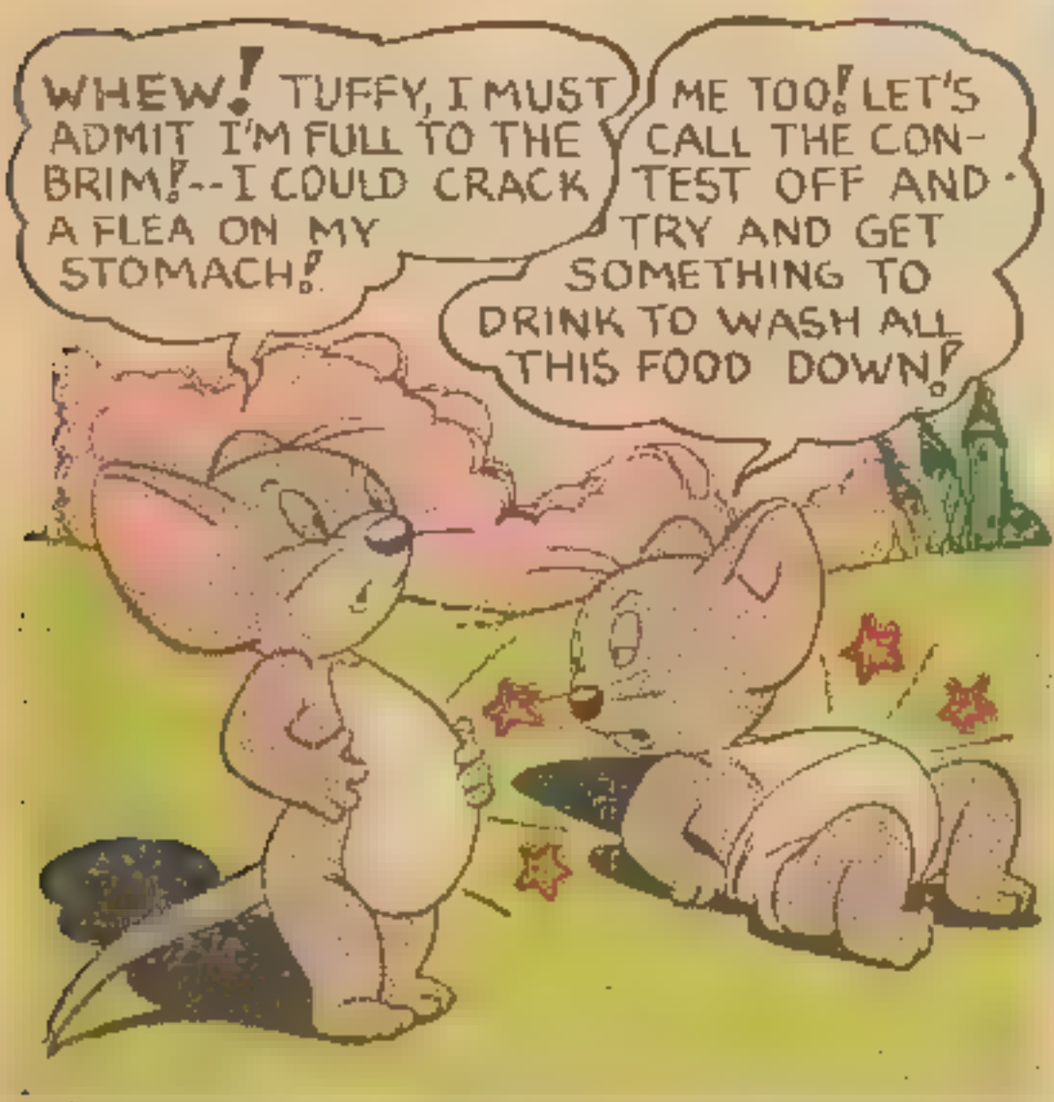

HOW ARE YOU MAKING OUT, TUFFY? IS THAT FUDGE BAR TOO MUCH FOR YOU?
DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME! I'M JUST STARTING TO EAT!

THERE! THAT'S FINISHED! I THINK I'LL HAVE A GO AT THAT CHOCOLATE STATUE NEXT!

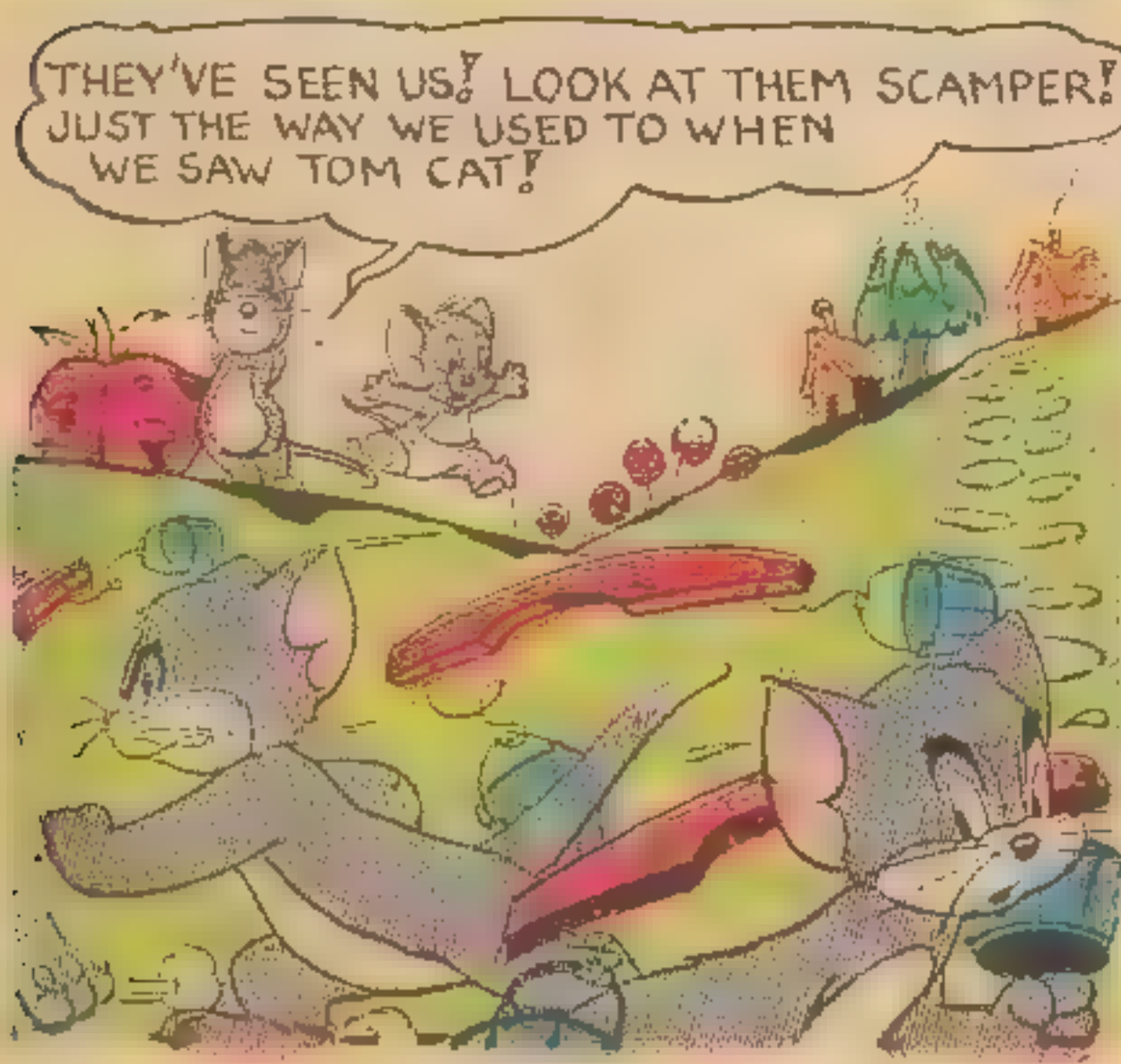
I'D BETTER HURRY! JERRY IS A BIT AHEAD OF ME! I'LL TRY THAT CORN TOWER NEXT! I SHOULD BE ABLE TO MAKE SHORT WORK OF THAT!

UGH!!--I'M SO FULL I'M WOOZY! CAN'T EAT ANOTHER BITE!
CHOCOLATE STATUE OF

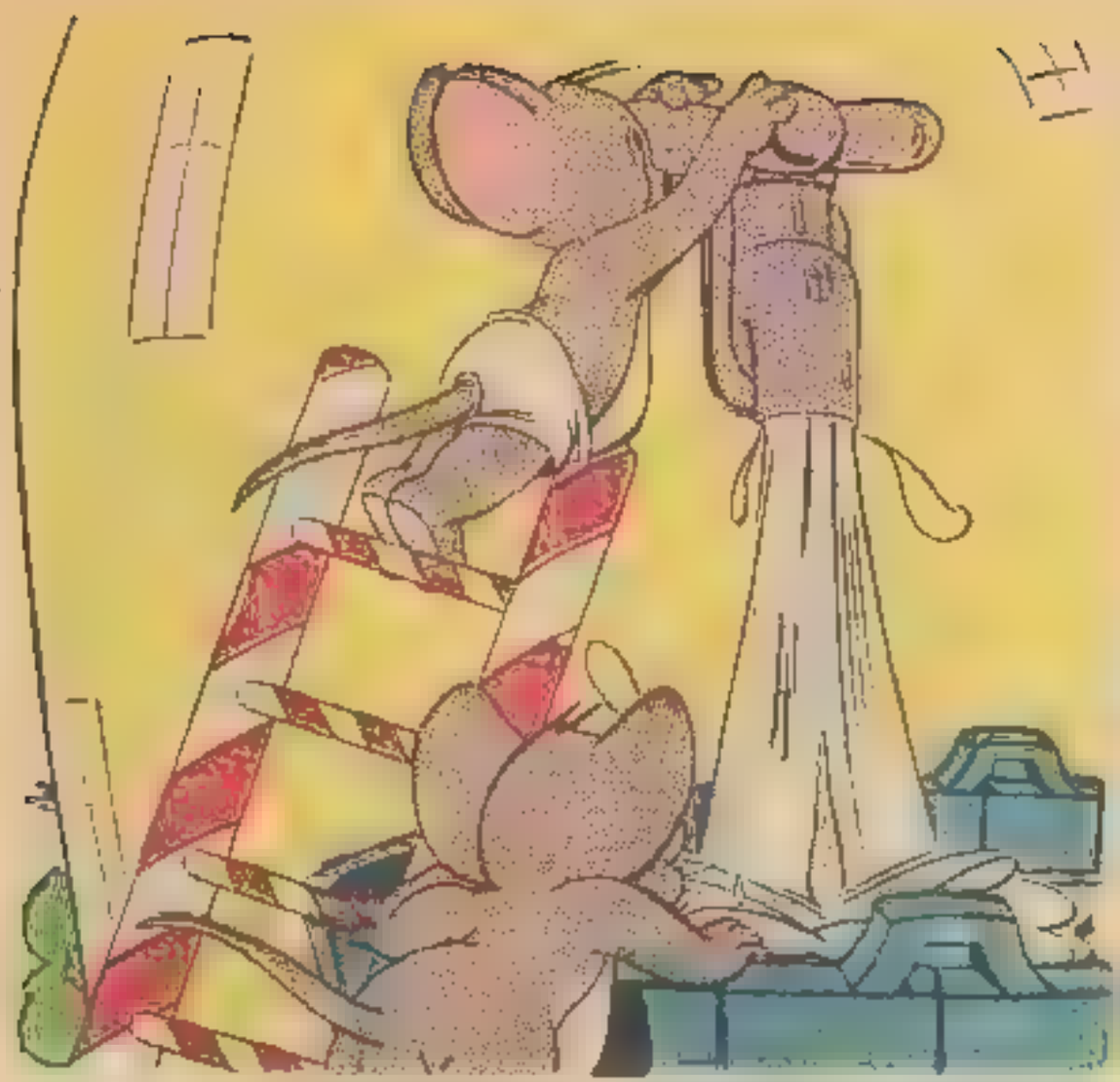

I GIVE UP! JERRY CAN WIN THE CONTEST FOR ALL I CARE! WOW!

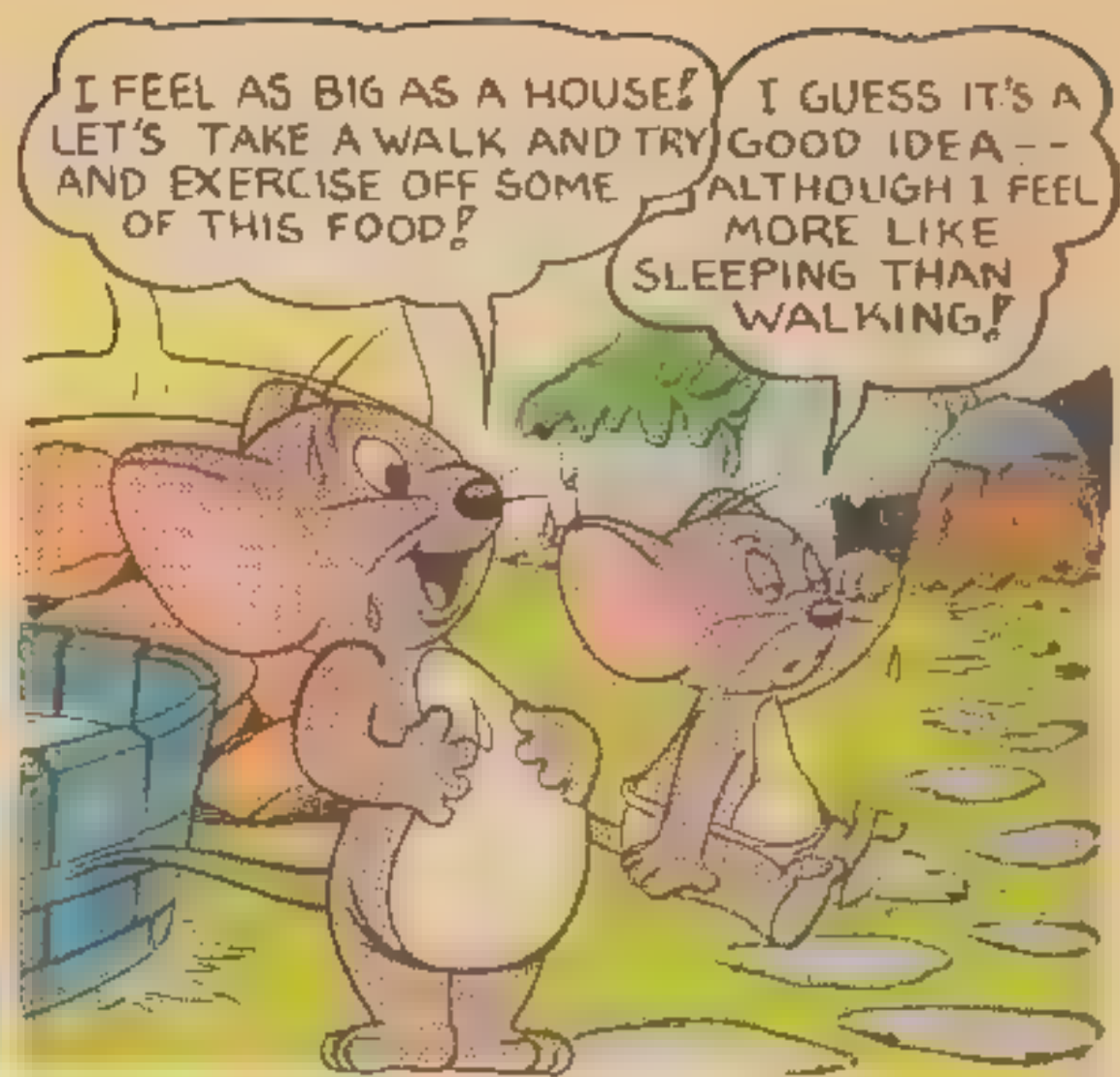

WHEW! TUFFY, I MUST ADMIT I'M FULL TO THE BRIM!--I COULD CRACK A FLEA ON MY STOMACH!
ME TOO! LET'S CALL THE CONTEST OFF AND TRY AND GET SOMETHING TO DRINK TO WASH ALL THIS FOOD DOWN!

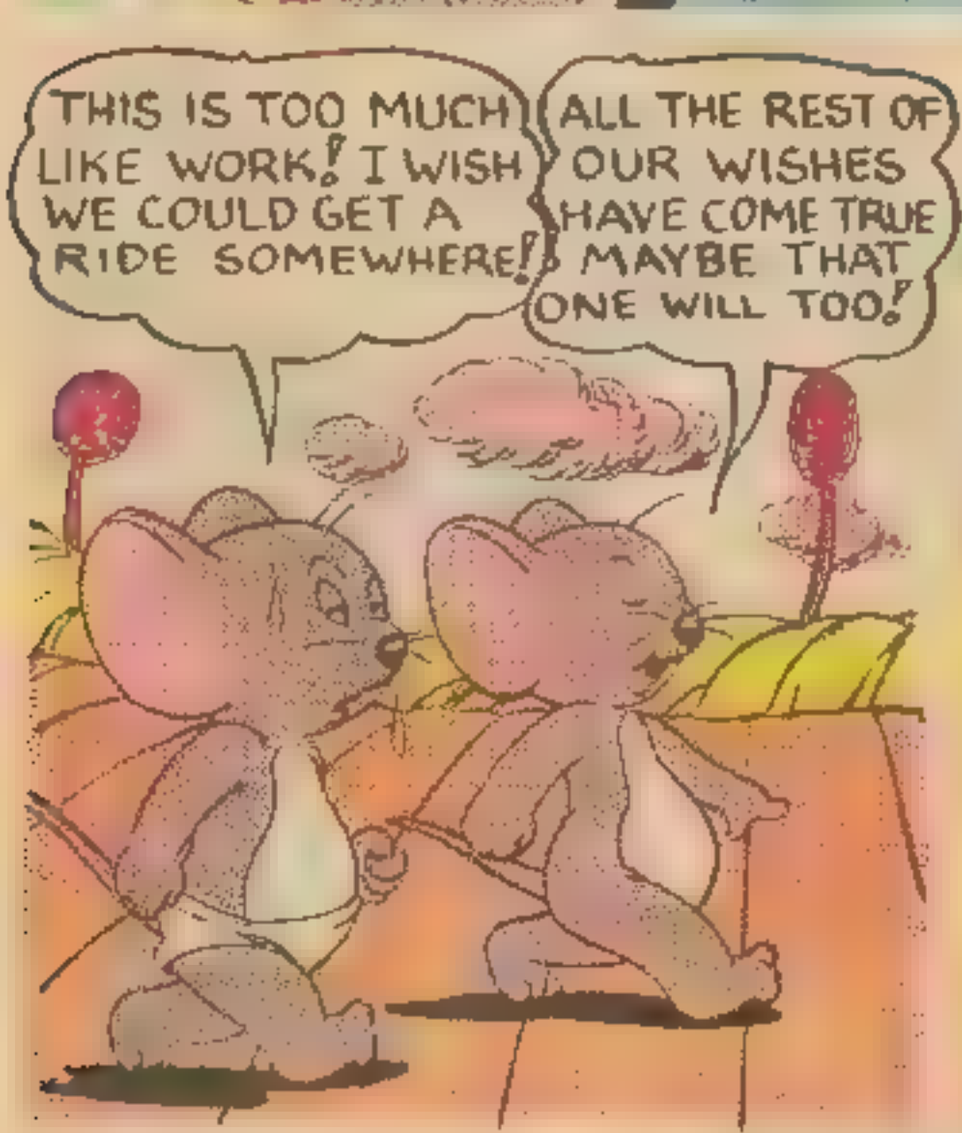
LOOK AT ALL THE LITTLE CATS LINED UP!
WHAT'S GOING ON?


THEY'VE SEEN US! LOOK AT THEM SCAMPER! JUST THE WAY WE USED TO WHEN WE SAW TOM CAT!

THEY WERE GETTING MILK FROM THAT BIG BOTTLE!
THAT'S THE DRINK WE WERE LOOKING FOR! COME ON!



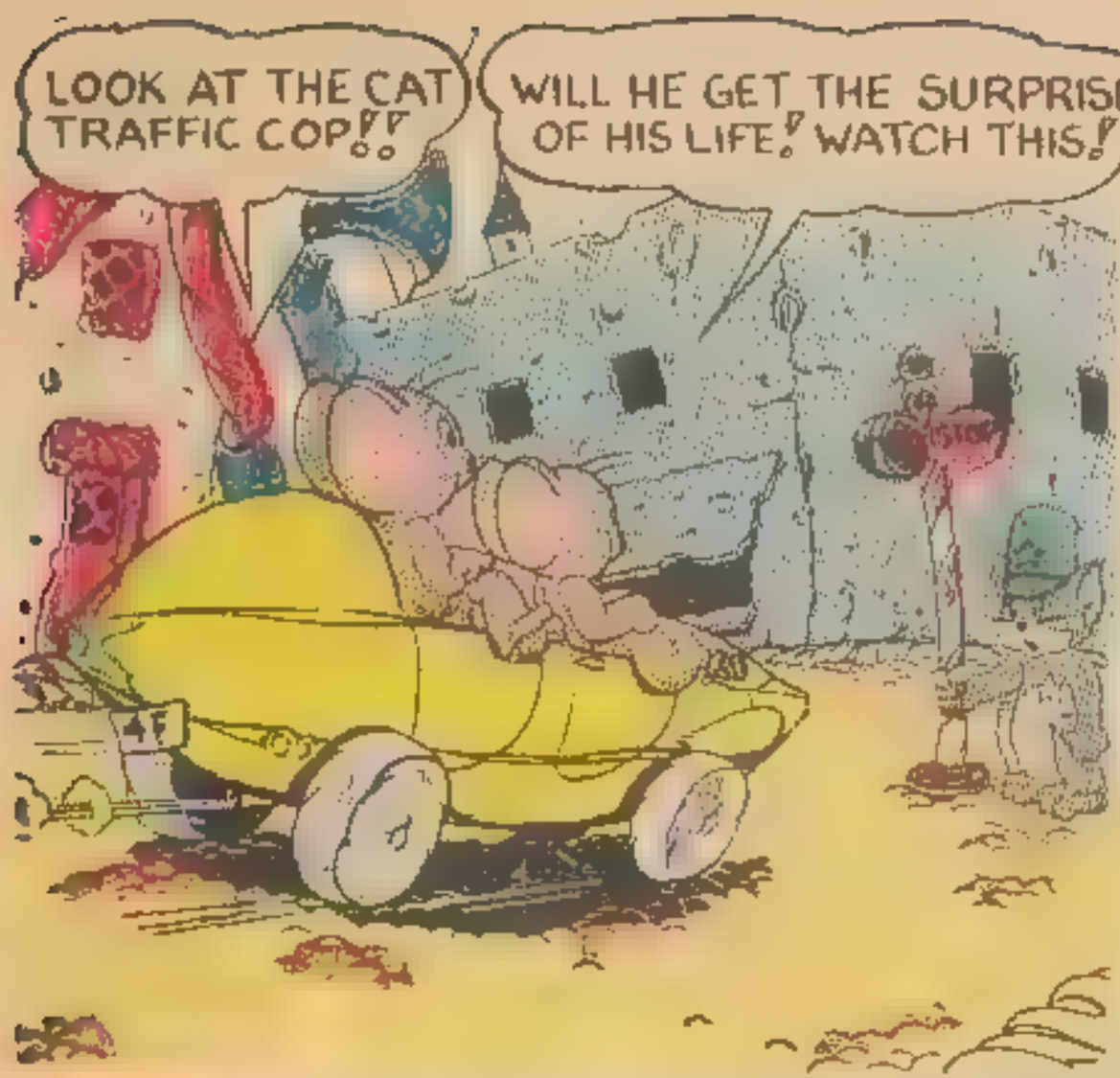

I FEEL AS BIG AS A HOUSE! LET'S TAKE A WALK AND TRY AND EXERCISE OFF SOME OF THIS FOOD!
I GUESS IT'S A GOOD IDEA -- ALTHOUGH I FEEL MORE LIKE SLEEPING THAN WALKING!

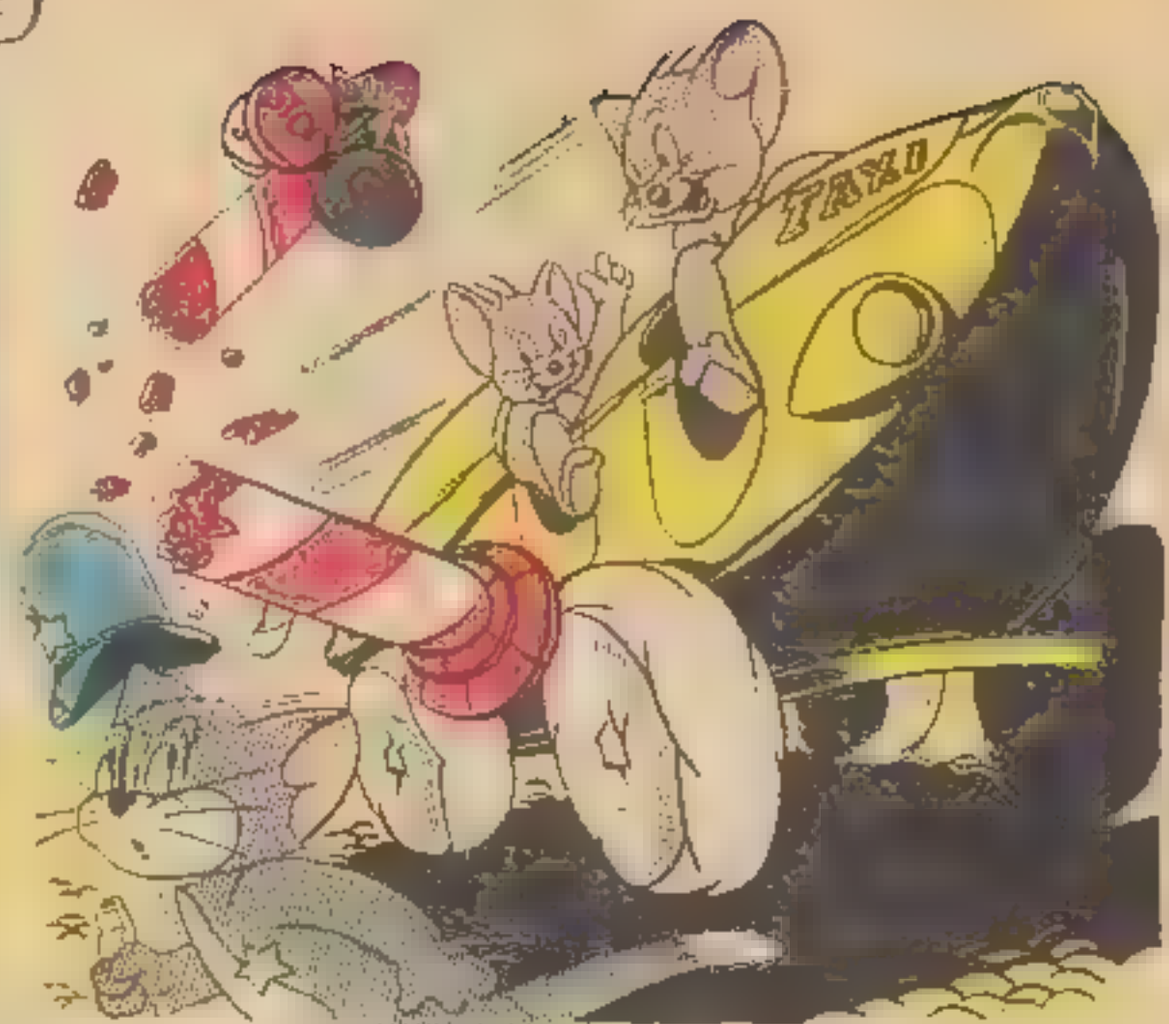

THIS IS TOO MUCH LIKE WORK! I WISH WE COULD GET A RIDE SOMEWHERE!
ALL THE REST OF OUR WISHES HAVE COME TRUE MAYBE THAT ONE WILL TOO!

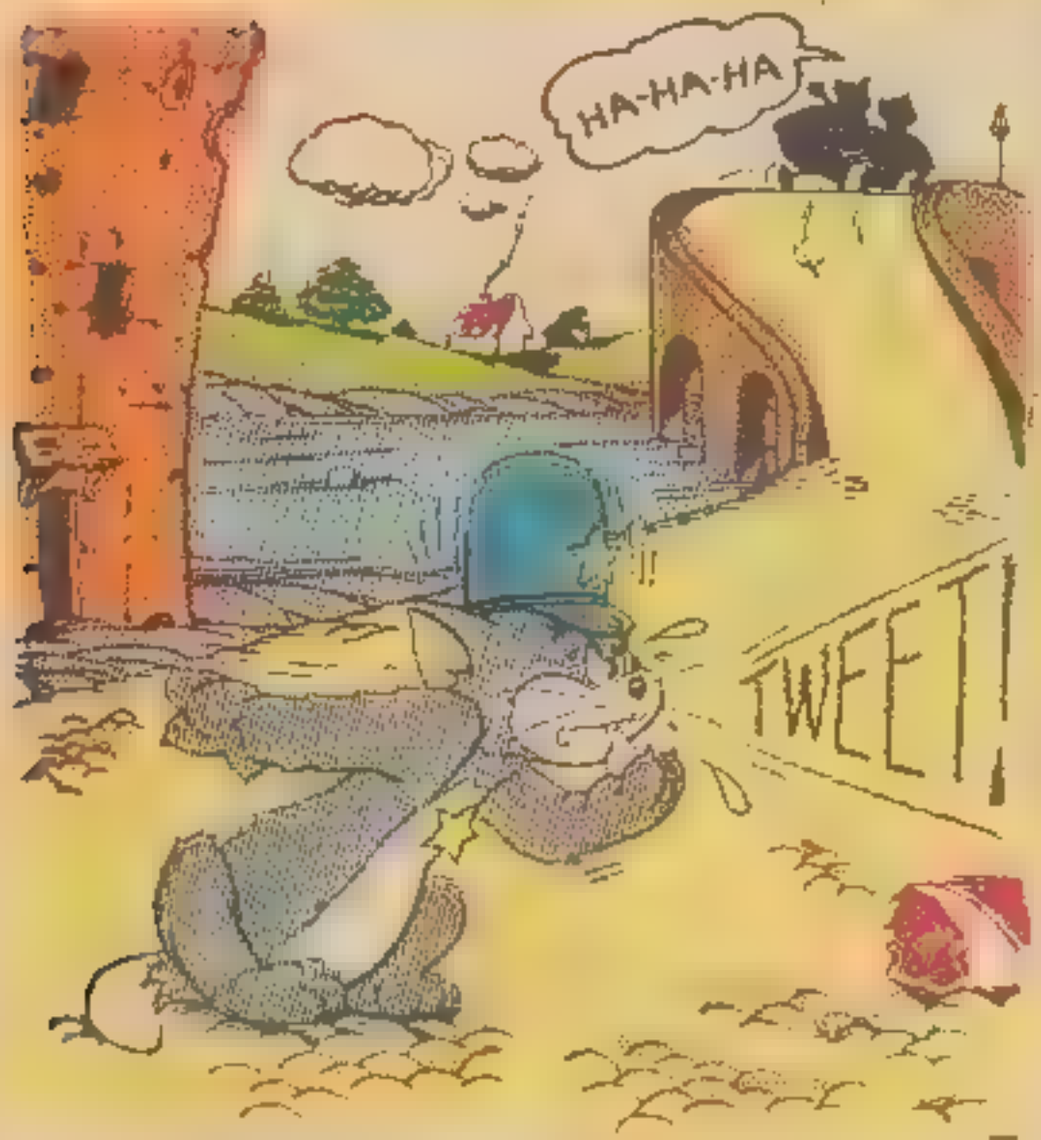
SEE! WHAT DID I TELL YOU!
A TAXI!
TAXI

A TAXI MADE OUT OF A BANANA SKIN WITH MARSHMALLOW WHEELS! I WONDER IF IT WILL HOLD OUR WEIGHT?
LET'S TRY IT AND SEE!
TAXI

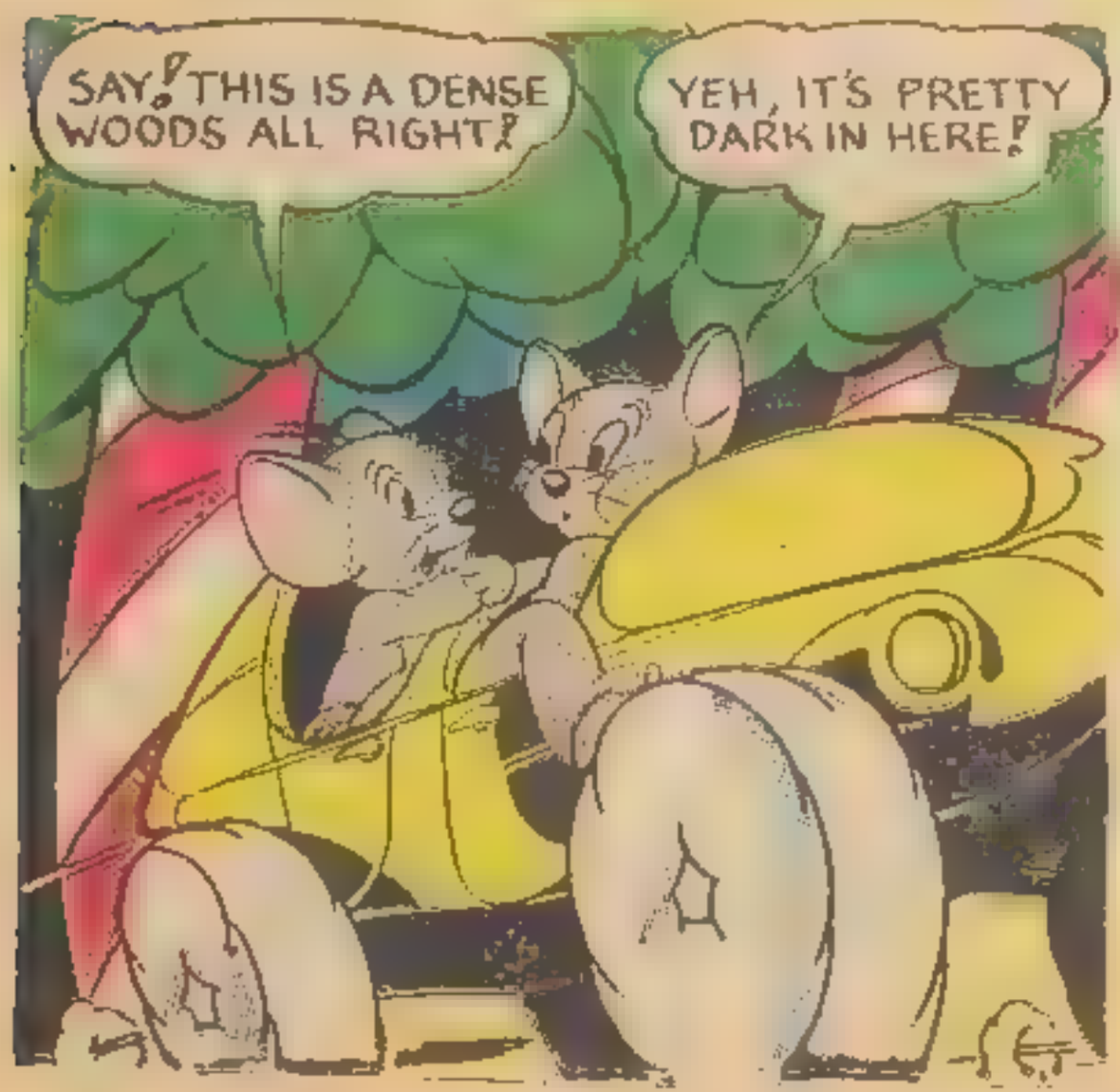
A LITTLE SMALL-- BUT NOT BAD AT ALL--
NO SIREE!! ONCE AROUND THE TOWN, CHAUFFEUR!
TAXI

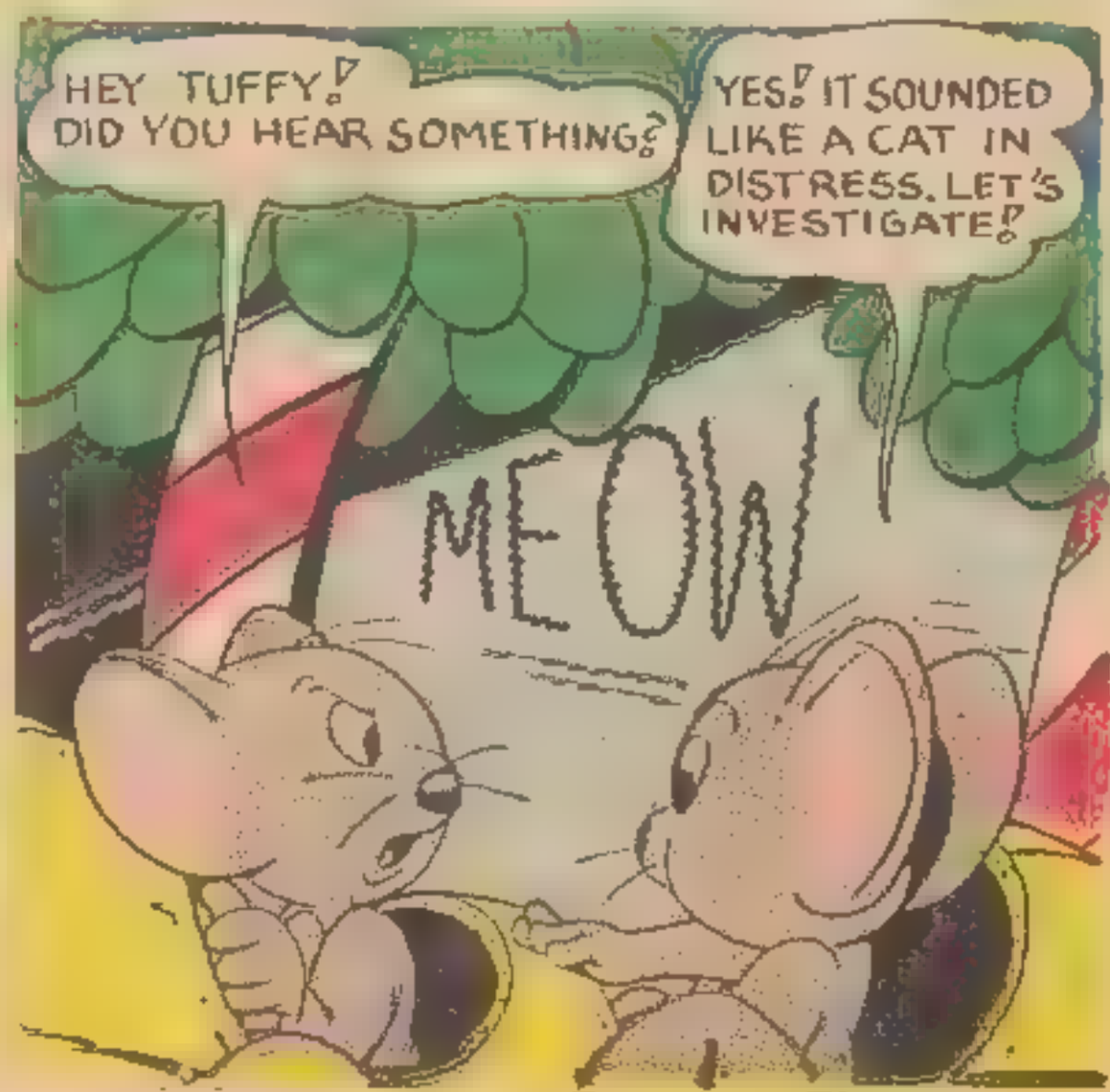

LOOK AT THE CAT TRAFFIC COP!!
WILL HE GET THE SURPRISE OF HIS LIFE! WATCH THIS!

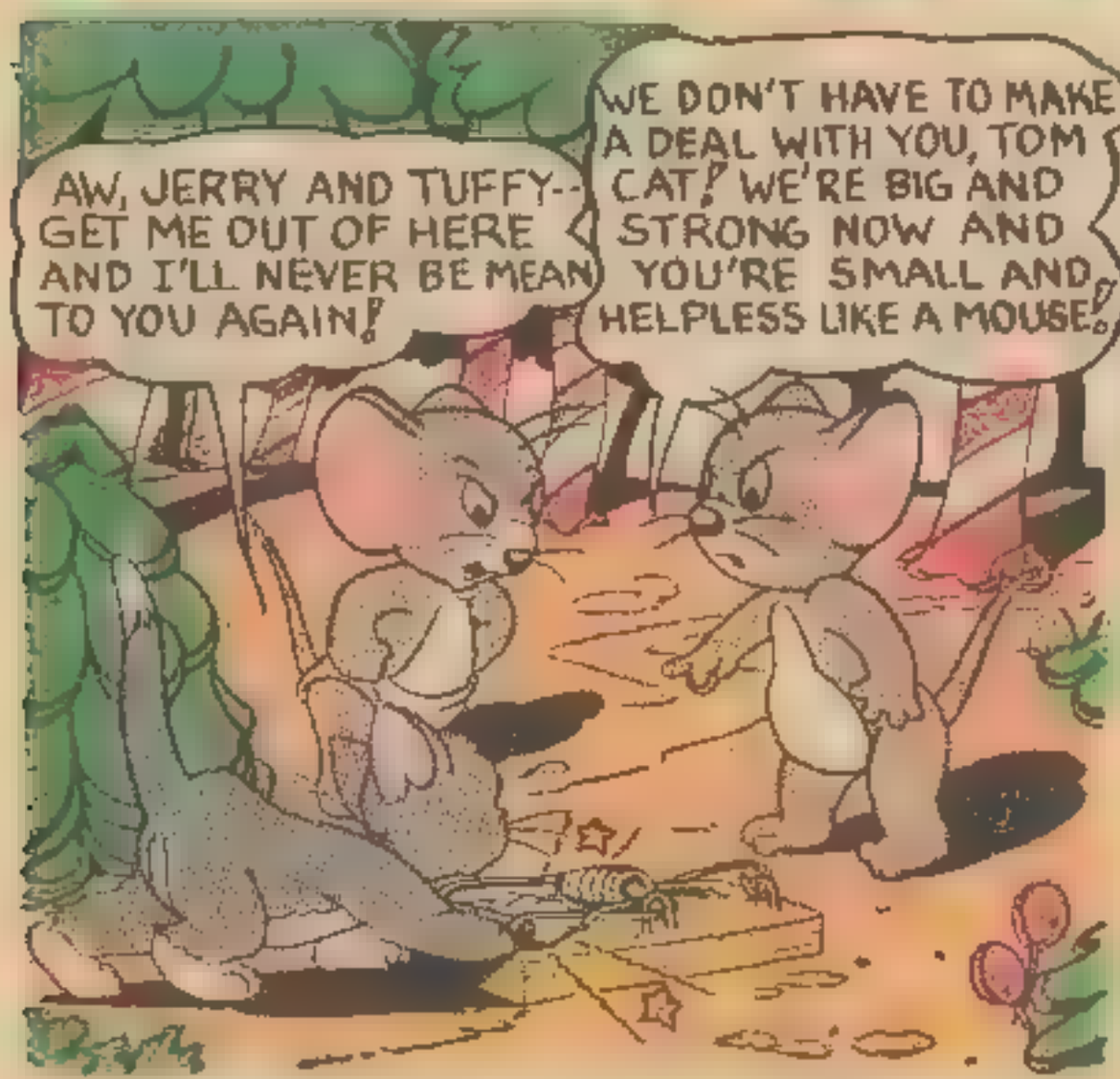

TAXI

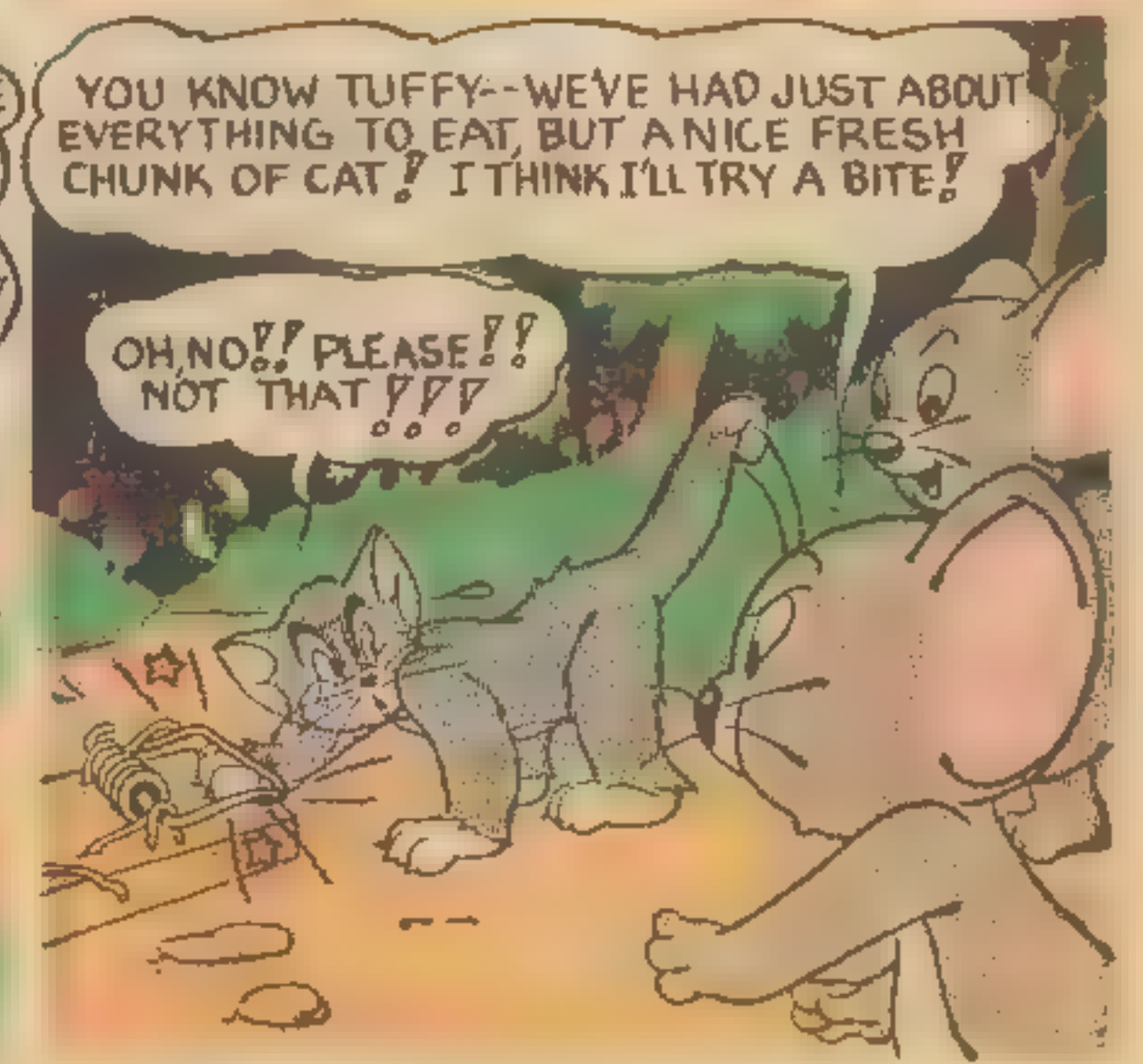

HA-HA-HA
TWEET!

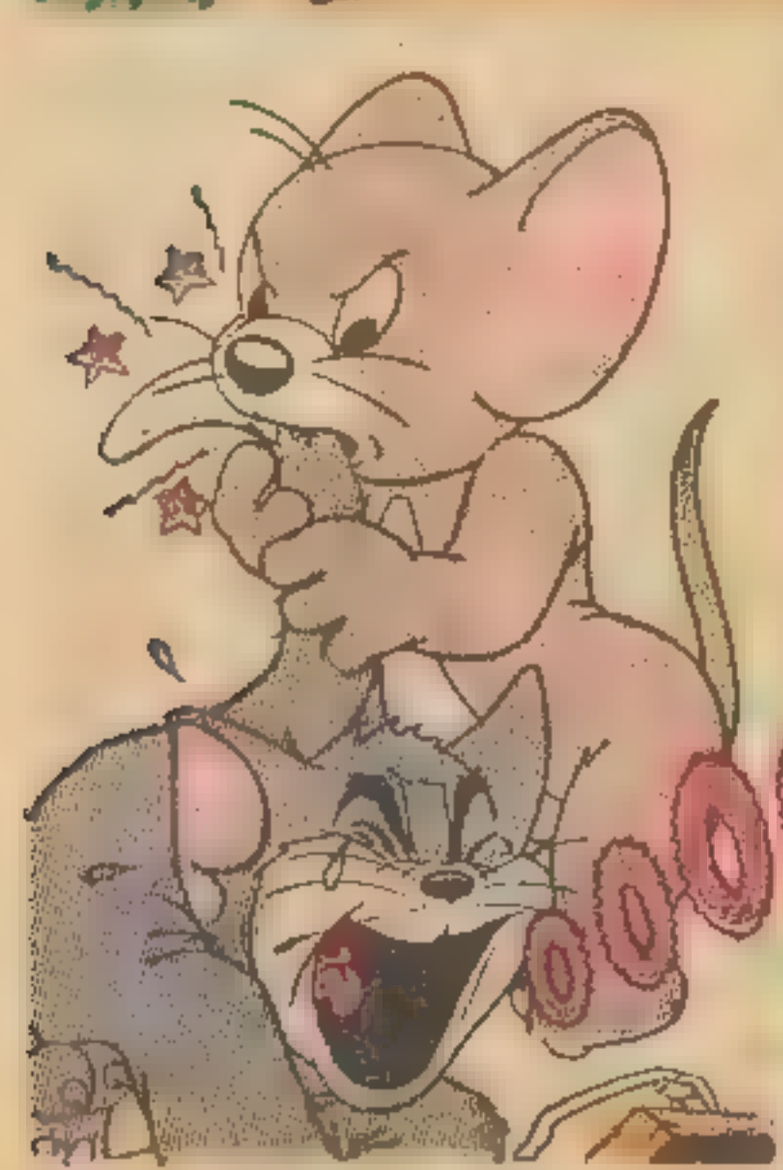
CAT TRAP?—BE CAREFUL, JERRY! EVEN THE NAME TRAP MAKES ME NERVOUS!
PSHAW!!--A LITTLE THING LIKE A CAT TRAP CAN'T HURT US!
DANGER CAT TRAP AHEAD
PEPPERMINT STICK WOODS


SAY! THIS IS A DENSE WOODS ALL RIGHT!
YEH, IT'S PRETTY DARK IN HERE!

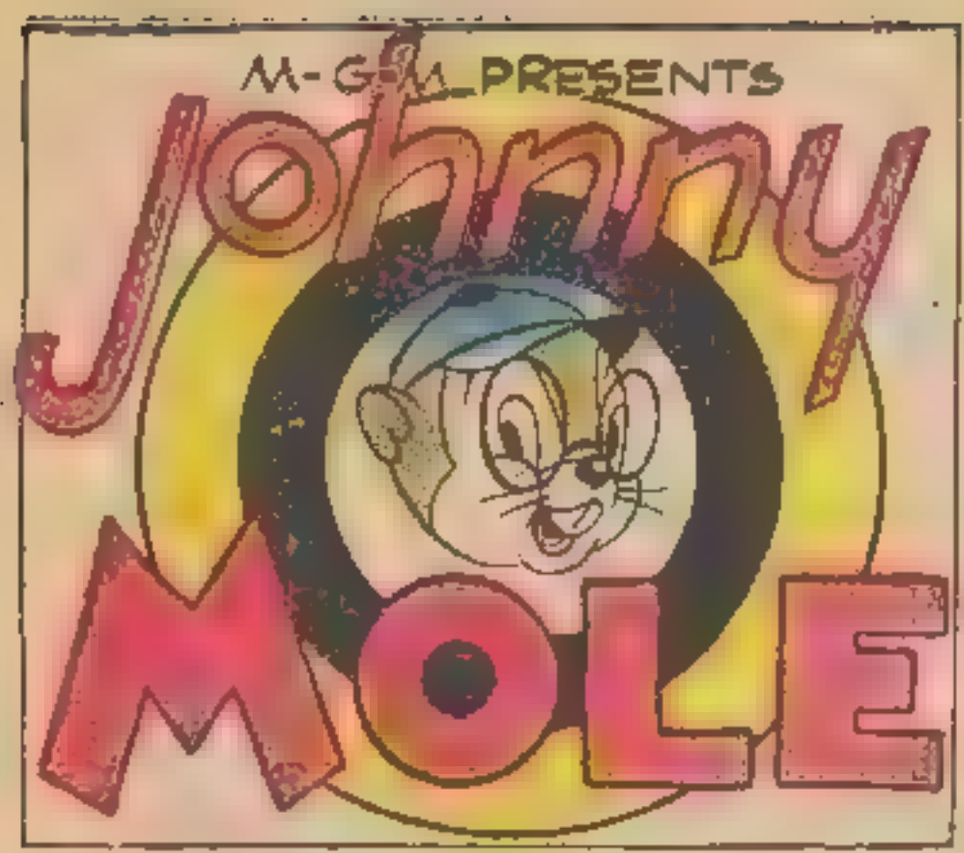

HEY TUFFY! DID YOU HEAR SOMETHING?
YES! IT SOUNDED LIKE A CAT IN DISTRESS. LET'S INVESTIGATE!
MEOW

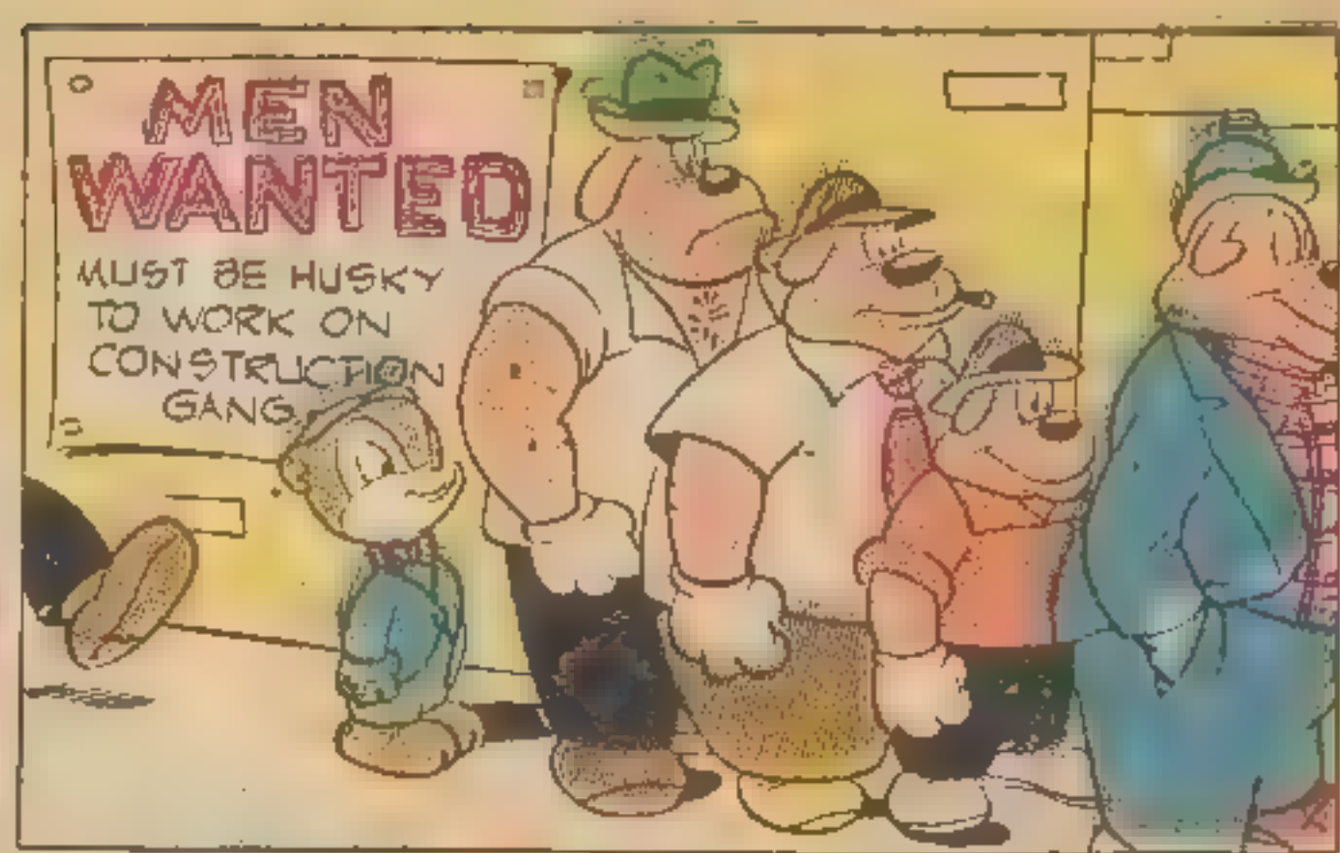


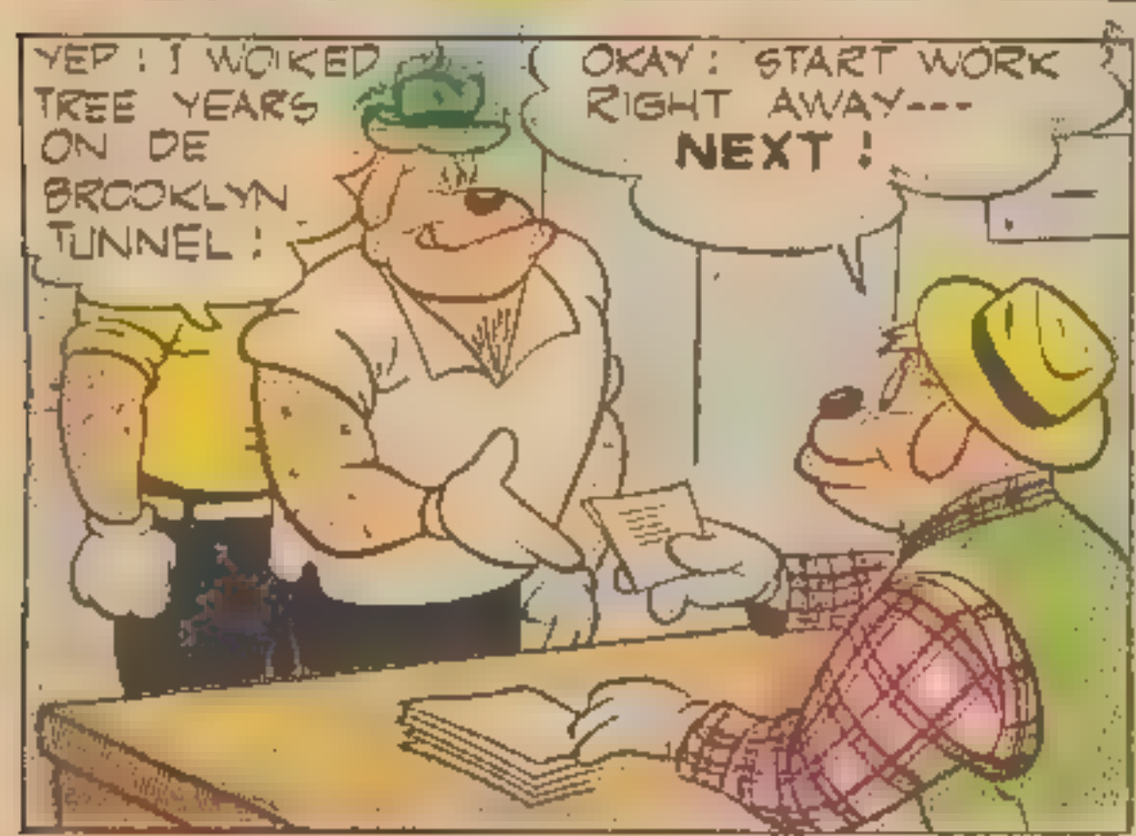


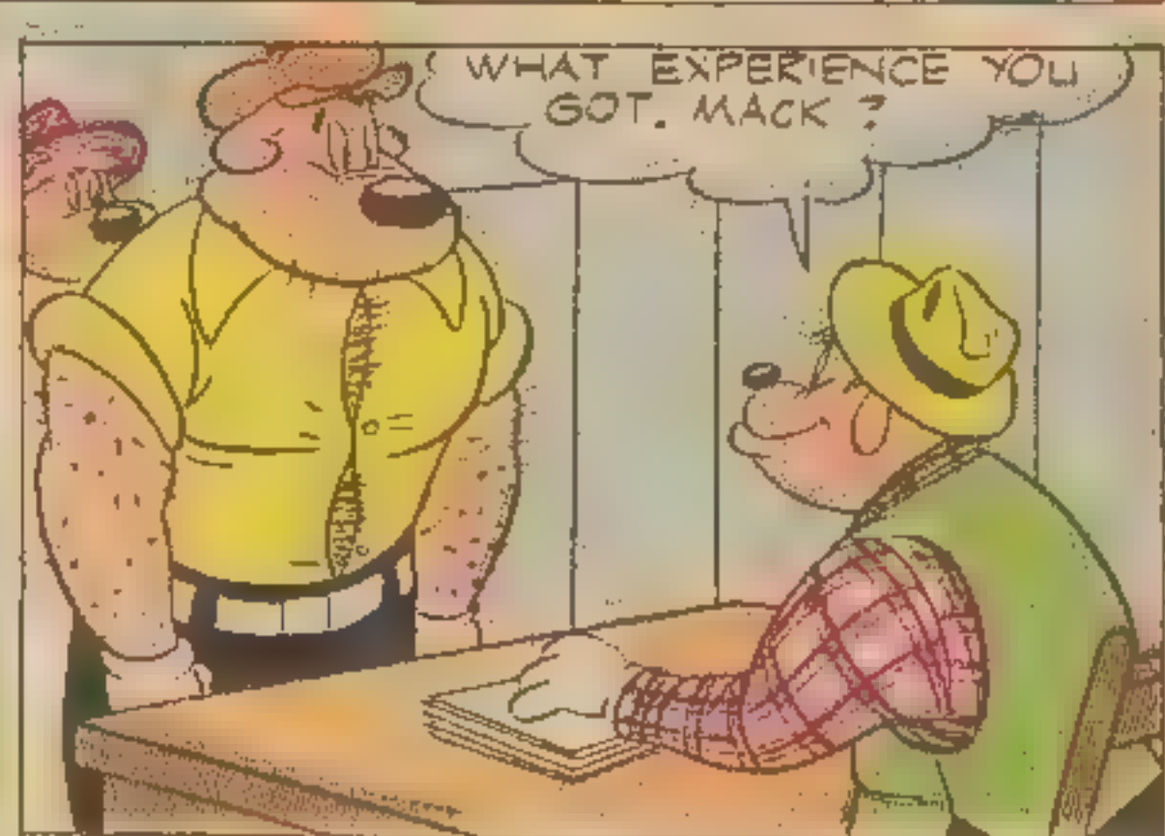


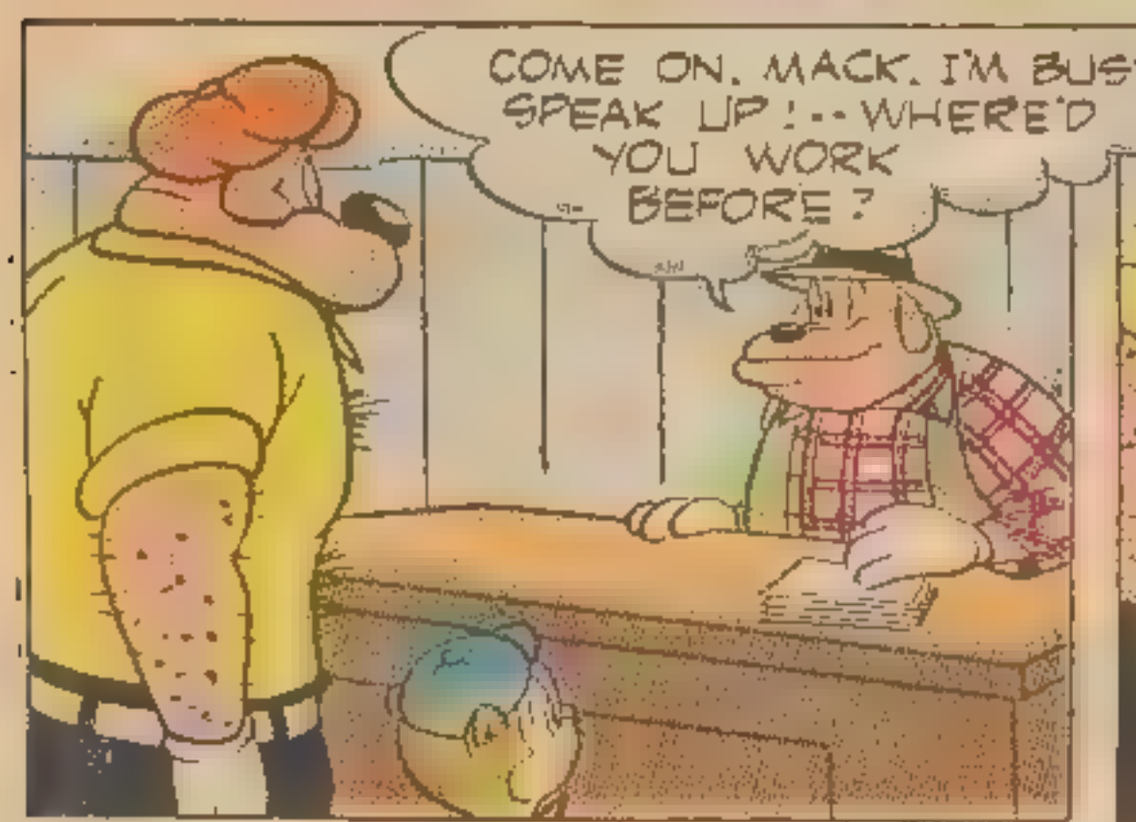
M-G-M CARTOONS distributed by Loew's Incorporated

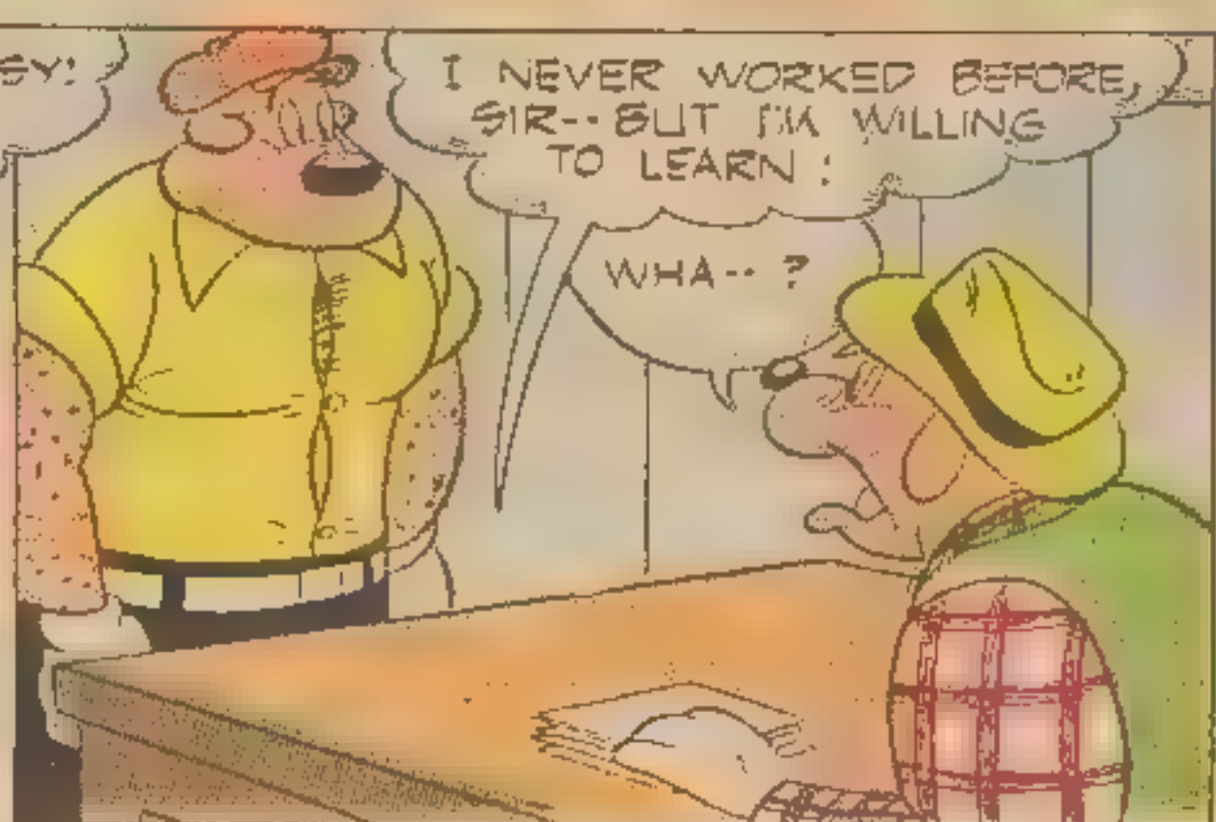


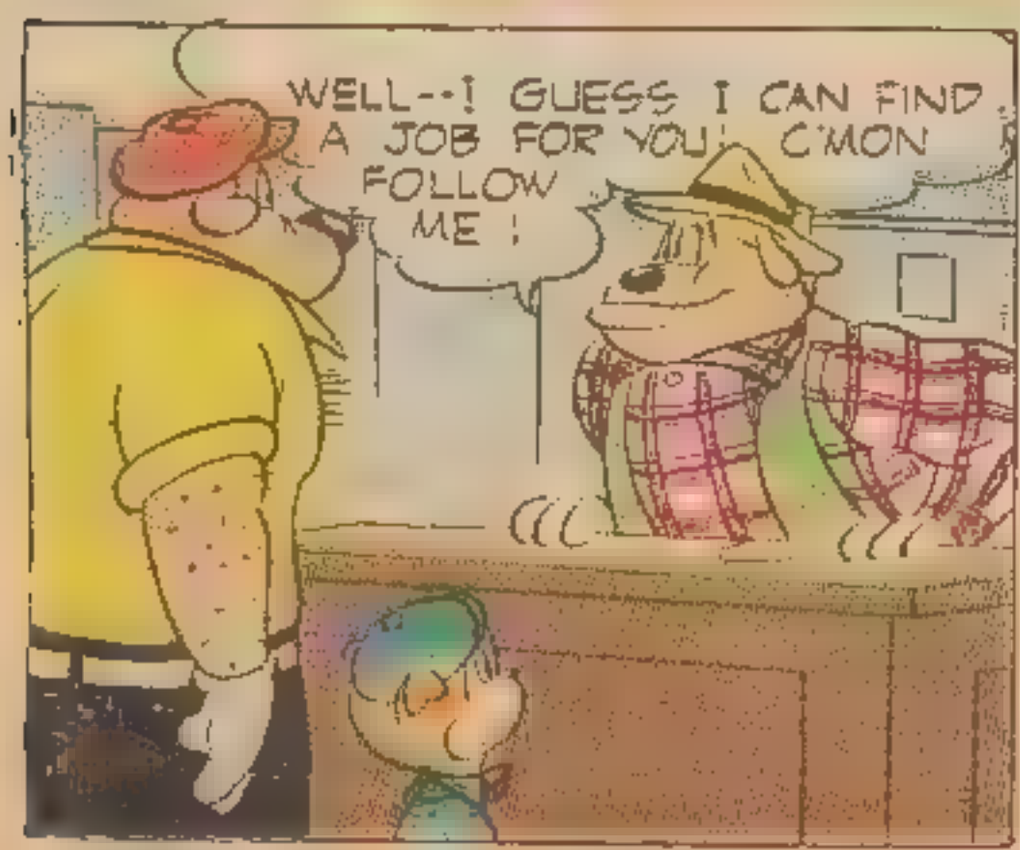


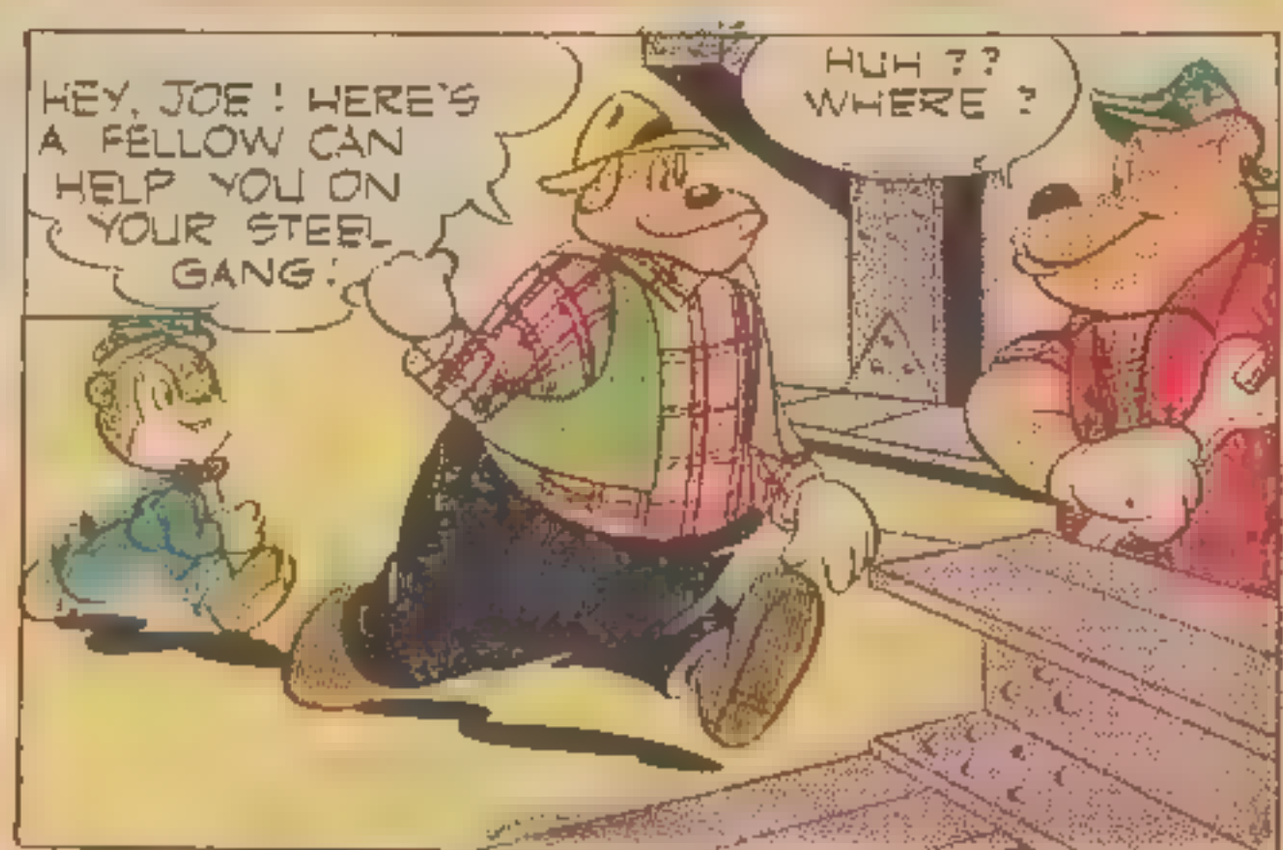




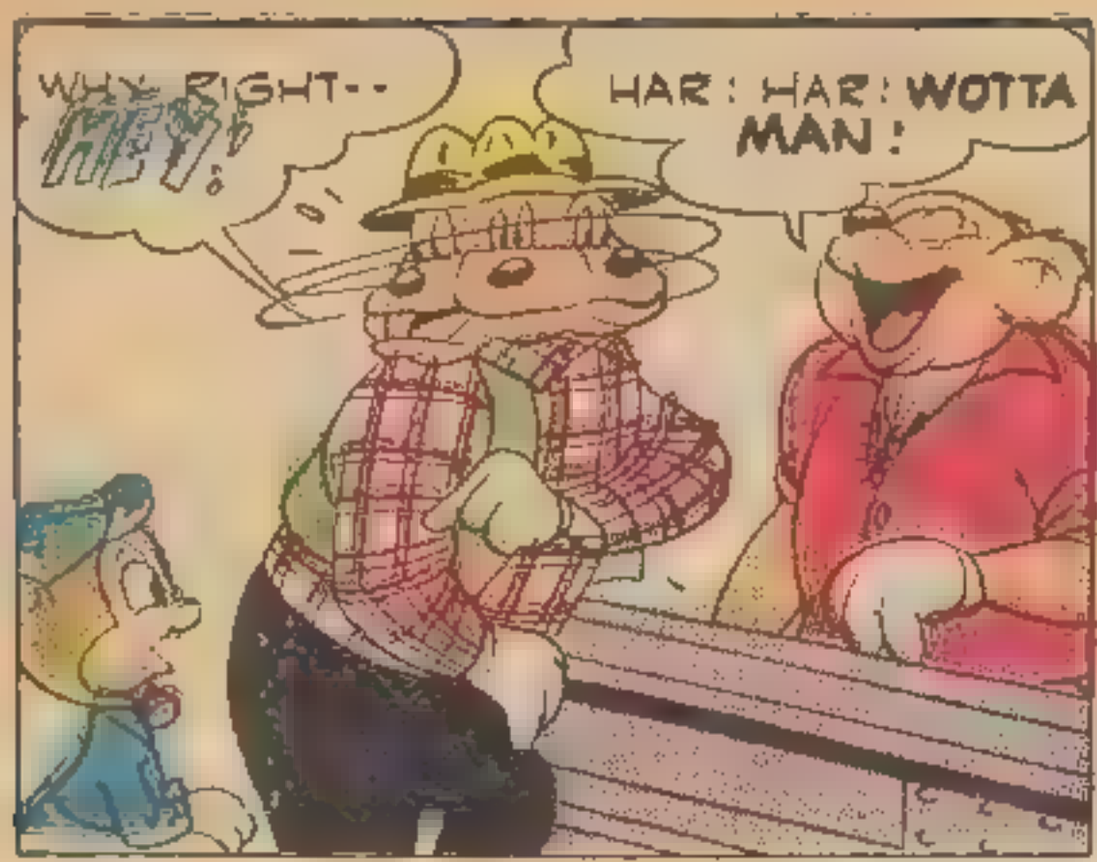


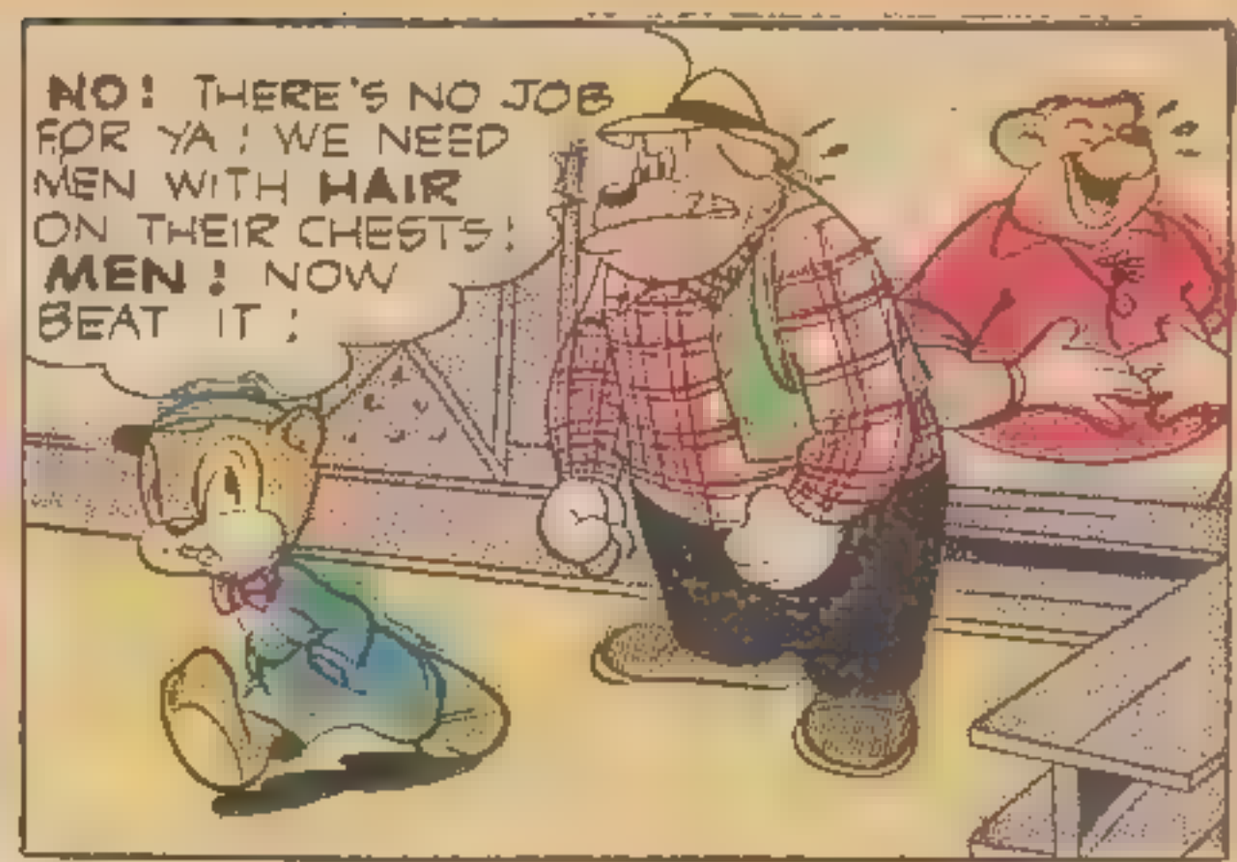


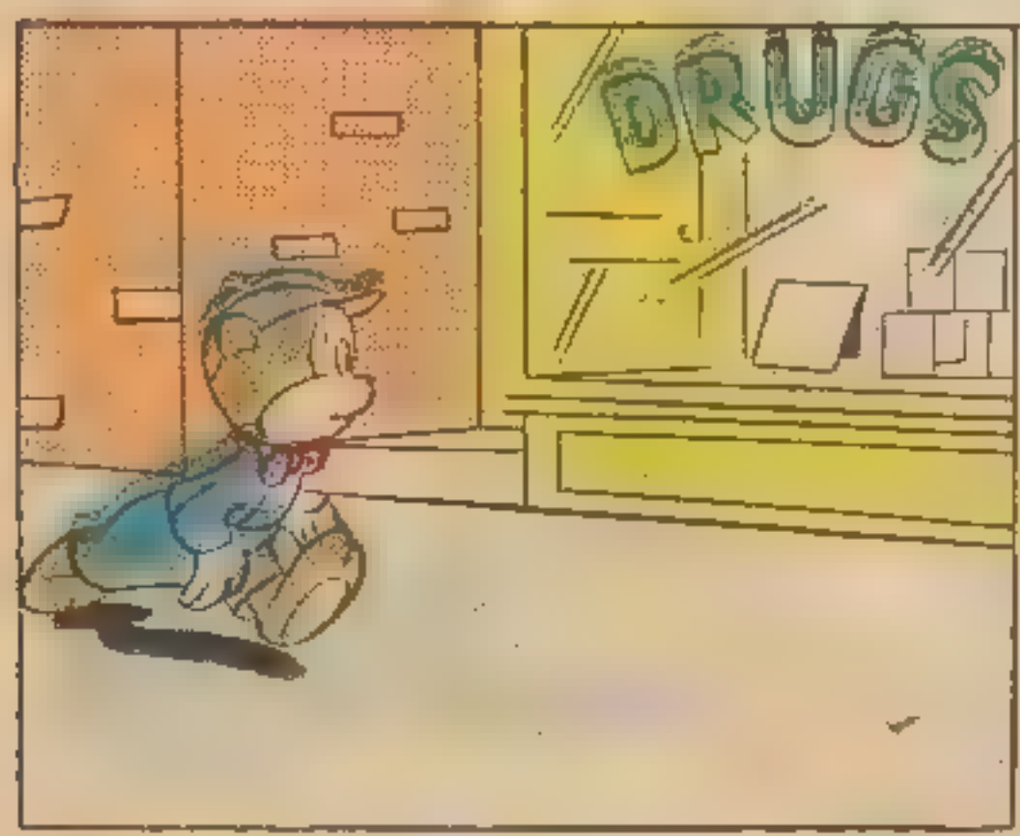


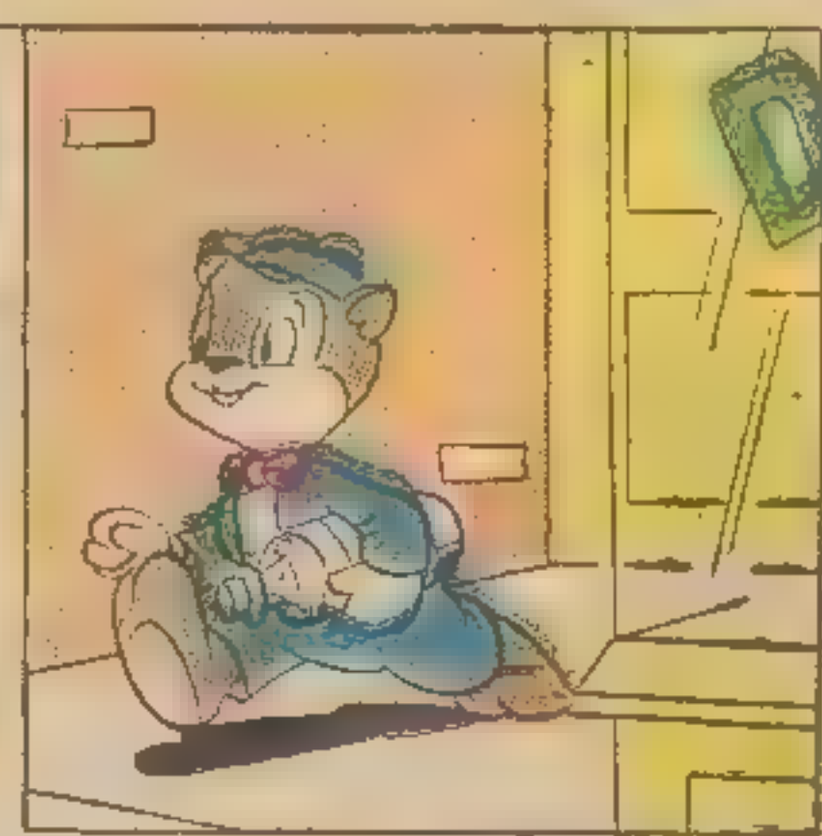


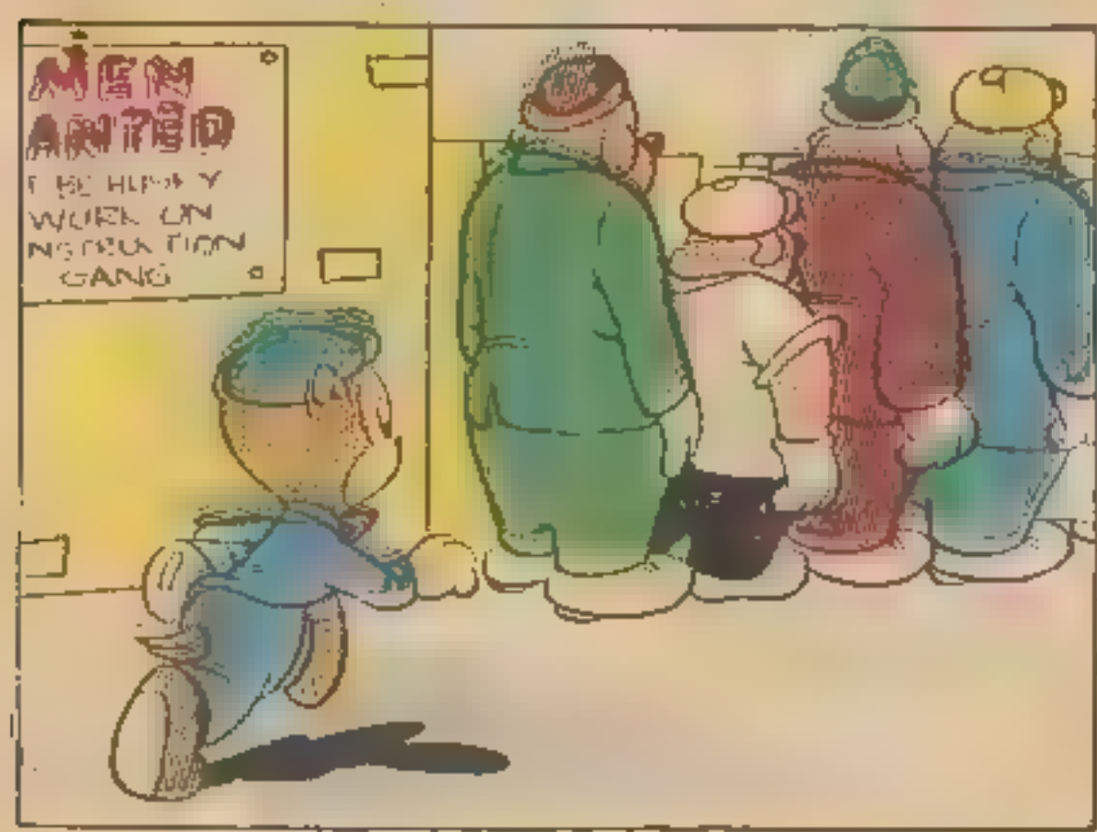
See the swell Christmas Gift Offer on back cover.

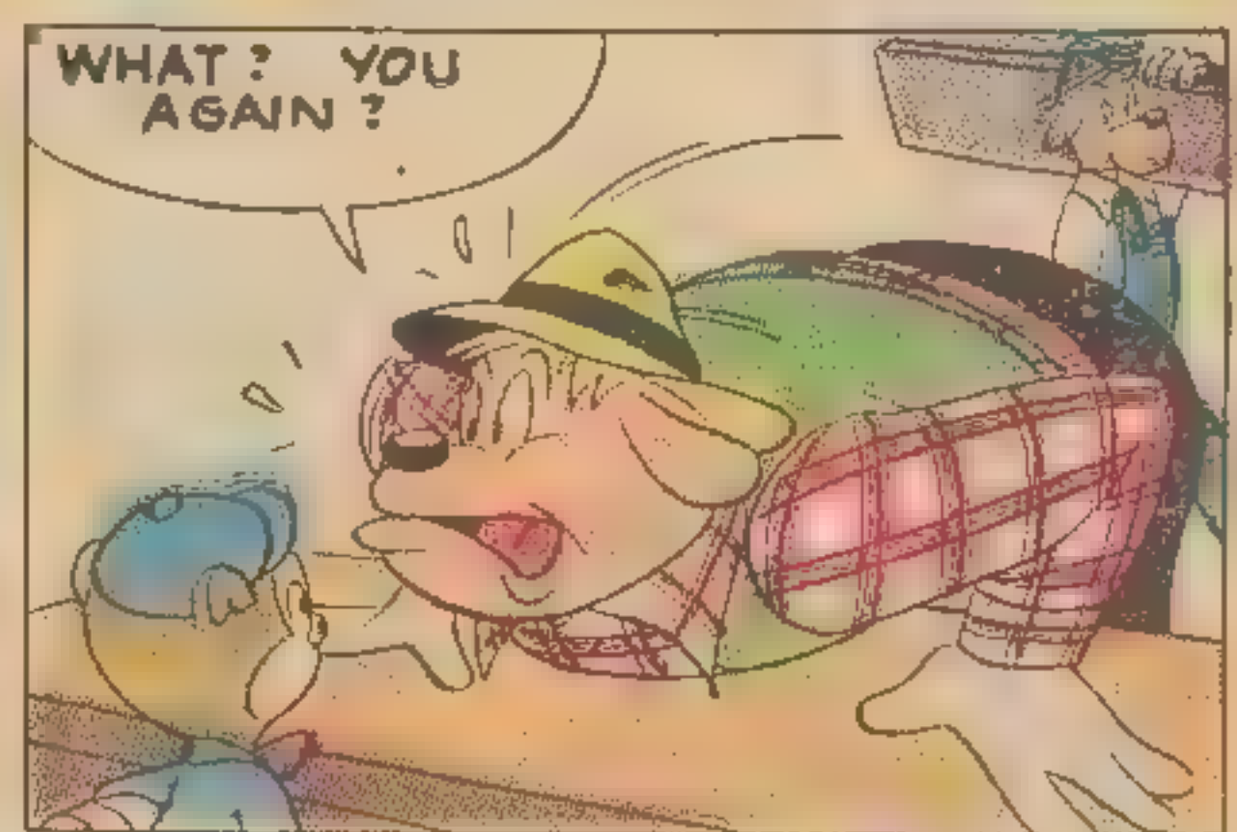


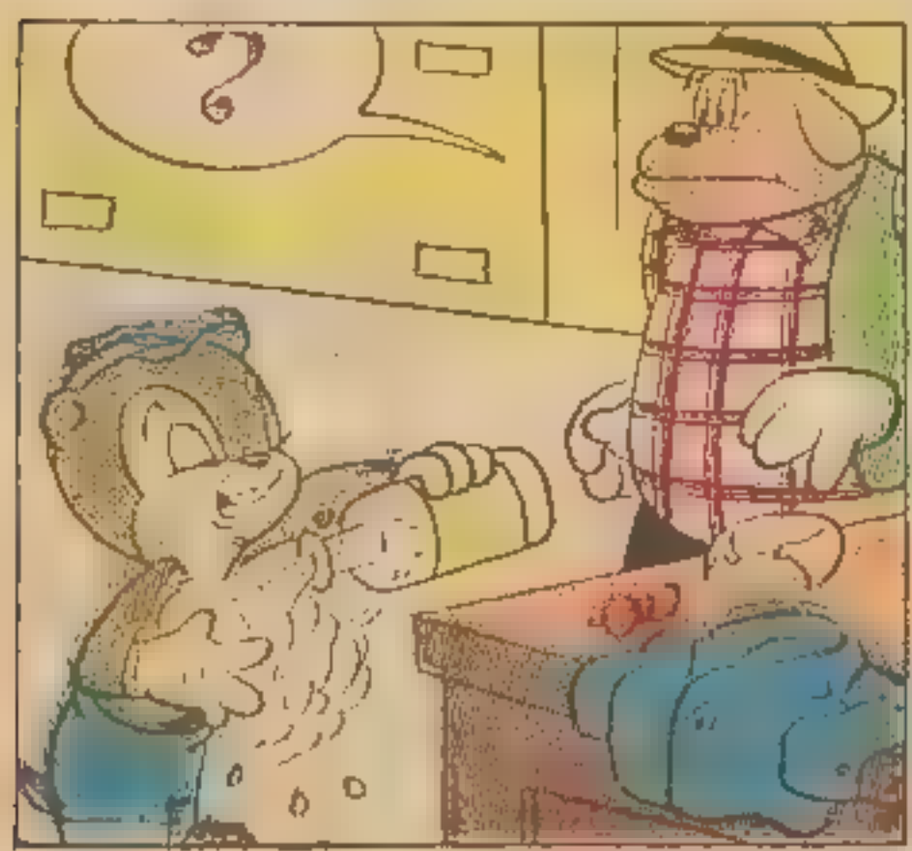


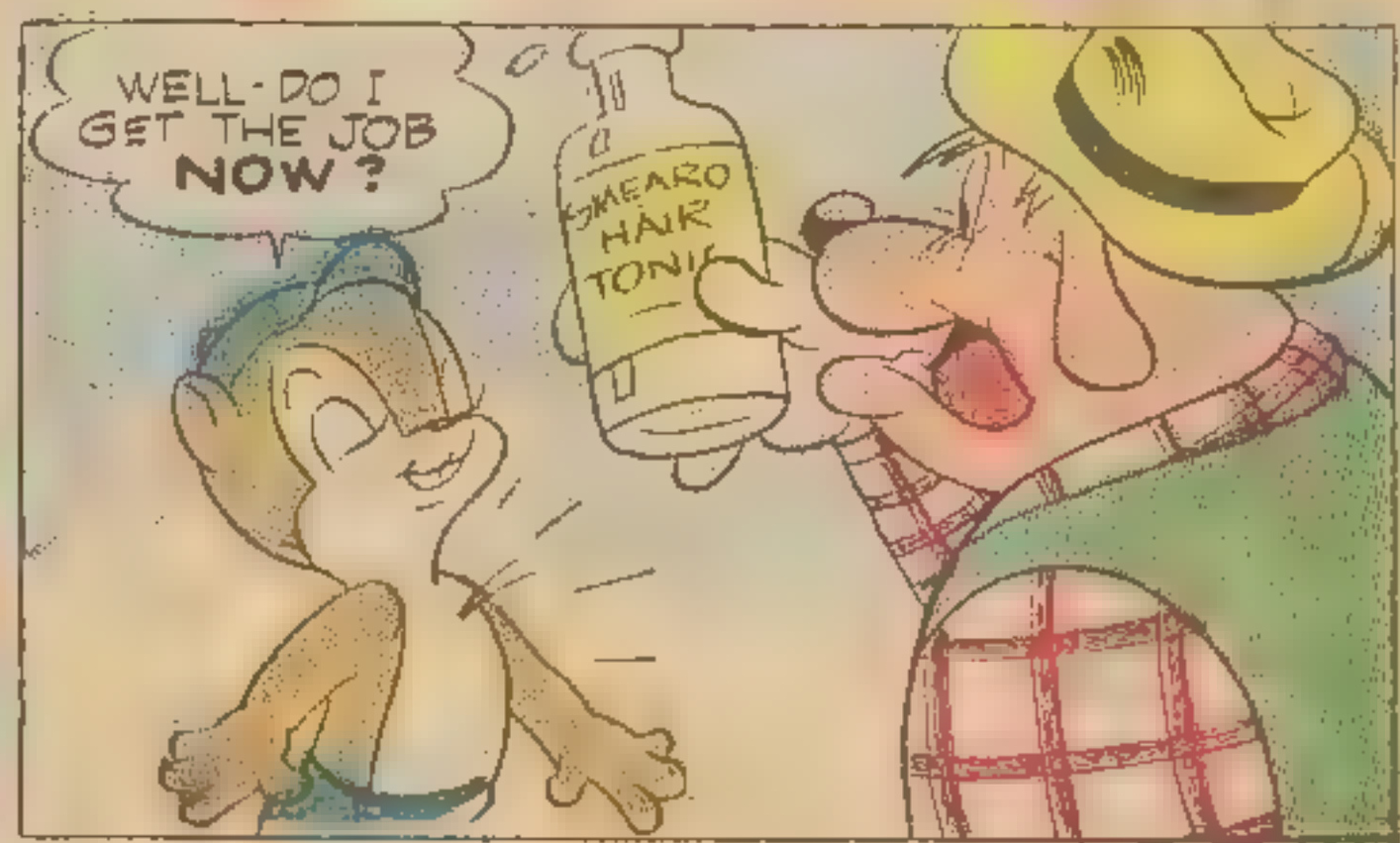




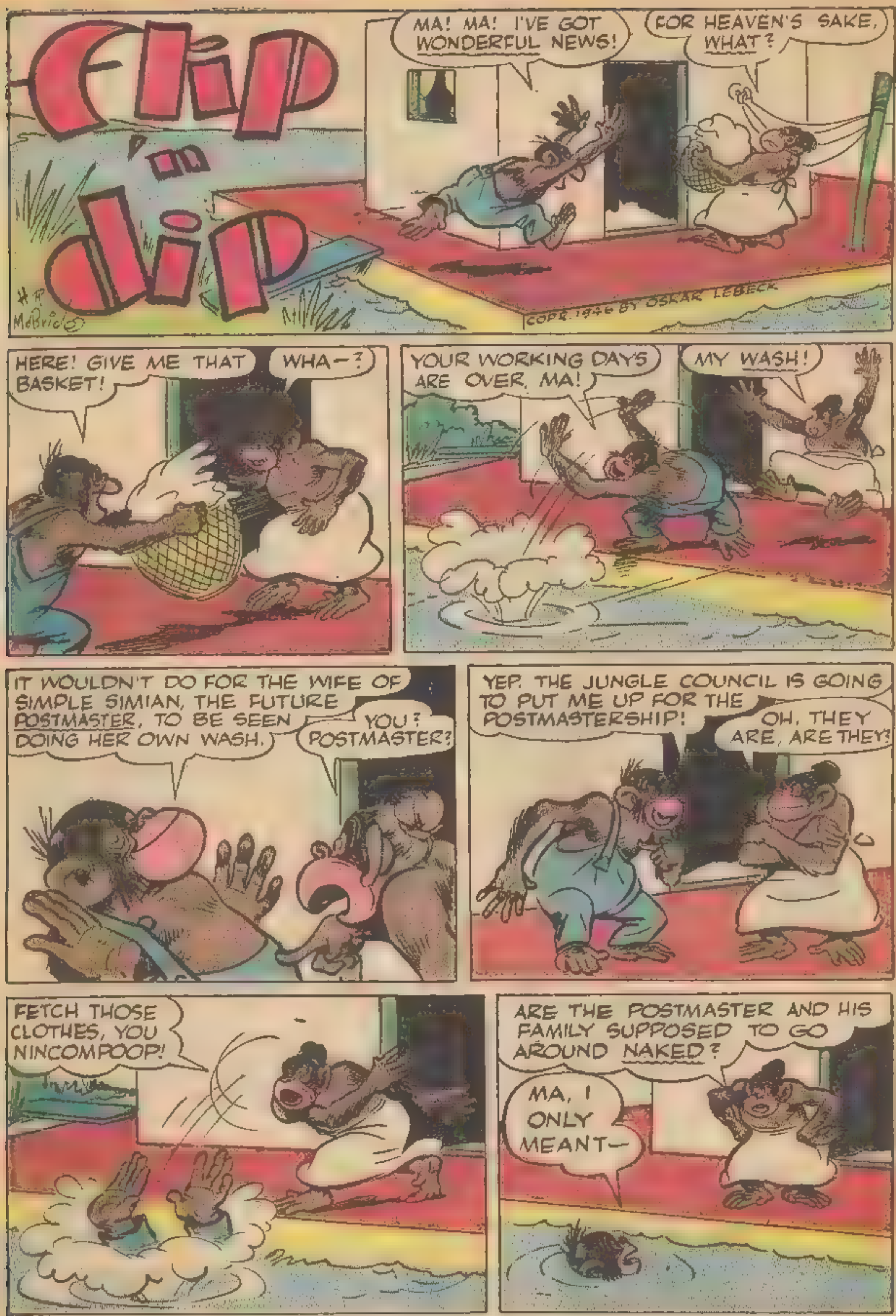




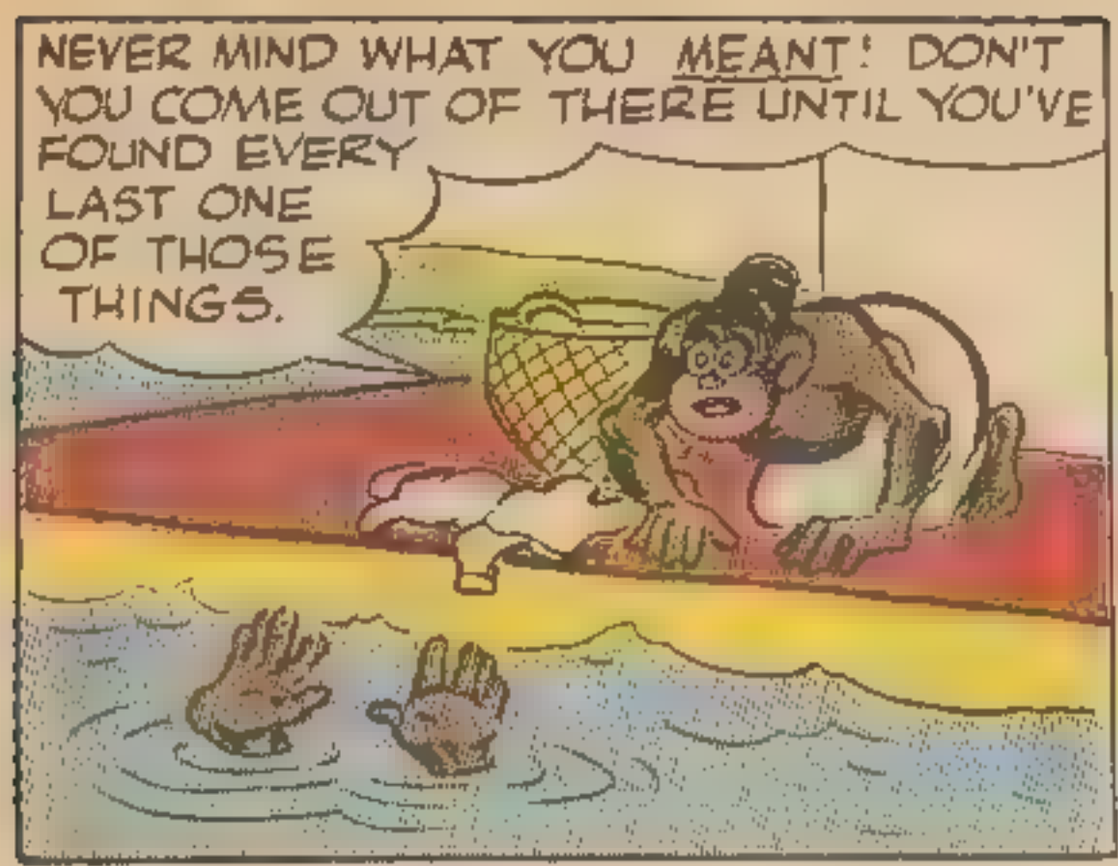


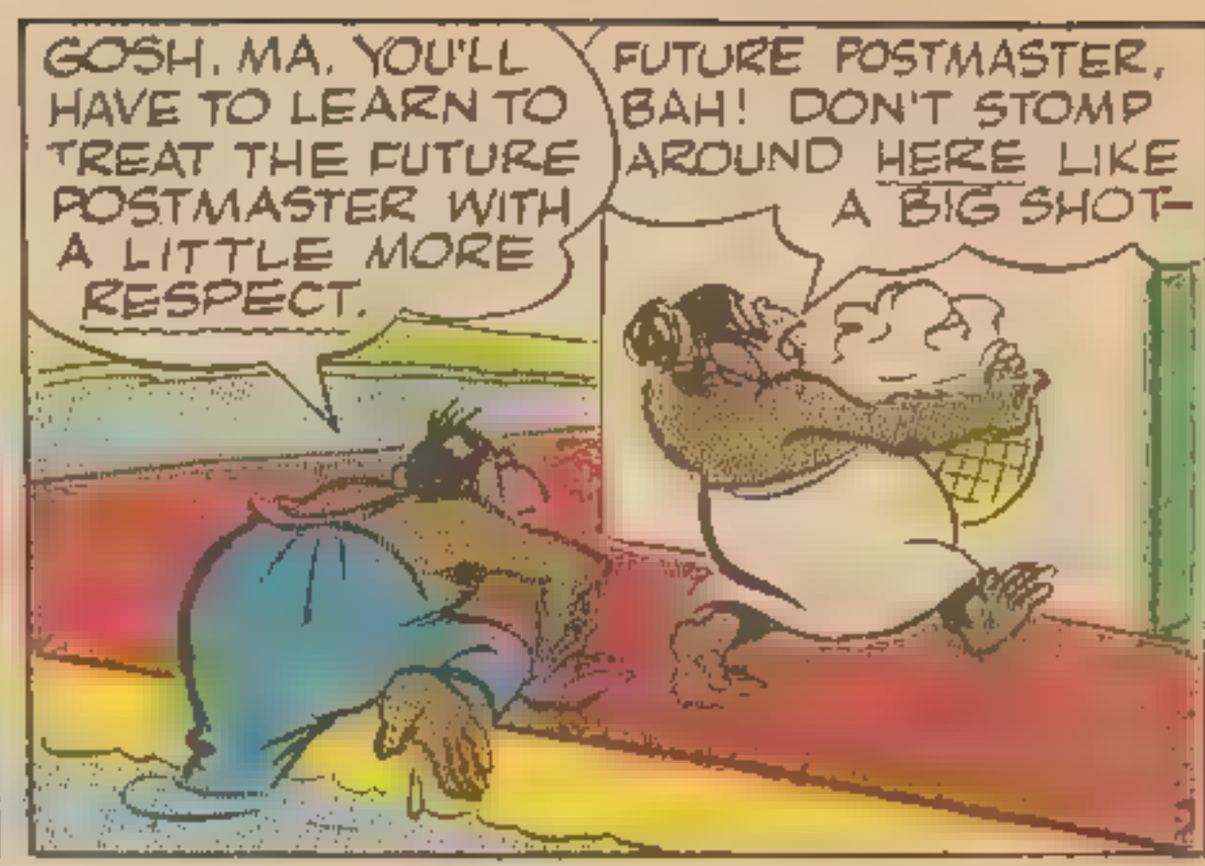


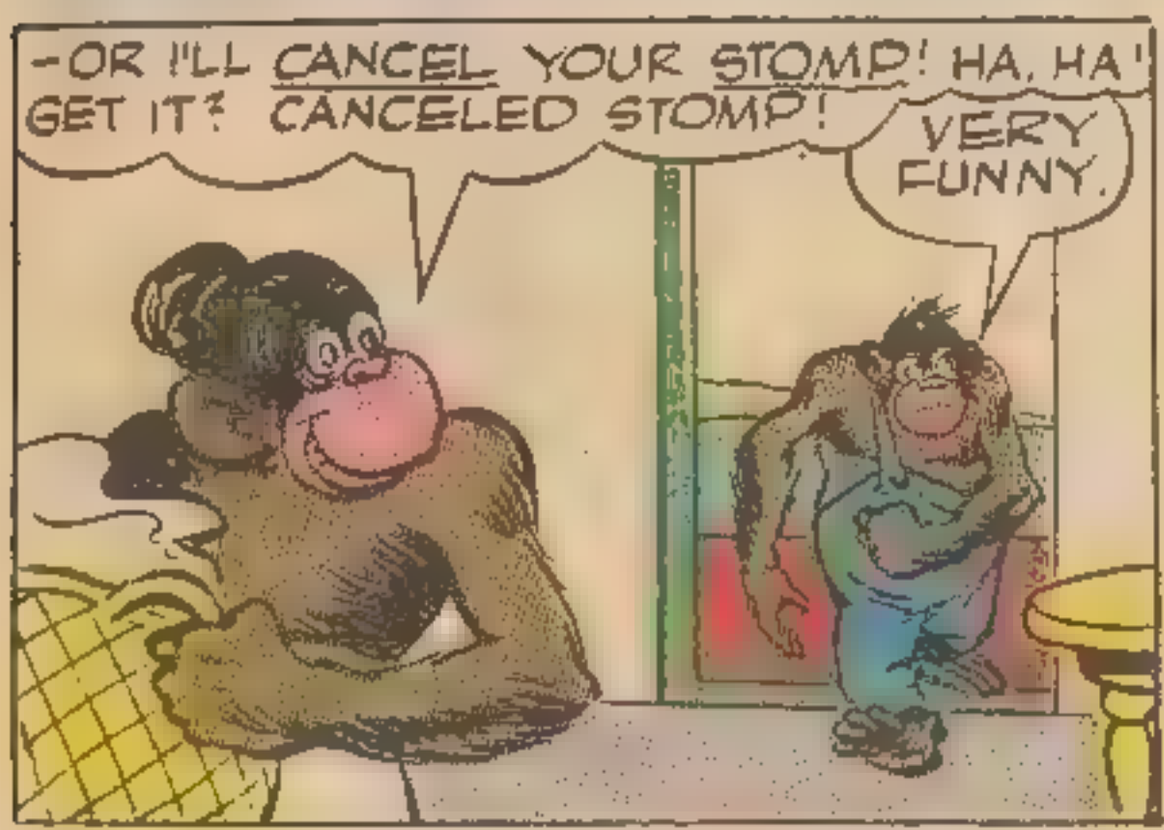
M-G-M CARTOONS distributed by Loew's Incorporated

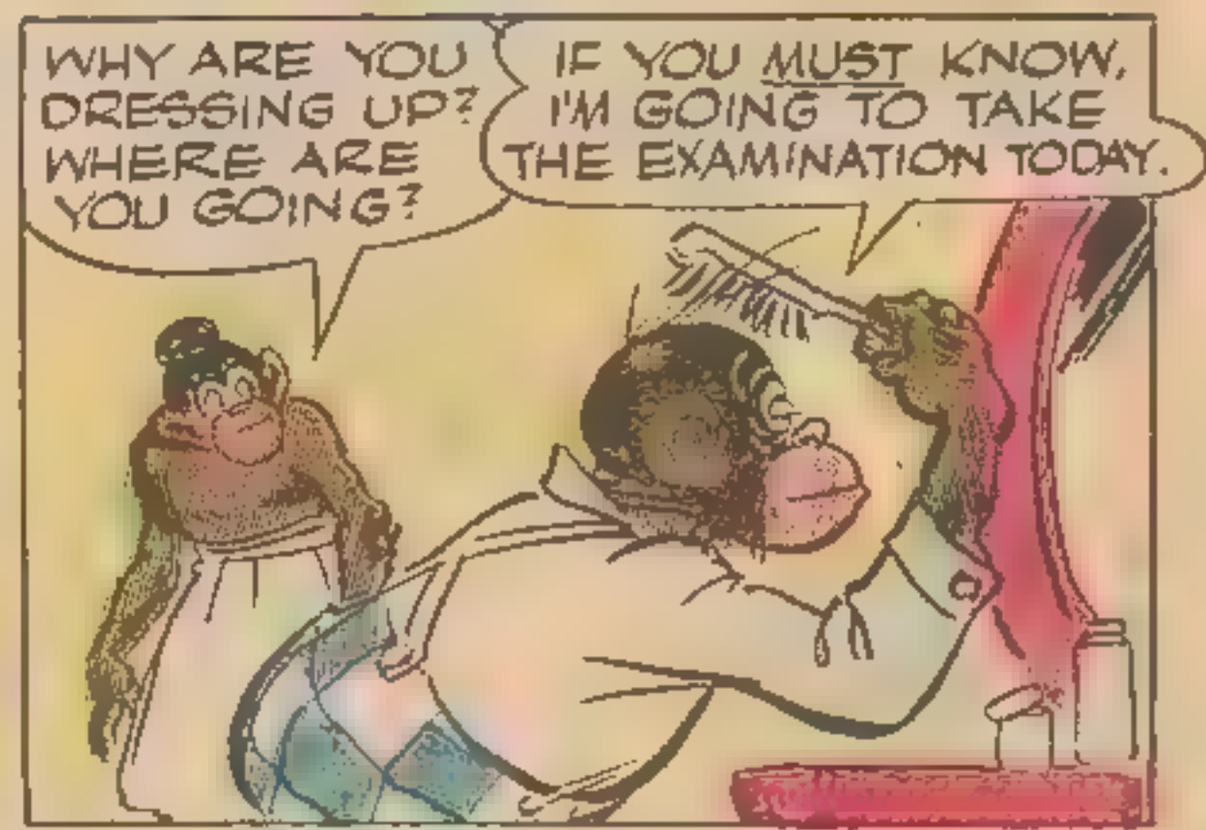


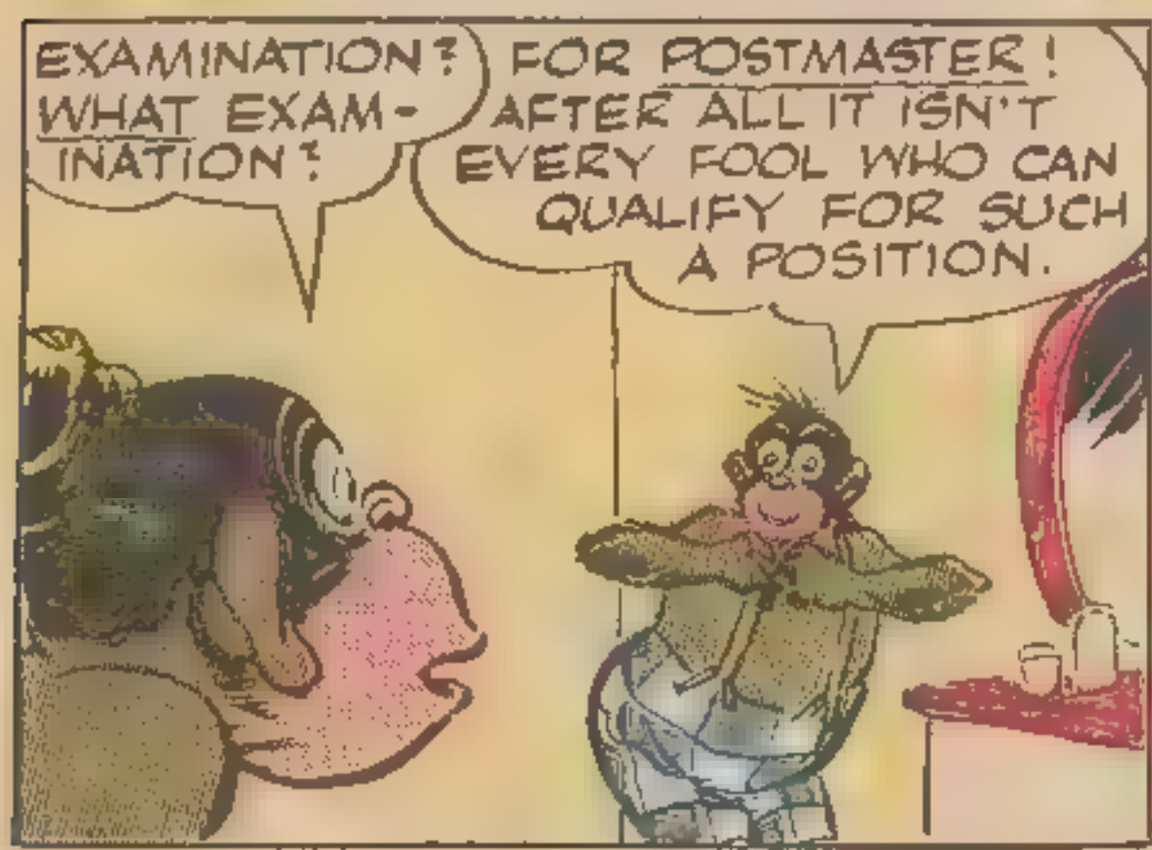
Be sure to show the back cover to your parents.

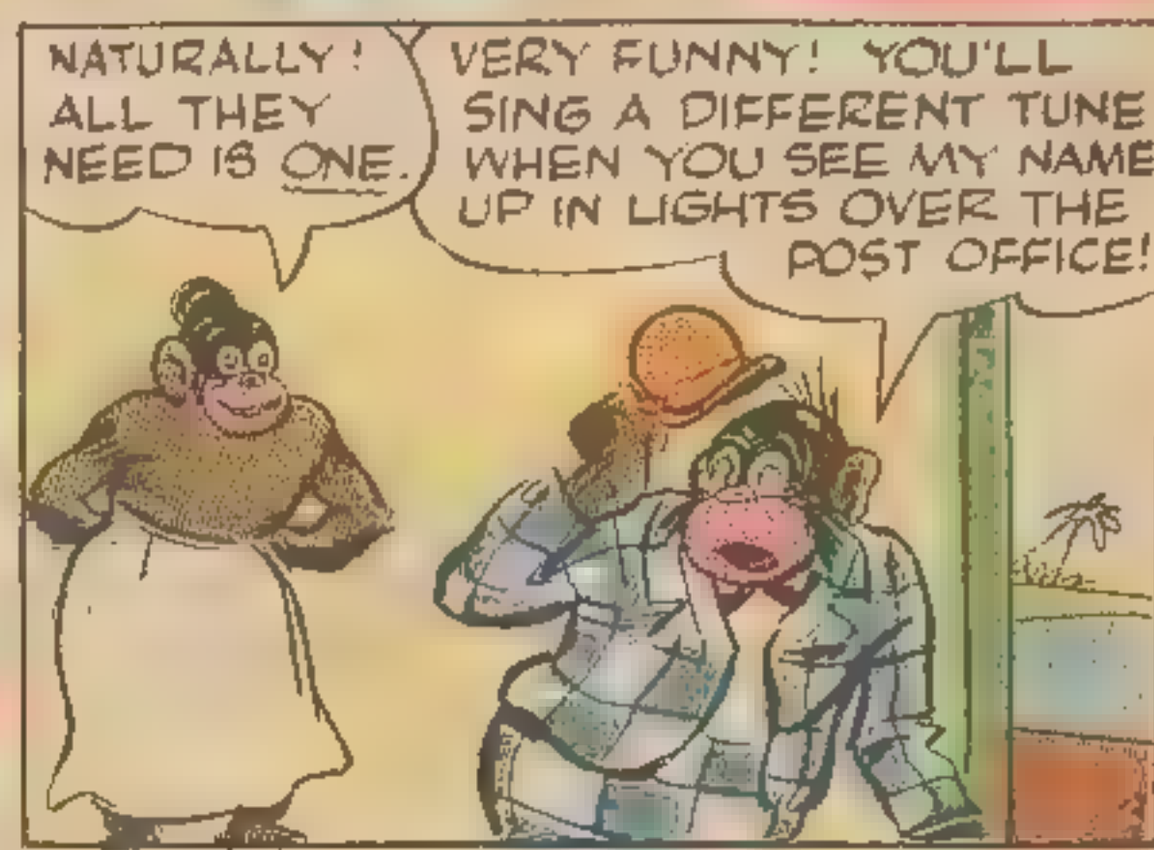

NEVER MIND WHAT YOU MEANT! DON'T YOU COME OUT OF THERE UNTIL YOU'VE FOUND EVERY LAST ONE OF THOSE THINGS.

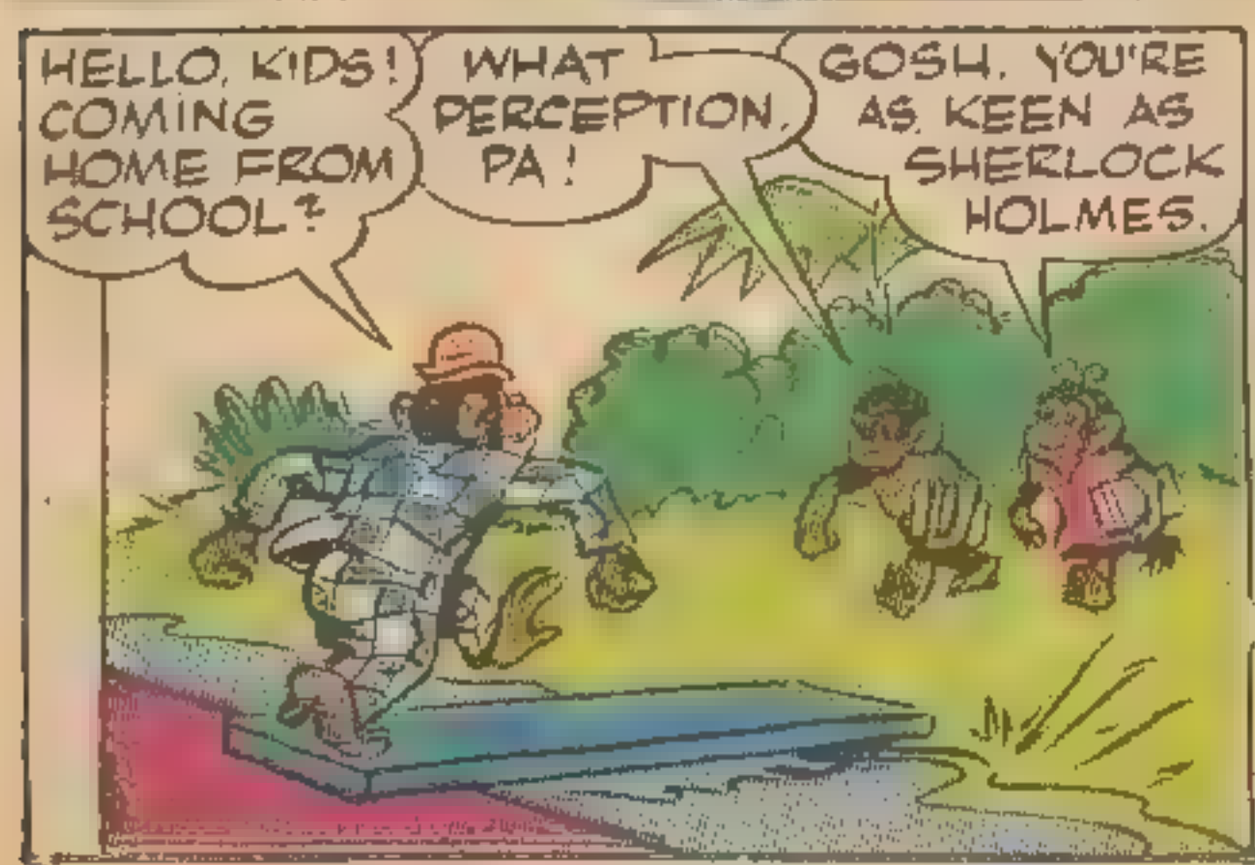

GOSH, MA, YOU'LL HAVE TO LEARN TO TREAT THE FUTURE POSTMASTER WITH A LITTLE MORE RESPECT.
FUTURE POSTMASTER, BAH! DON'T STOMP AROUND HERE LIKE A BIG SHOT—

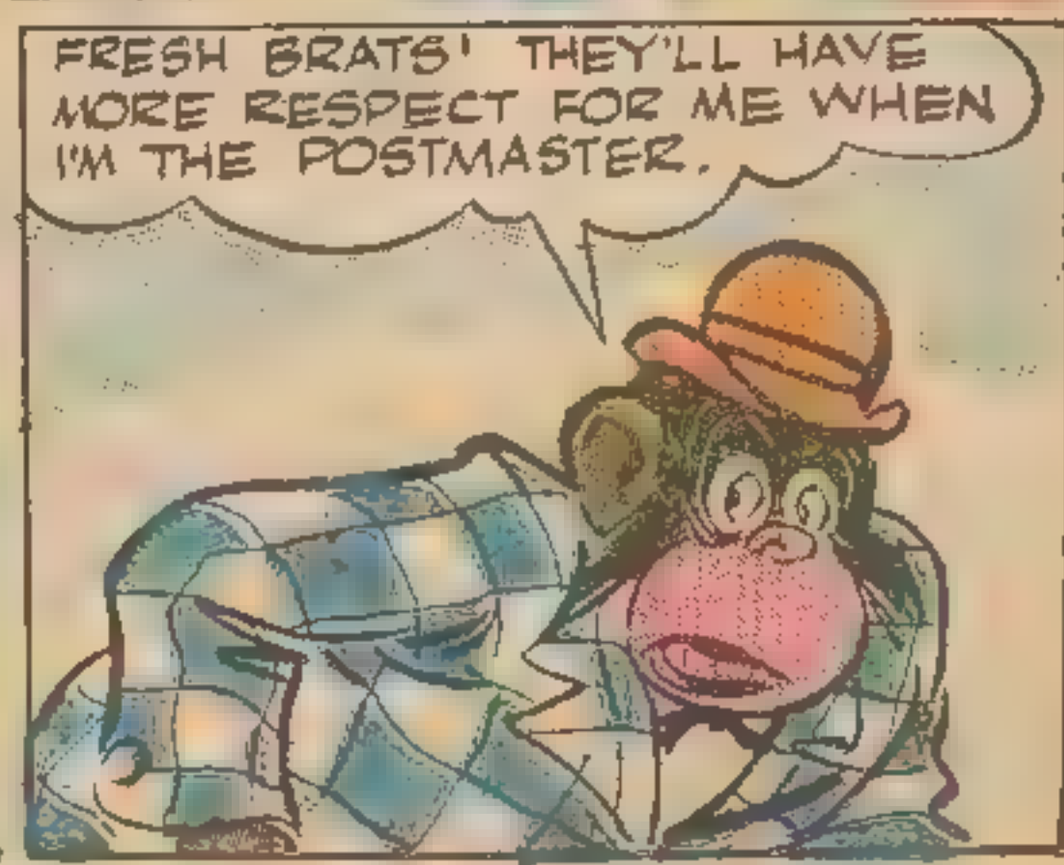

—OR I'LL CANCEL YOUR STOMP! HA, HA! GET IT? CANCELED STOMP!
VERY FUNNY.

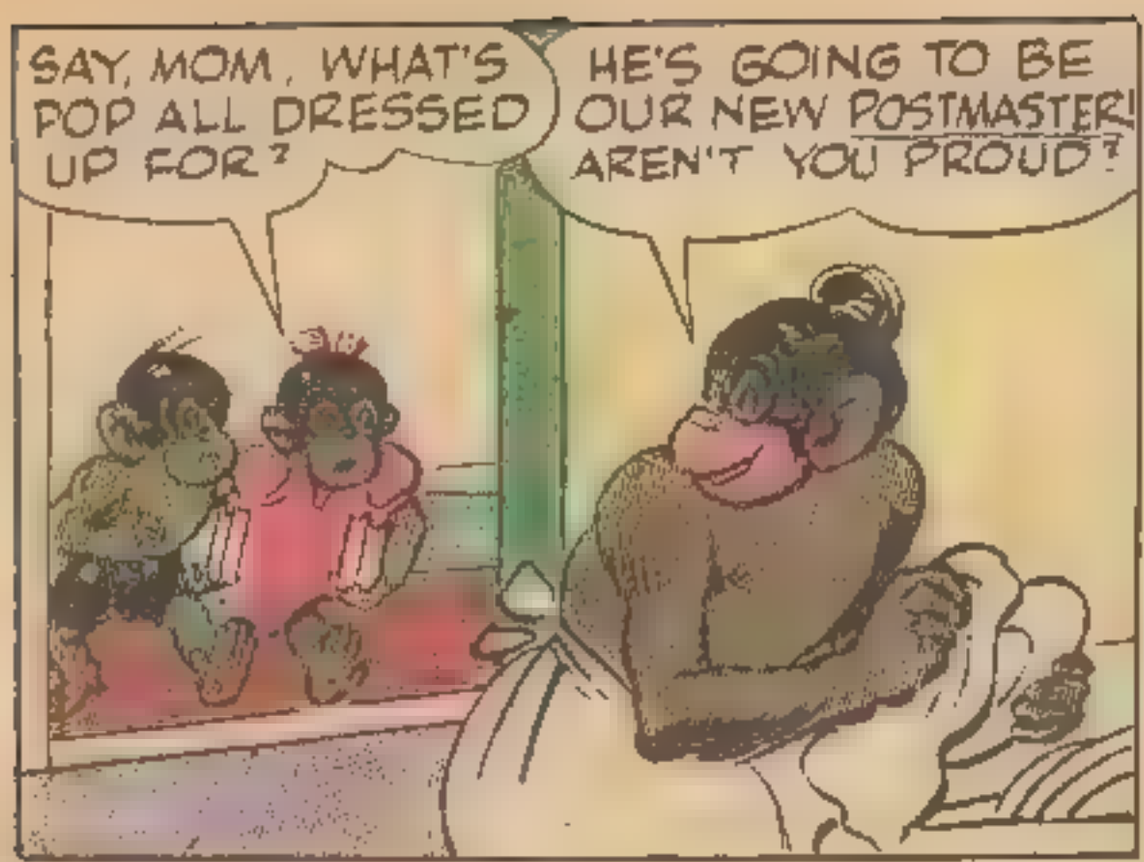

WHY ARE YOU DRESSING UP? WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
IF YOU MUST KNOW, I'M GOING TO TAKE THE EXAMINATION TODAY.

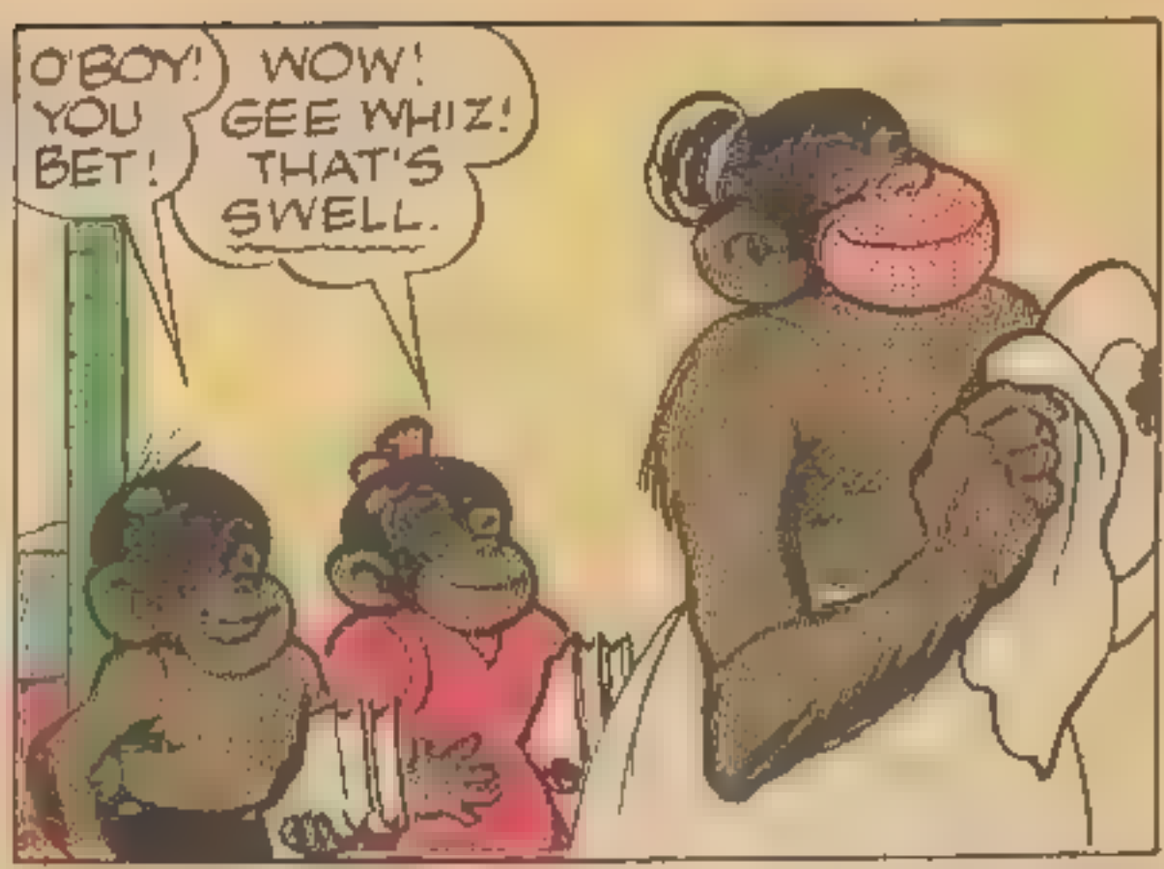

EXAMINATION? WHAT EXAMINATION?
FOR POSTMASTER! AFTER ALL IT ISN'T EVERY FOOL WHO CAN QUALIFY FOR SUCH A POSITION.

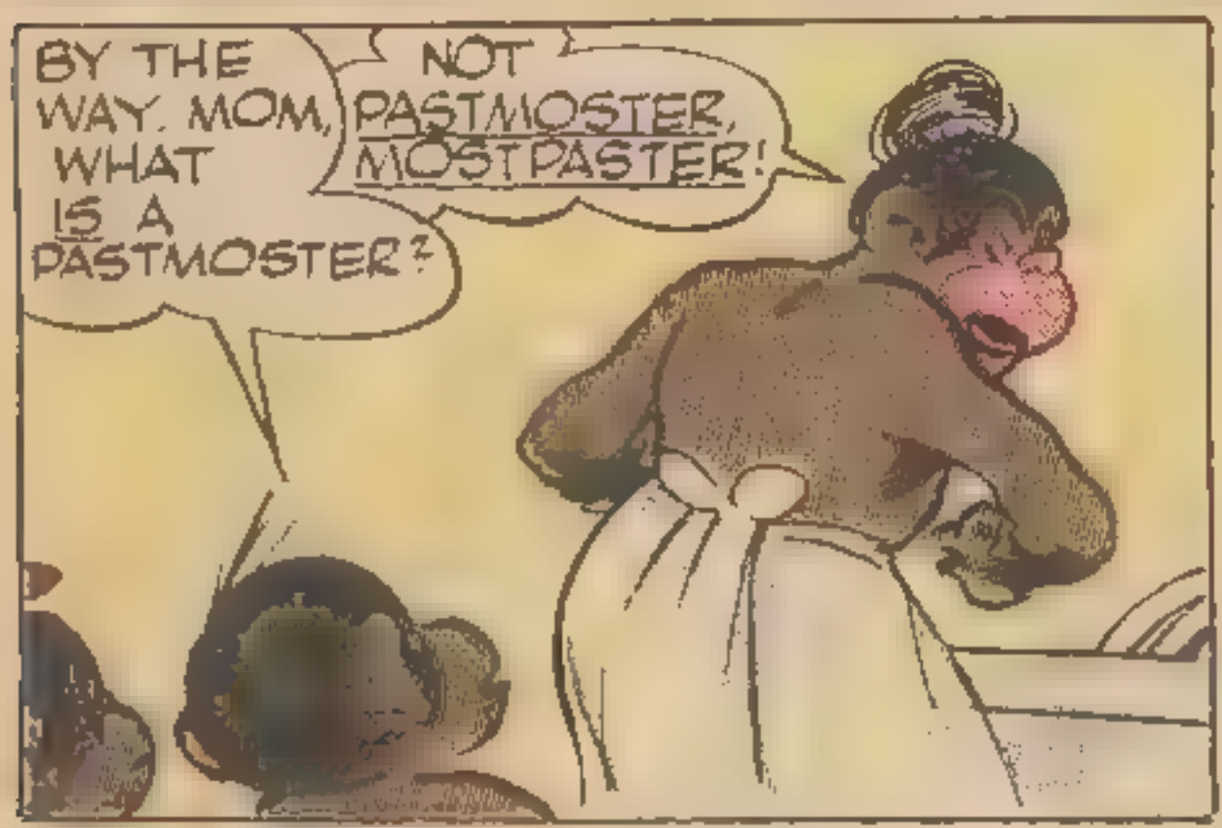

NATURALLY! ALL THEY NEED IS ONE.
VERY FUNNY! YOU'LL SING A DIFFERENT TUNE WHEN YOU SEE MY NAME UP IN LIGHTS OVER THE POST OFFICE!

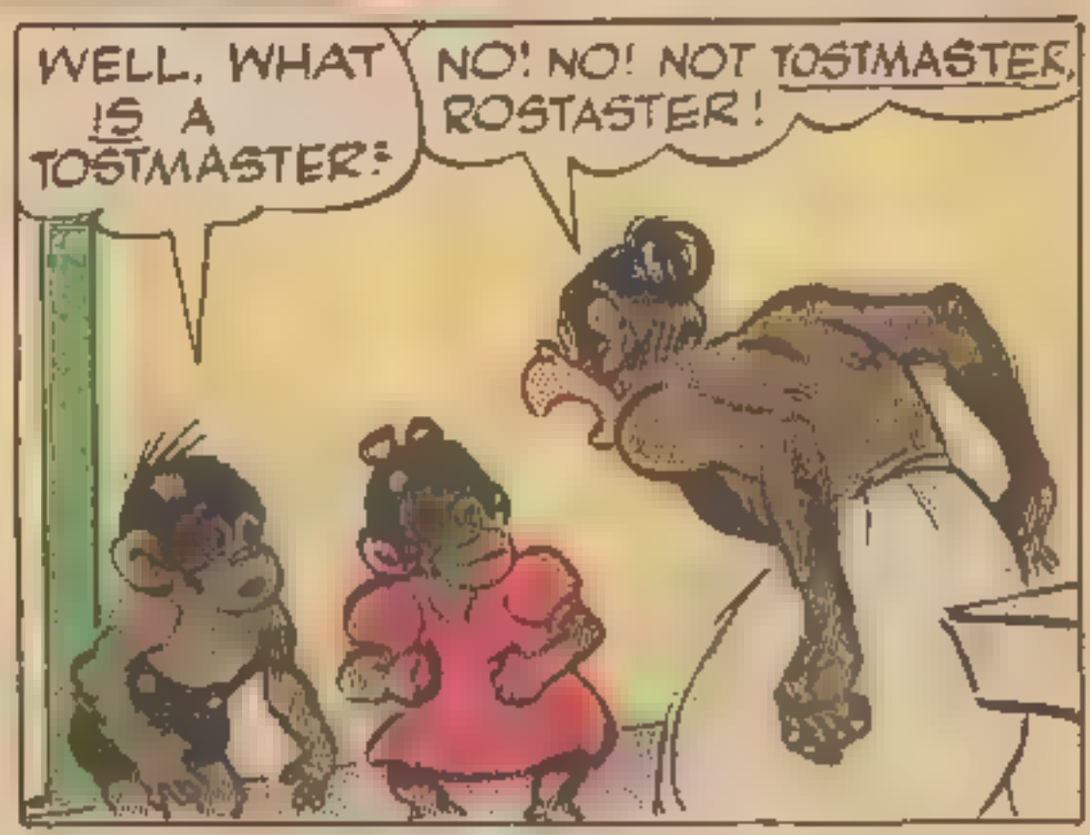

HELLO, KIDS! COMING HOME FROM SCHOOL?
WHAT PERCEPTION, PA!
GOSH, YOU'RE AS KEEN AS SHERLOCK HOLMES.


FRESH BRATS! THEY'LL HAVE MORE RESPECT FOR ME WHEN I'M THE POSTMASTER.


SAY, MOM, WHAT'S POP ALL DRESSED UP FOR?
HE'S GOING TO BE OUR NEW POSTMASTER! AREN'T YOU PROUD?

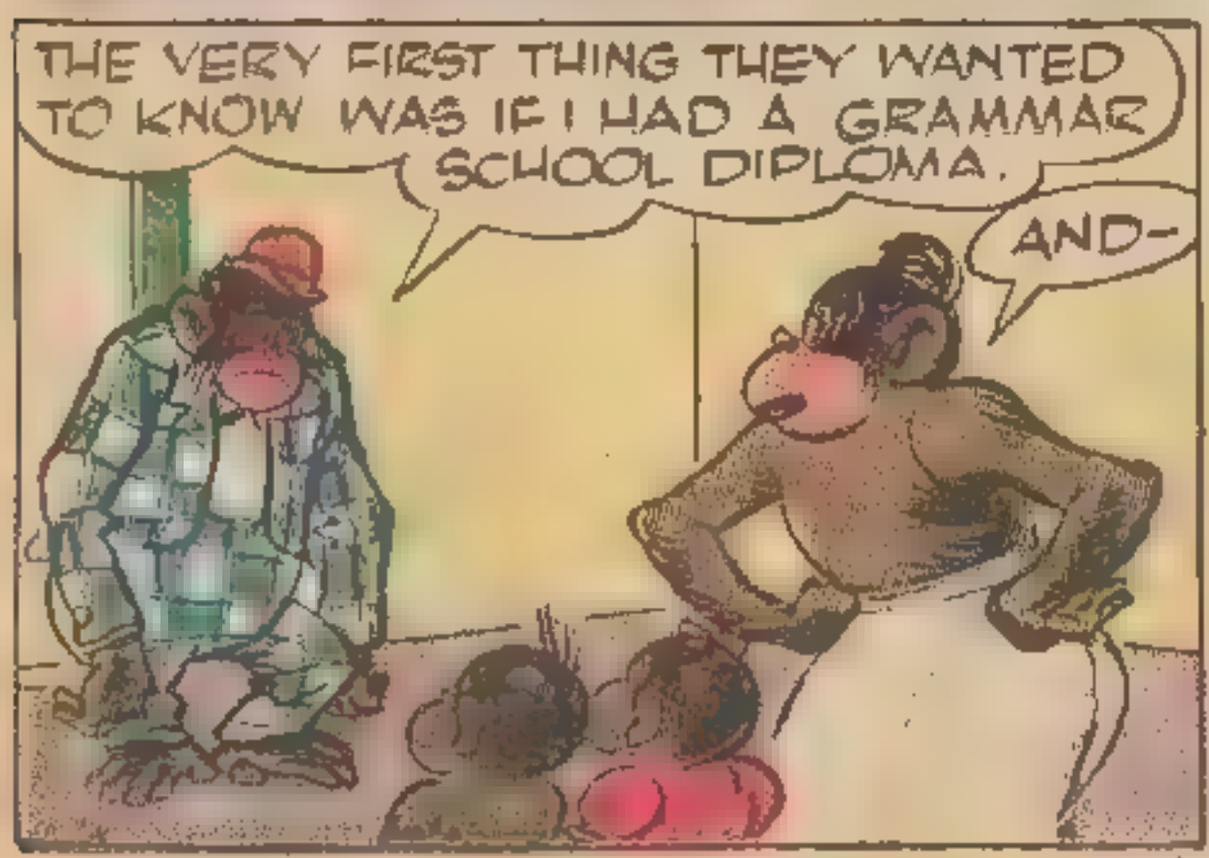

O'BOY! YOU BET!
WOW! GEE WHIZ! THAT'S SWELL.


BY THE WAY, MOM, WHAT IS A PASTMOSTER?
NOT PASTMOSTER, MOSTPASTER!

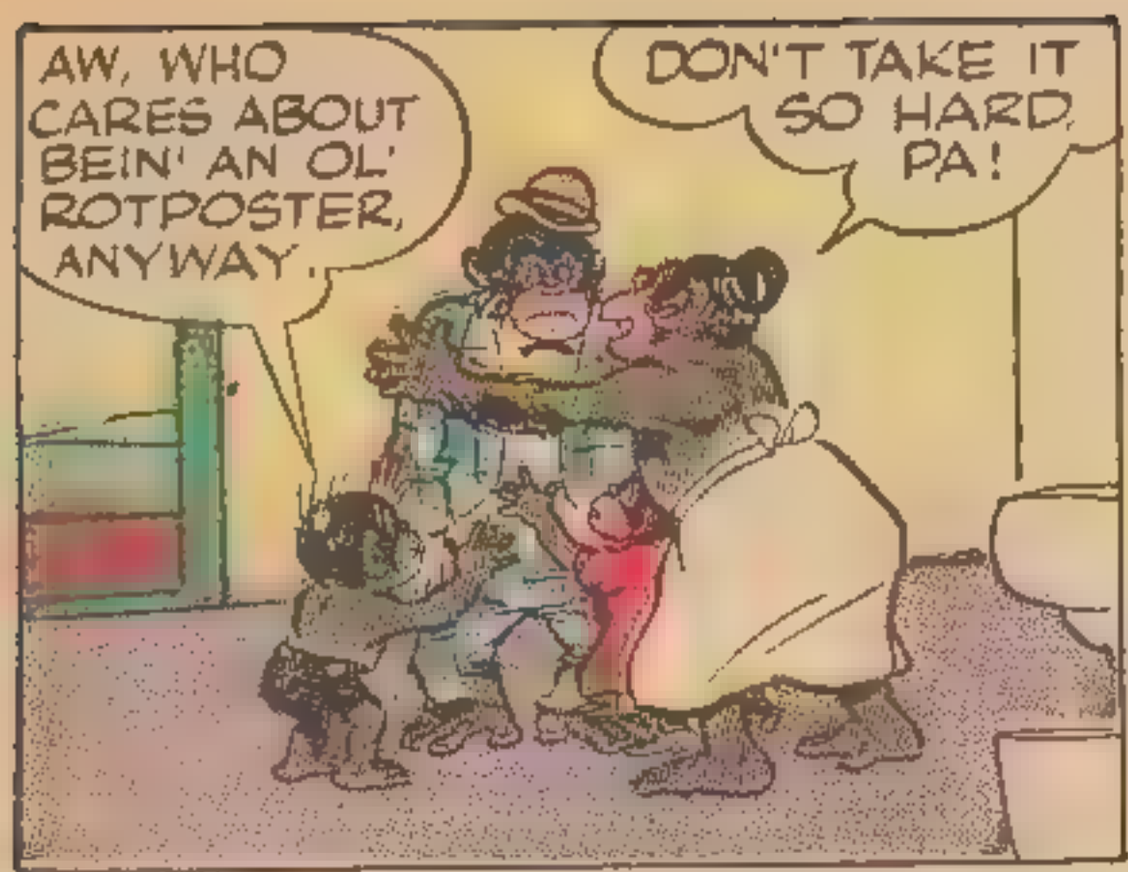

WELL, WHAT IS A TOSTMASTER?
NO! NO! NOT TOSTMASTER, ROSTASTER!

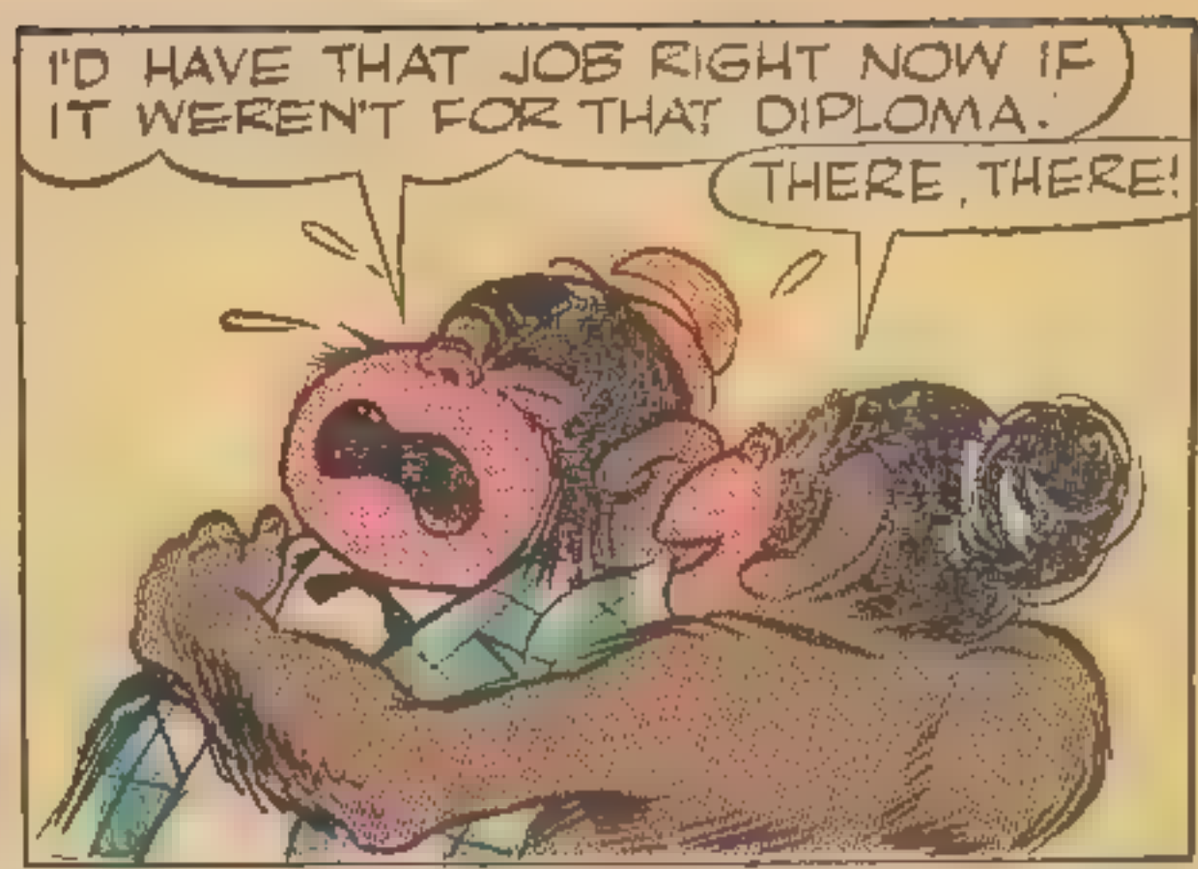
YAY! HERE'S THE NEW POTROASTER NOW.

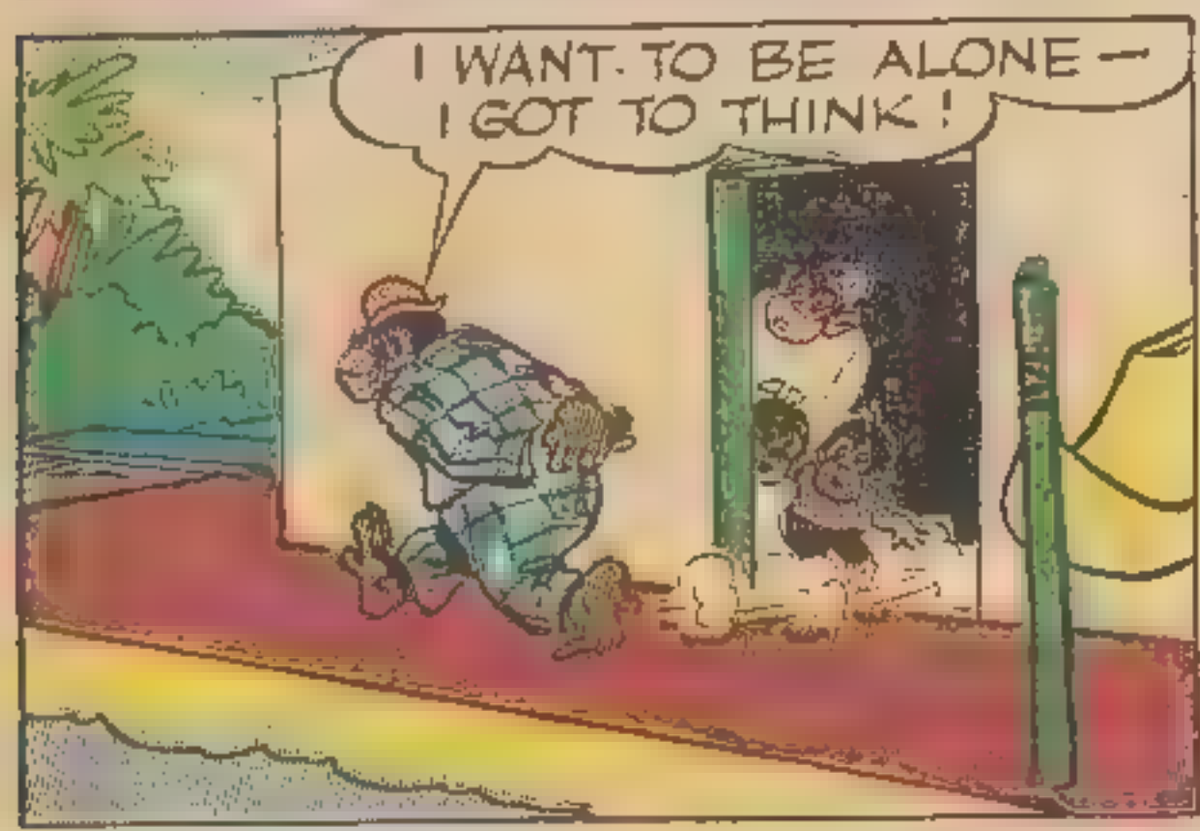
PA! BACK SO SOON? DID YOU PASS THE EXAMINATION?
NO!

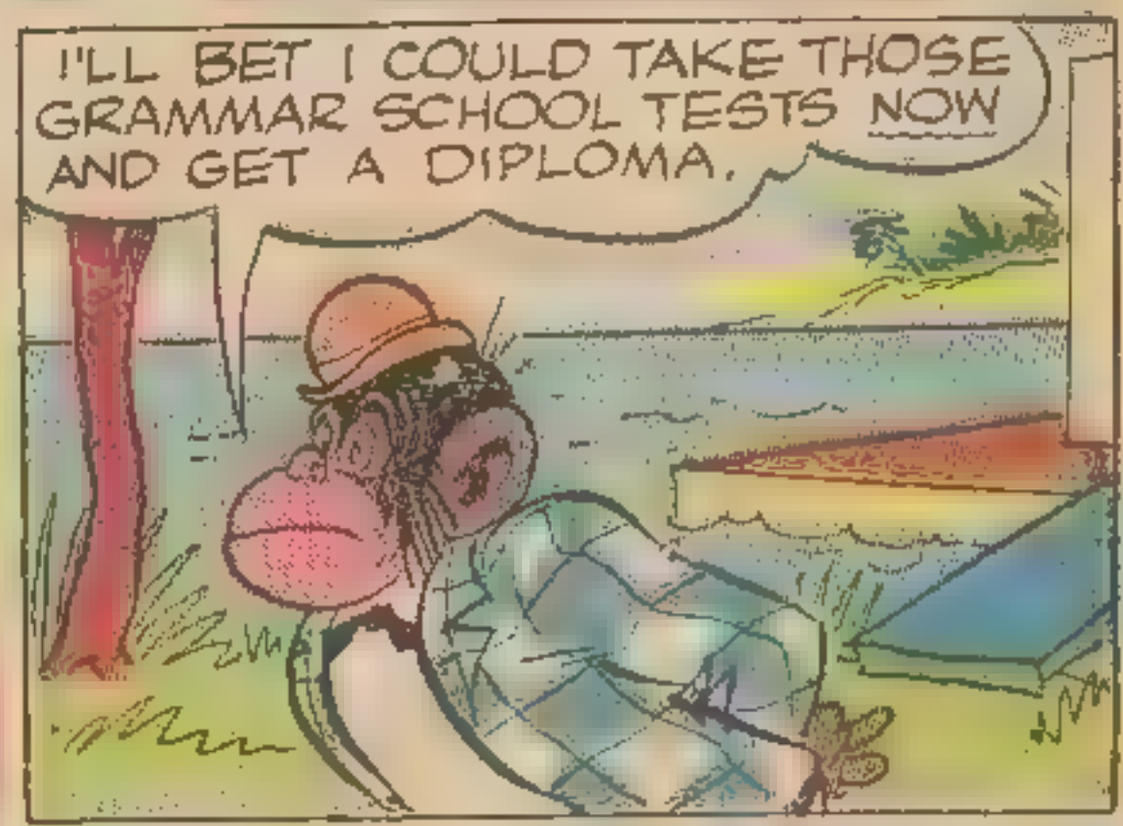

THE VERY FIRST THING THEY WANTED TO KNOW WAS IF I HAD A GRAMMAR SCHOOL DIPLOMA.
AND-

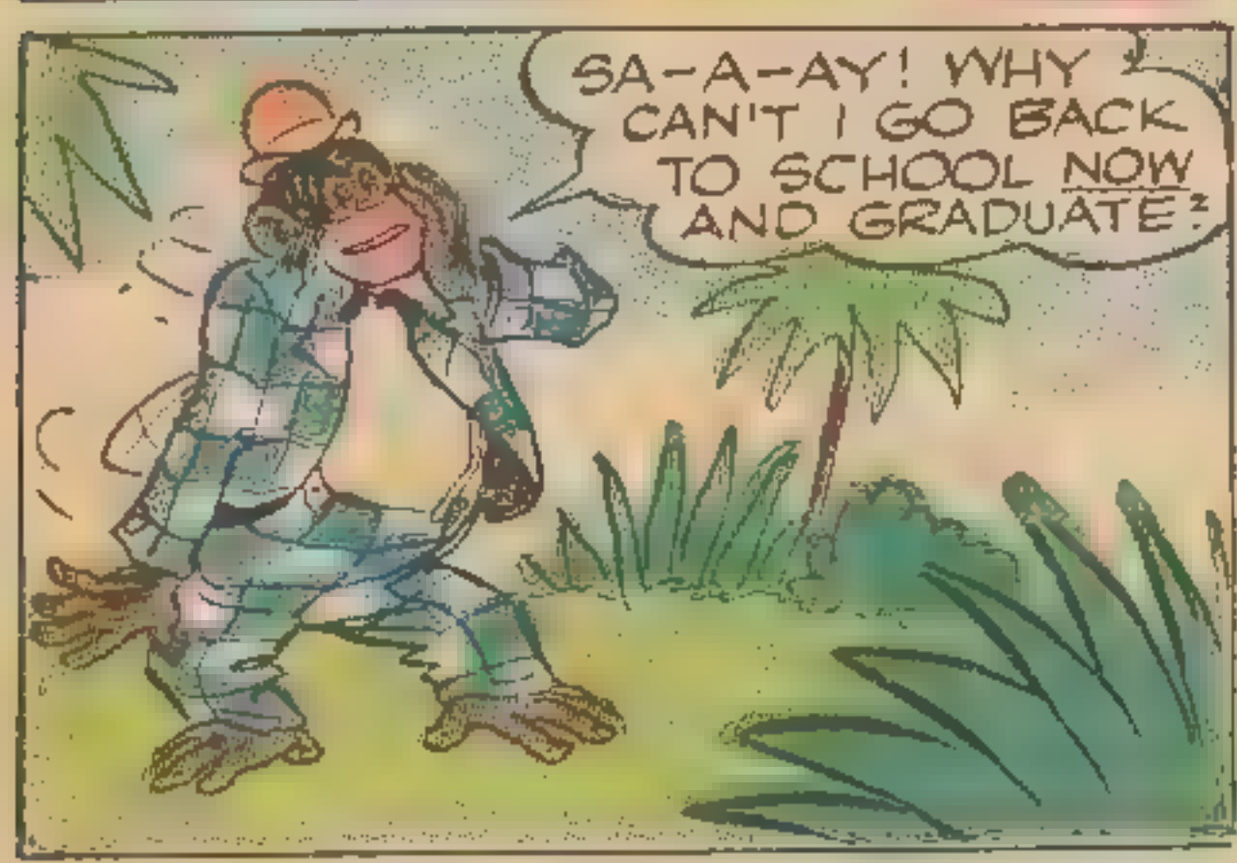
I FLUNKED' JUST LIKE I DID YEARS AGO IN GRAMMAR SCHOOL.
OOOOH. PA—

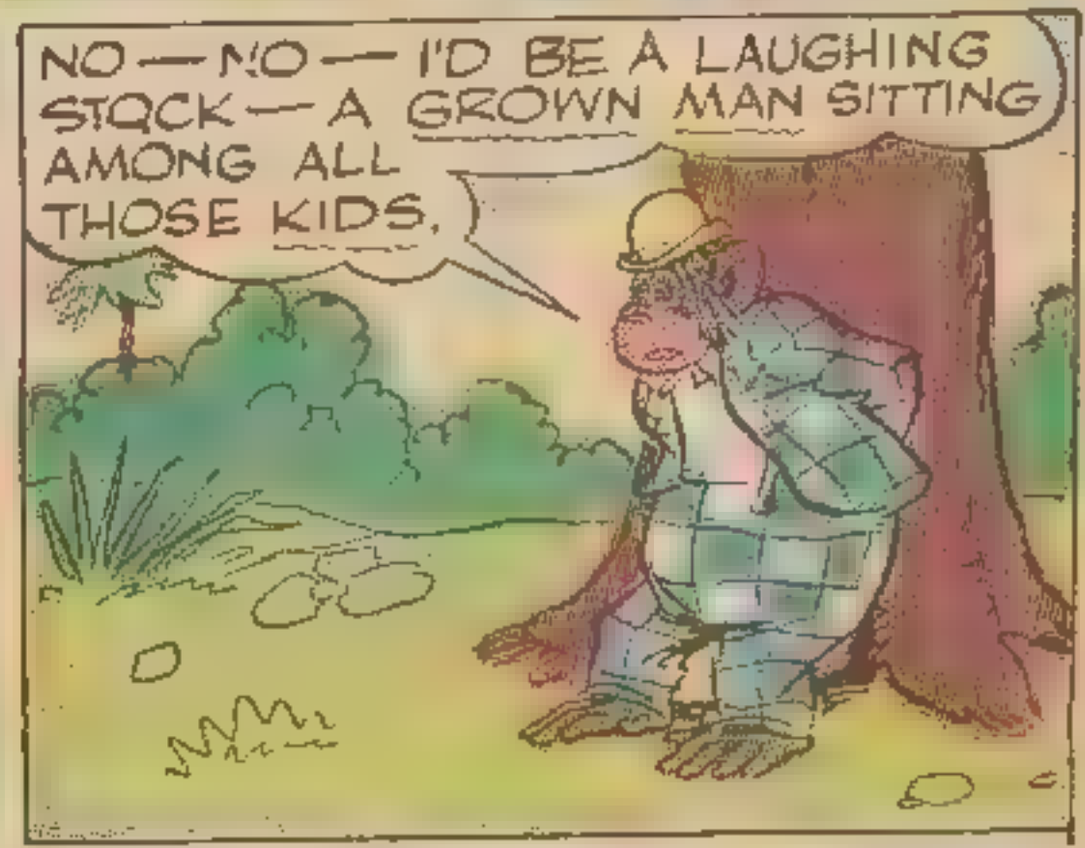

AW, WHO CARES ABOUT BEIN' AN OL' ROTPOSTER, ANYWAY.
DON'T TAKE IT SO HARD, PA!

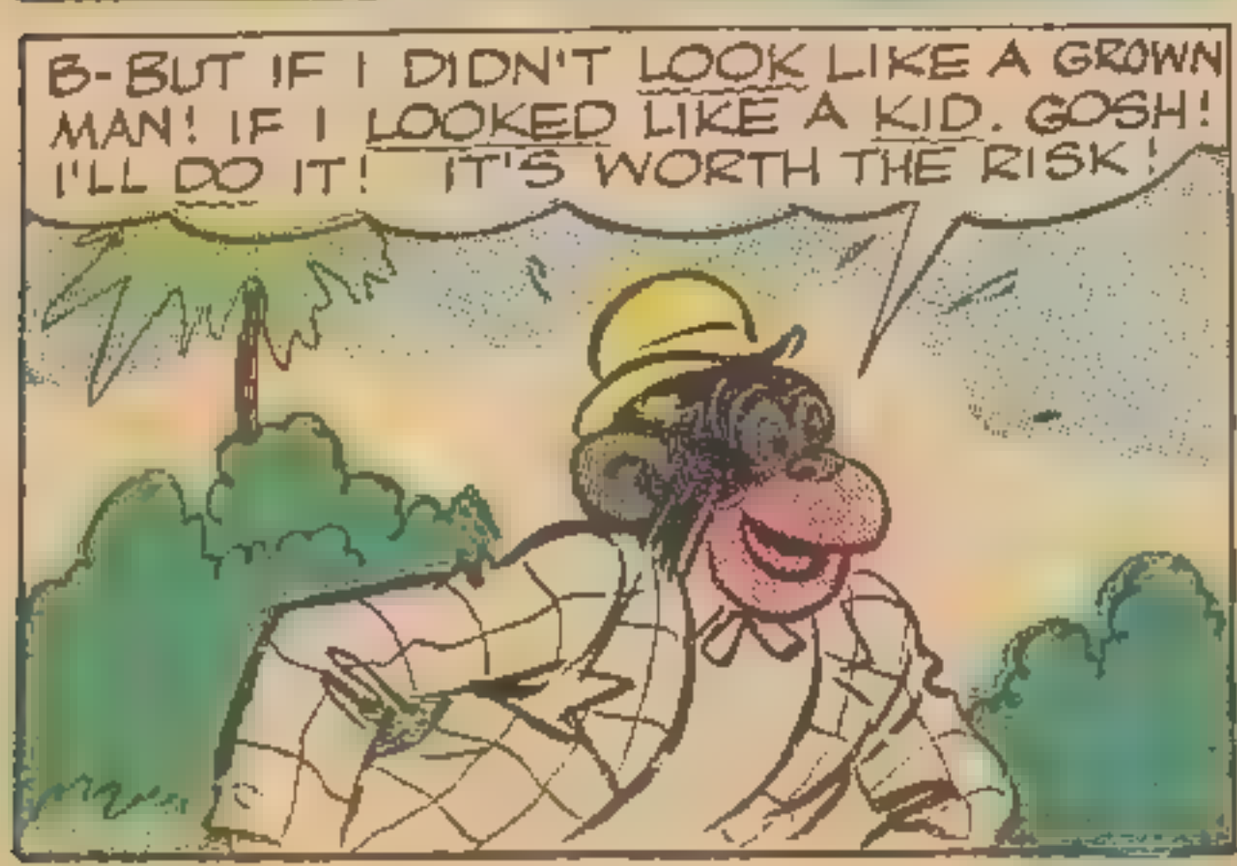

I'D HAVE THAT JOB RIGHT NOW IF IT WEREN'T FOR THAT DIPLOMA.
THERE, THERE!

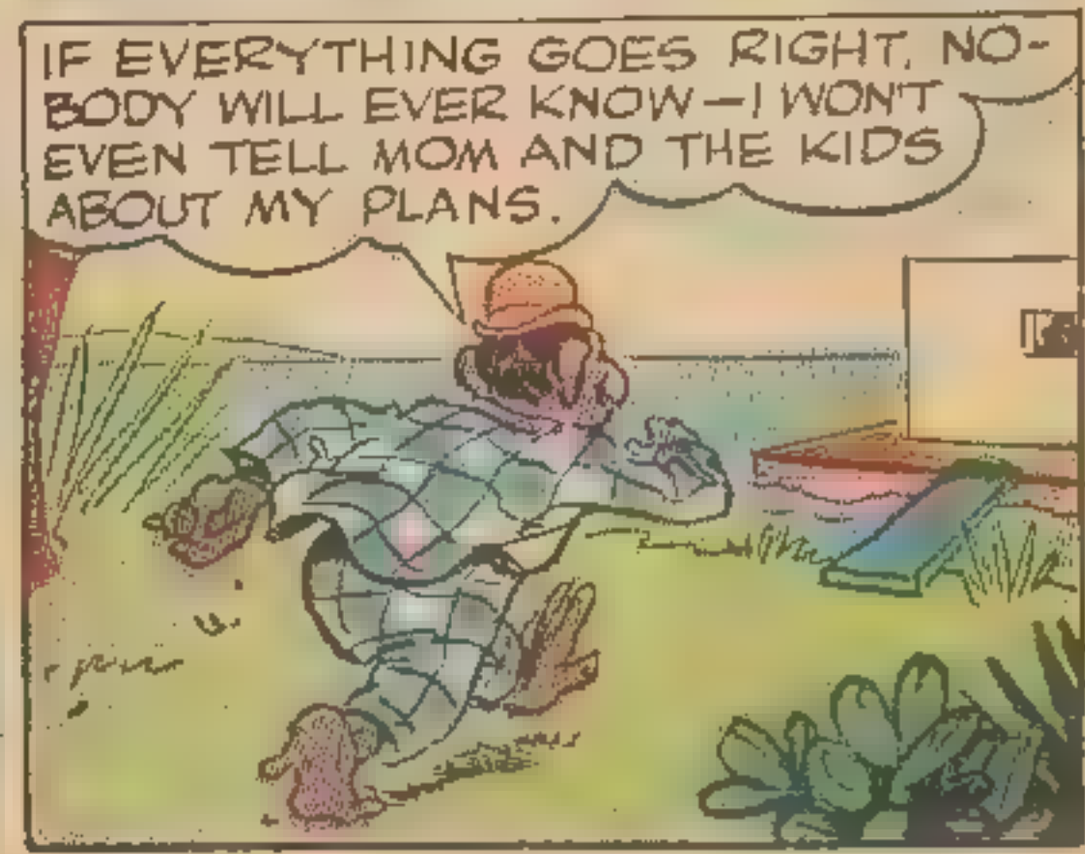

I WANT TO BE ALONE — I GOT TO THINK!

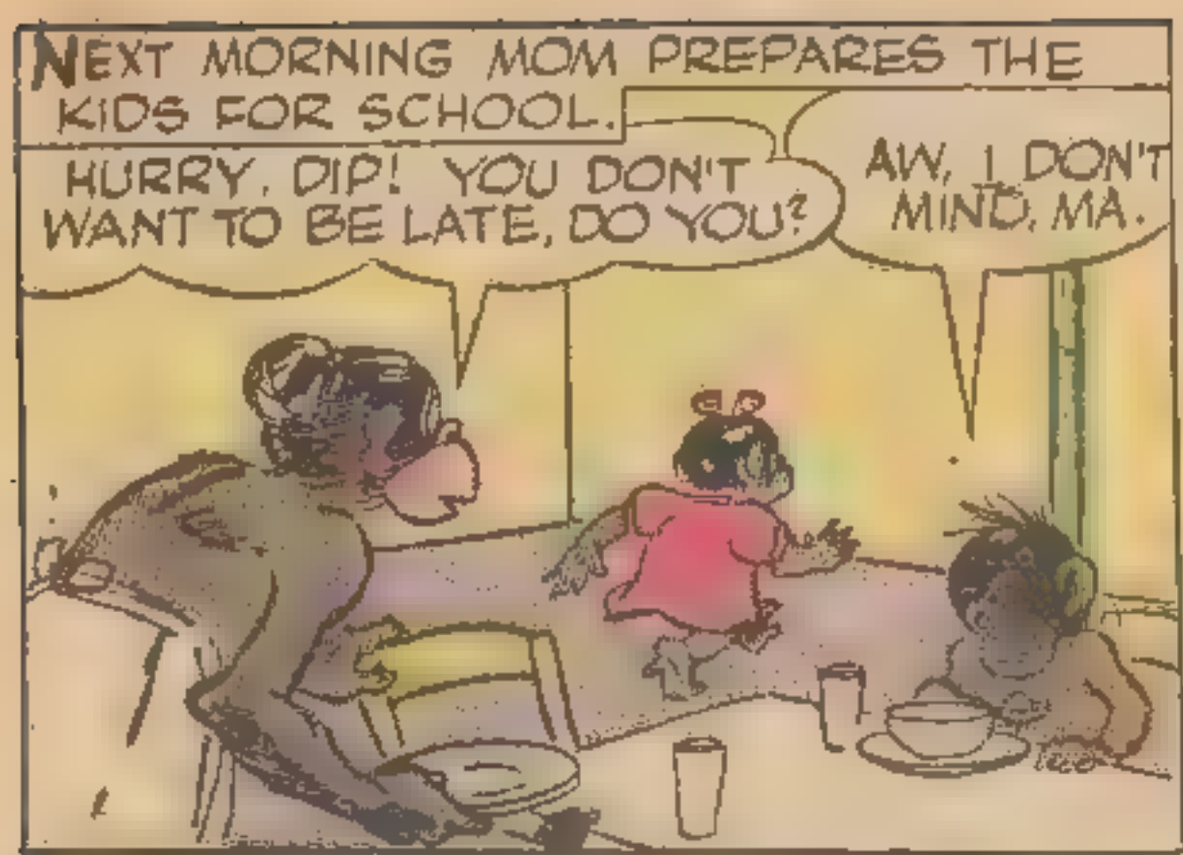

I'LL BET I COULD TAKE THOSE GRAMMAR SCHOOL TESTS NOW AND GET A DIPLOMA.

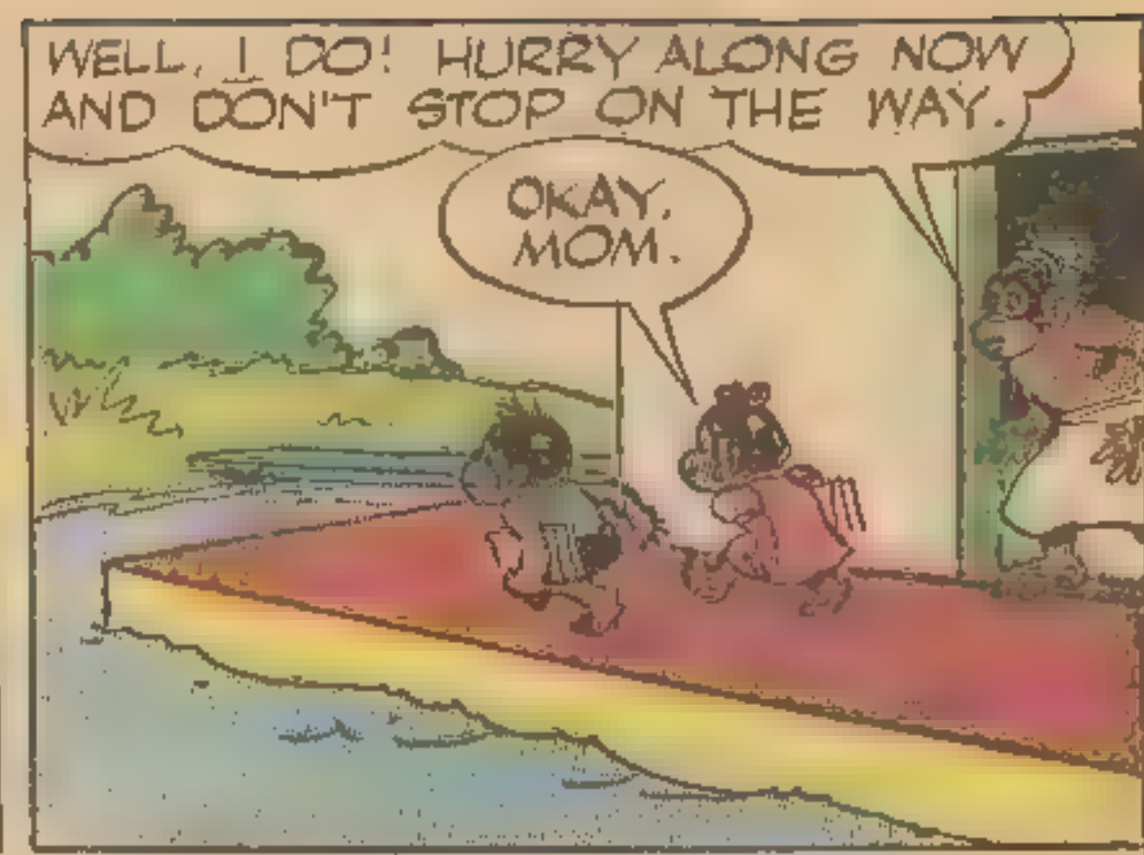

SA-A-AY! WHY CAN'T I GO BACK TO SCHOOL NOW AND GRADUATE?

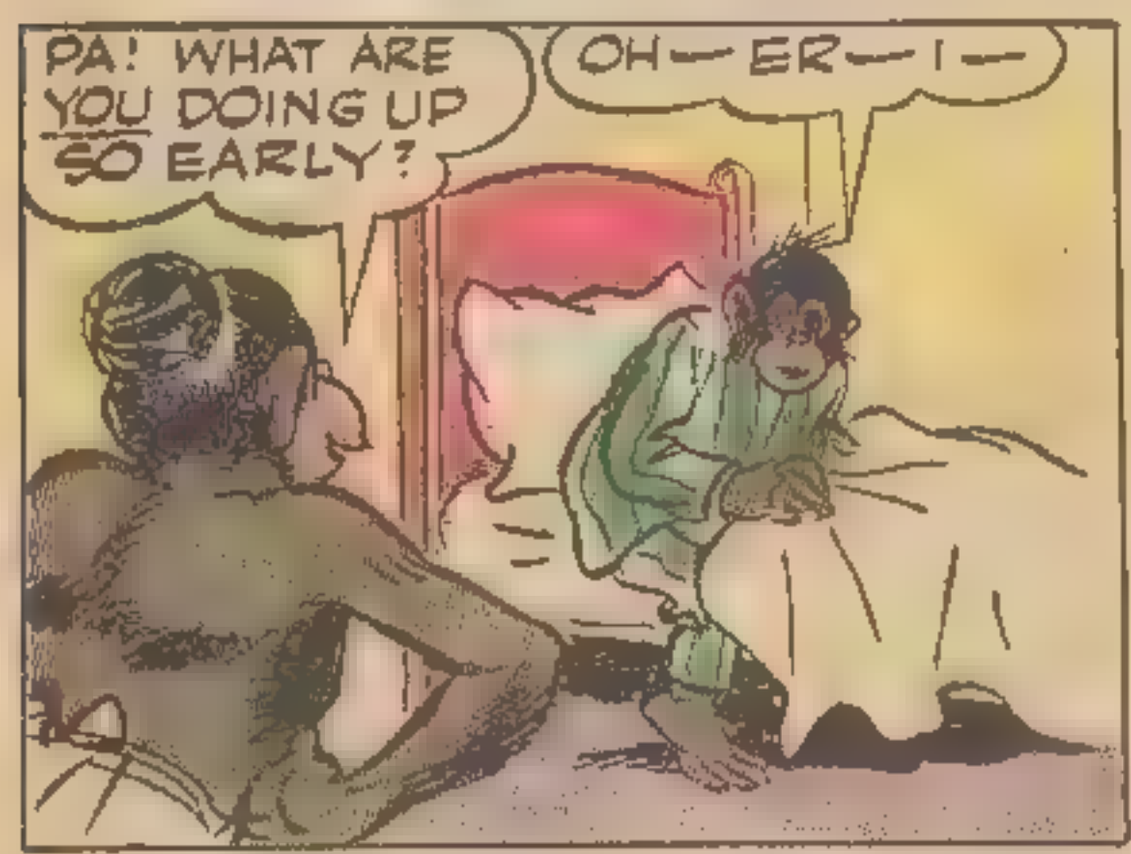

NO — NO — I'D BE A LAUGHING STOCK — A GROWN MAN SITTING AMONG ALL THOSE KIDS.

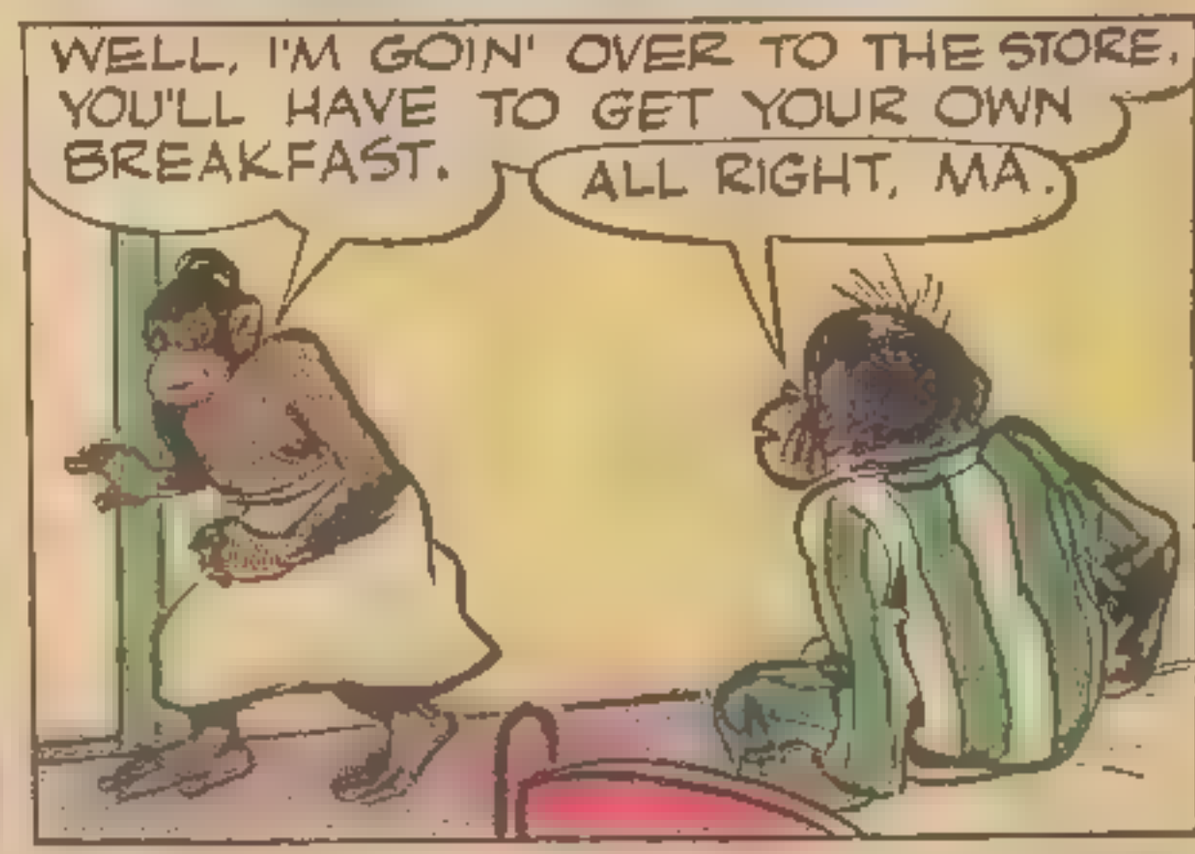

B-BUT IF I DIDN'T LOOK LIKE A GROWN MAN! IF I LOOKED LIKE A KID. GOSH! I'LL DO IT! IT'S WORTH THE RISK!

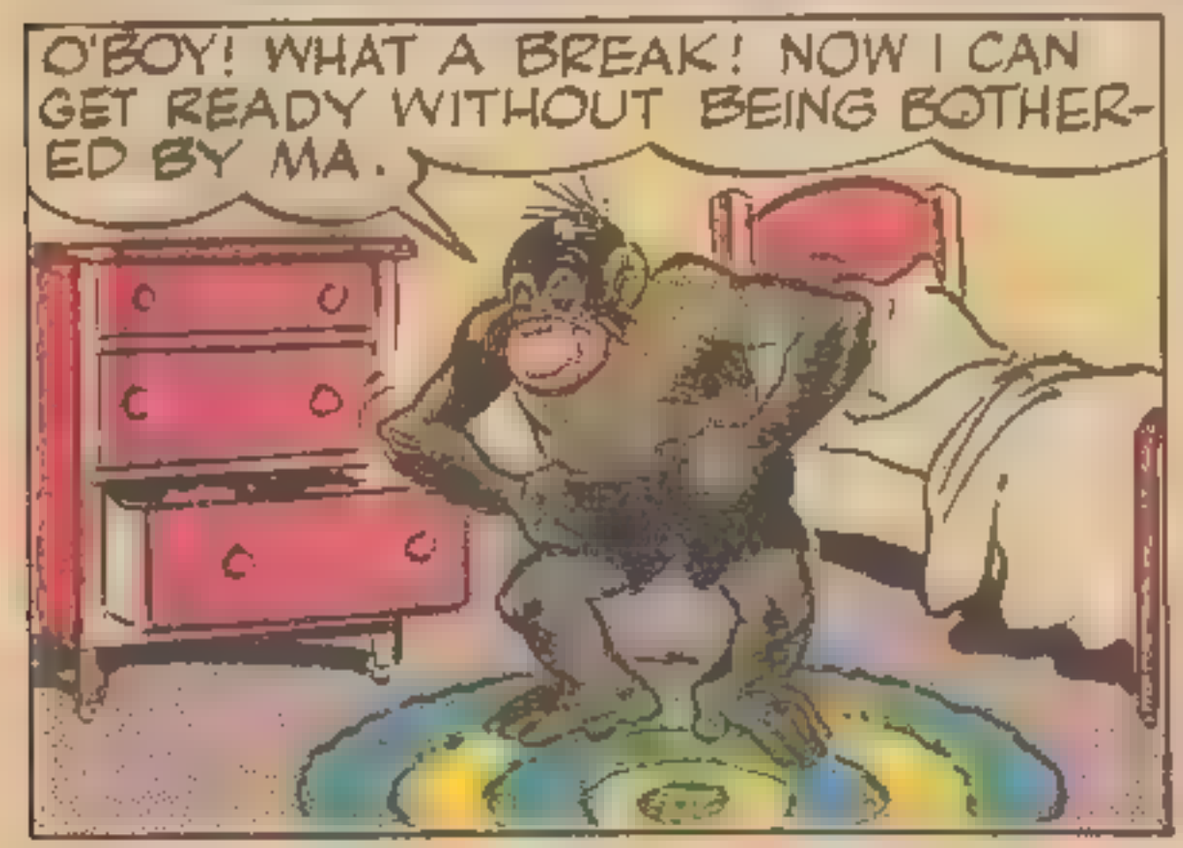

IF EVERYTHING GOES RIGHT, NOBODY WILL EVER KNOW — I WON'T EVEN TELL MOM AND THE KIDS ABOUT MY PLANS.

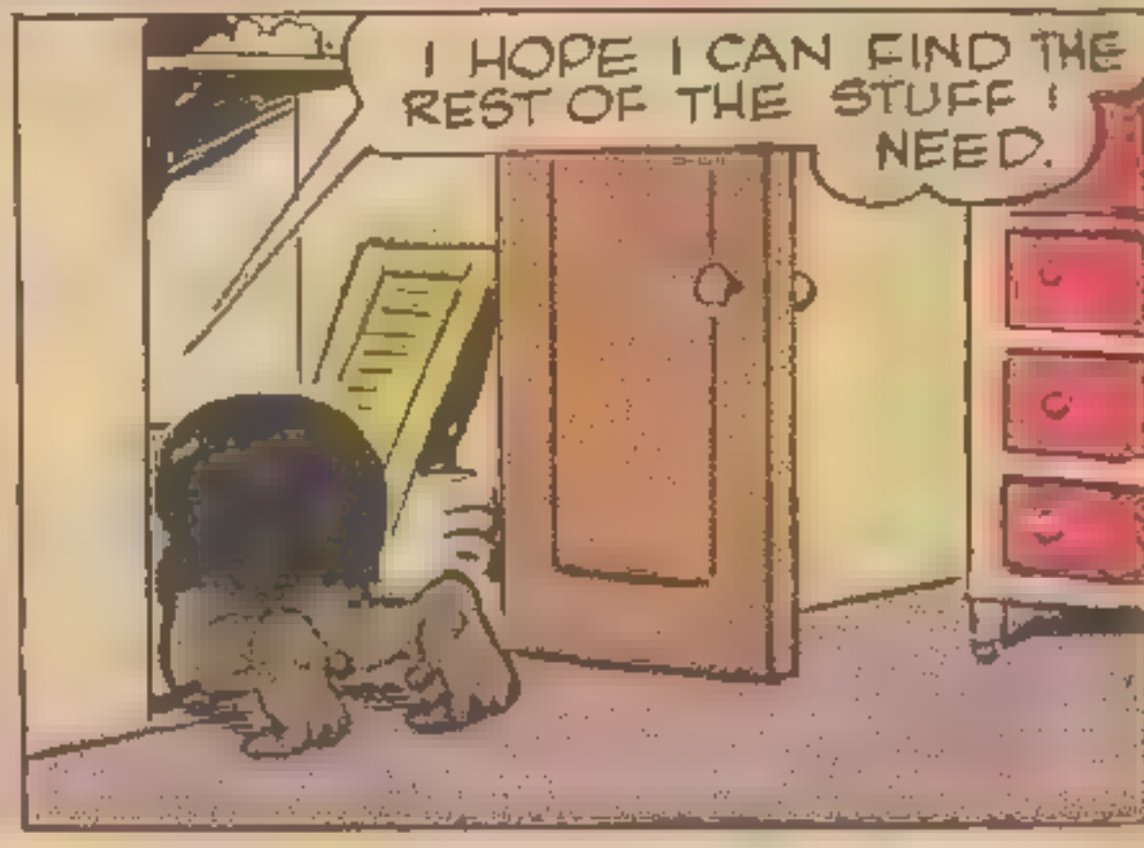

NEXT MORNING MOM PREPARES THE KIDS FOR SCHOOL.
HURRY, DIP! YOU DON'T WANT TO BE LATE, DO YOU?
AW, I DON'T MIND, MA.

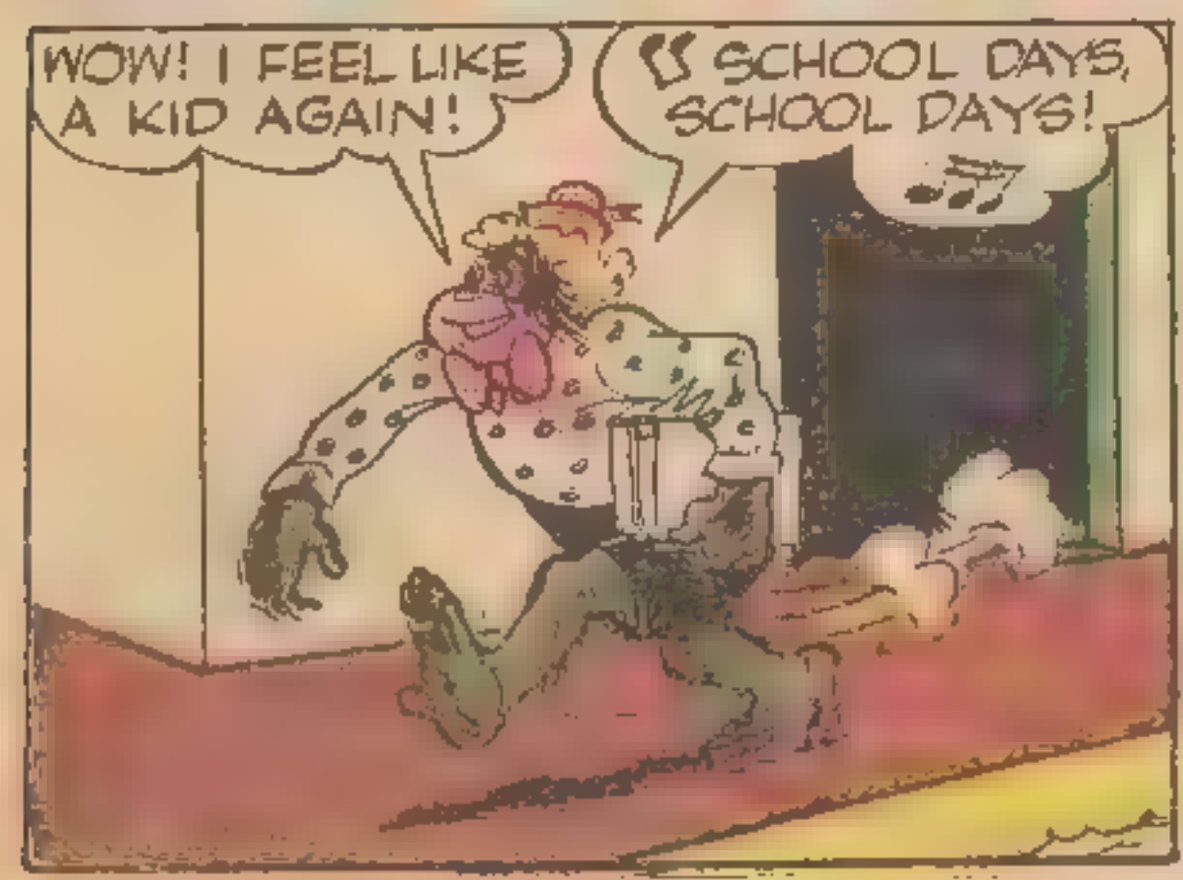

WELL, I DO! HURRY ALONG NOW AND DON'T STOP ON THE WAY.
OKAY, MOM.

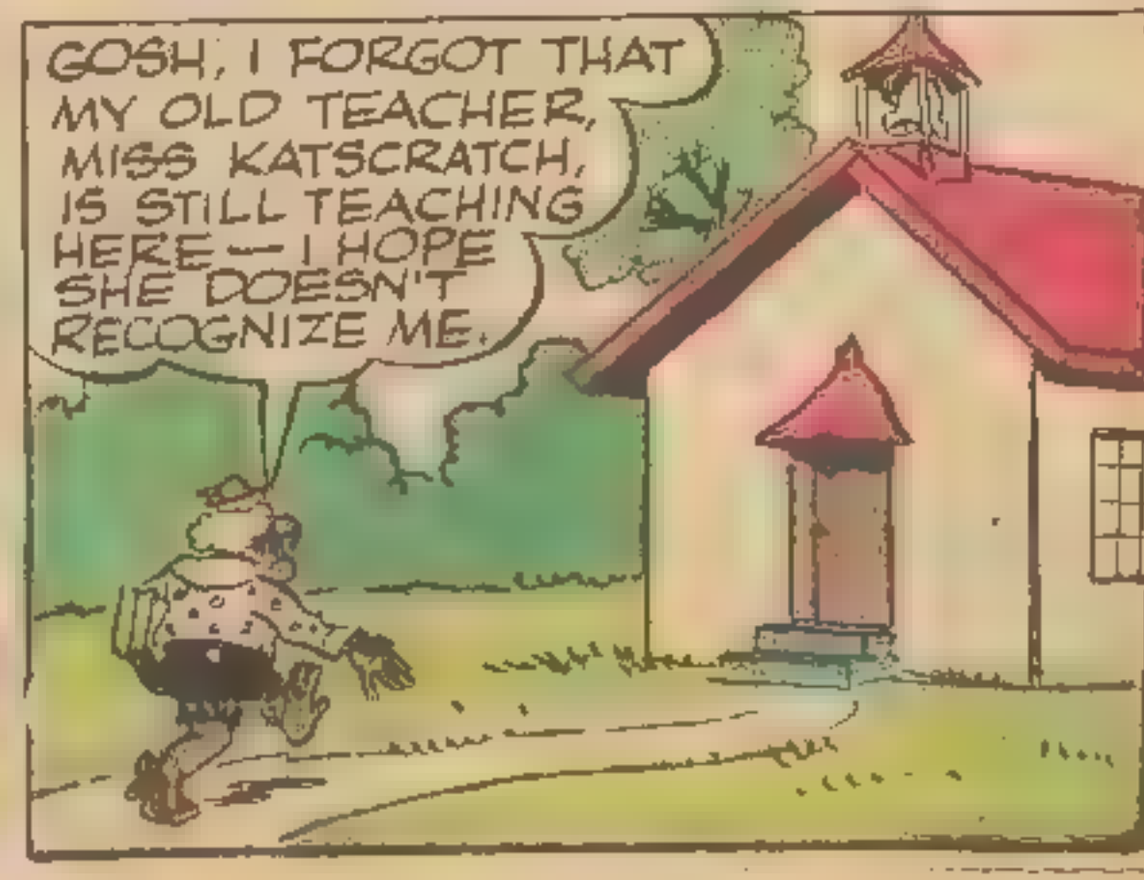

PA! WHAT ARE YOU DOING UP SO EARLY?
OH—ER—I—

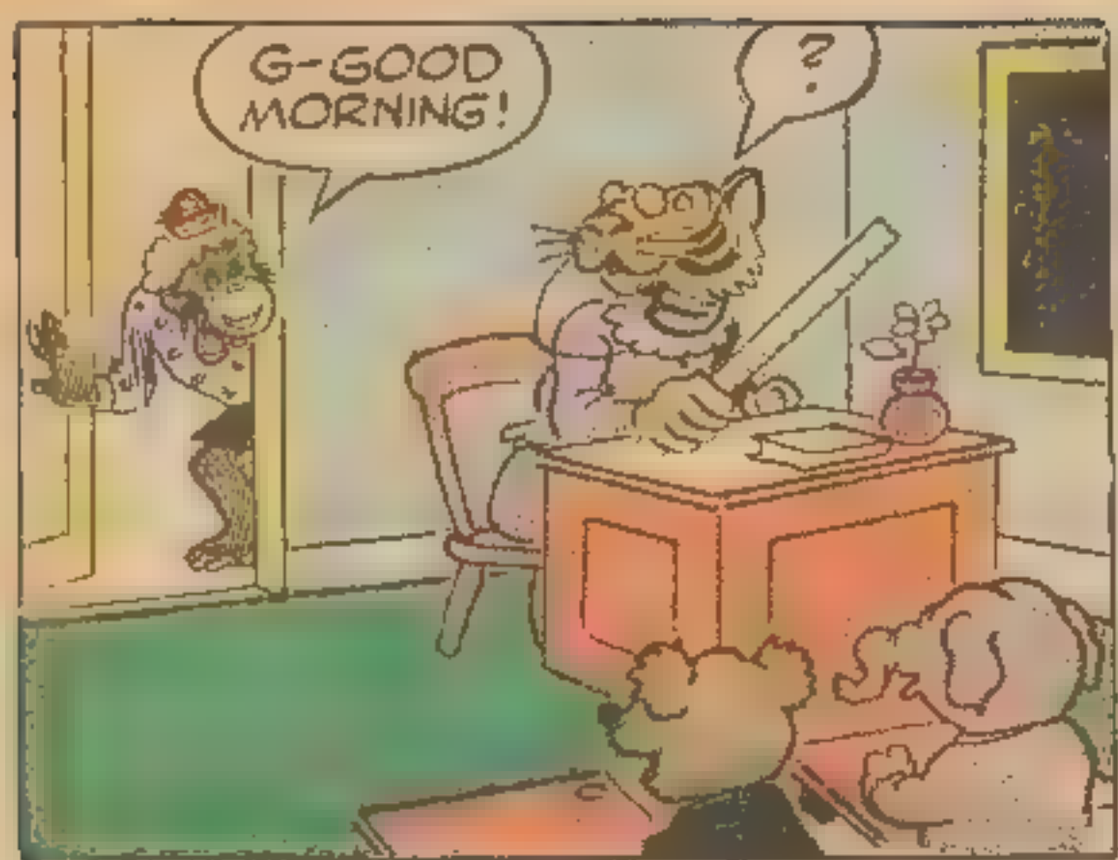

WELL, I'M GOIN' OVER TO THE STORE. YOU'LL HAVE TO GET YOUR OWN BREAKFAST.
ALL RIGHT, MA.

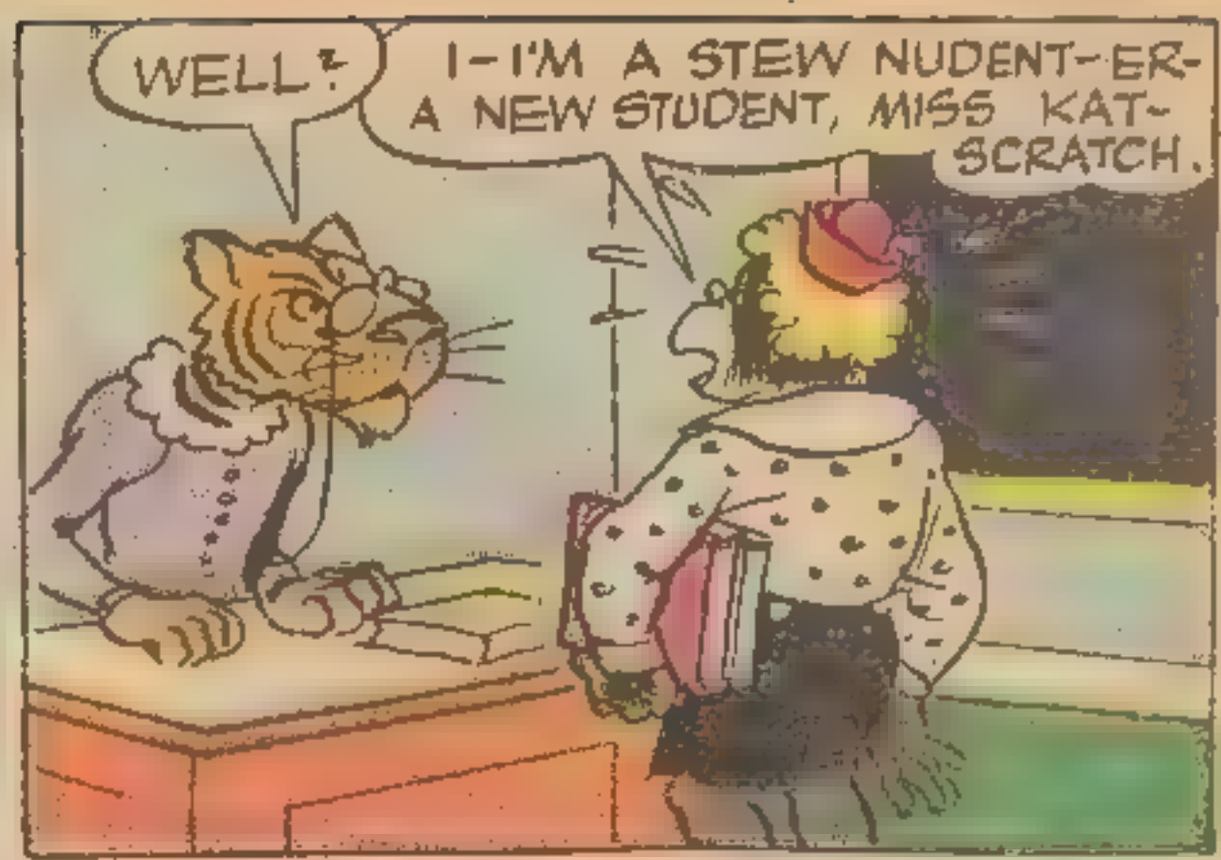

O'BOY! WHAT A BREAK! NOW I CAN GET READY WITHOUT BEING BOTHERED BY MA.

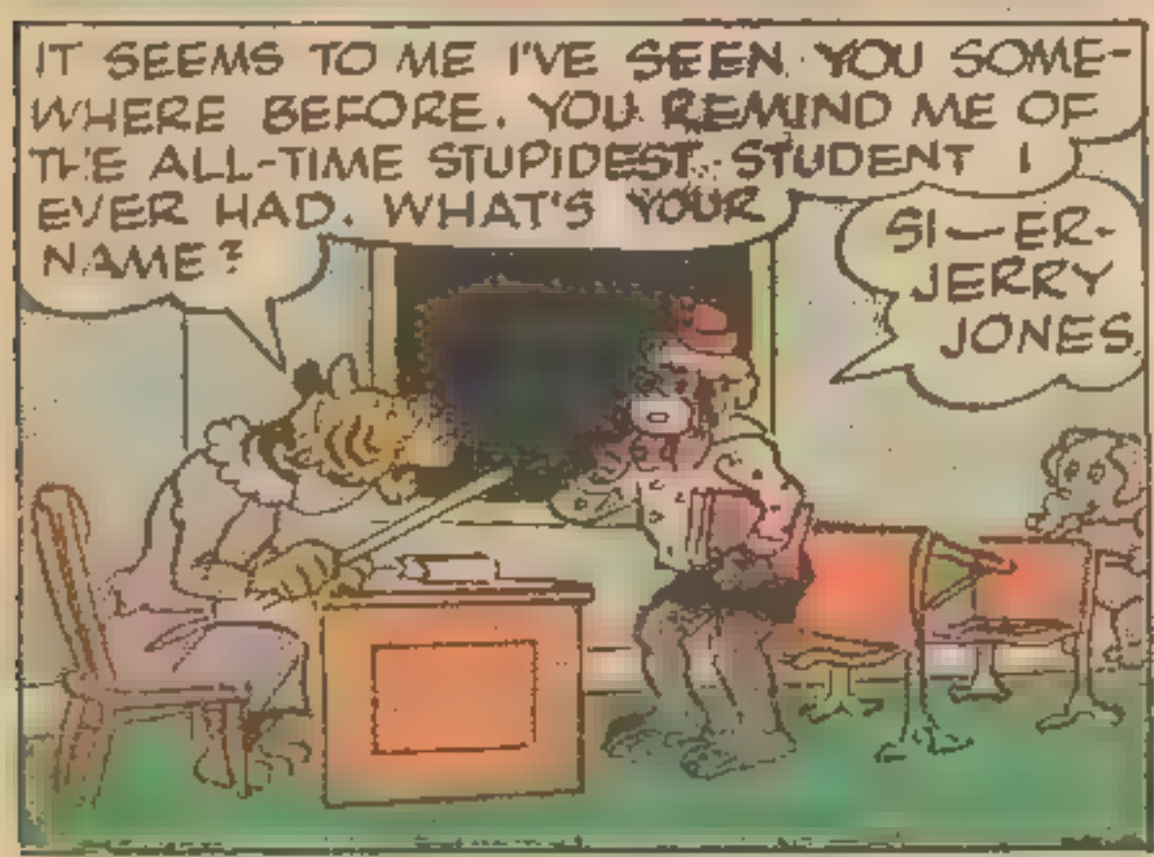

I HOPE I CAN FIND THE REST OF THE STUFF I NEED.

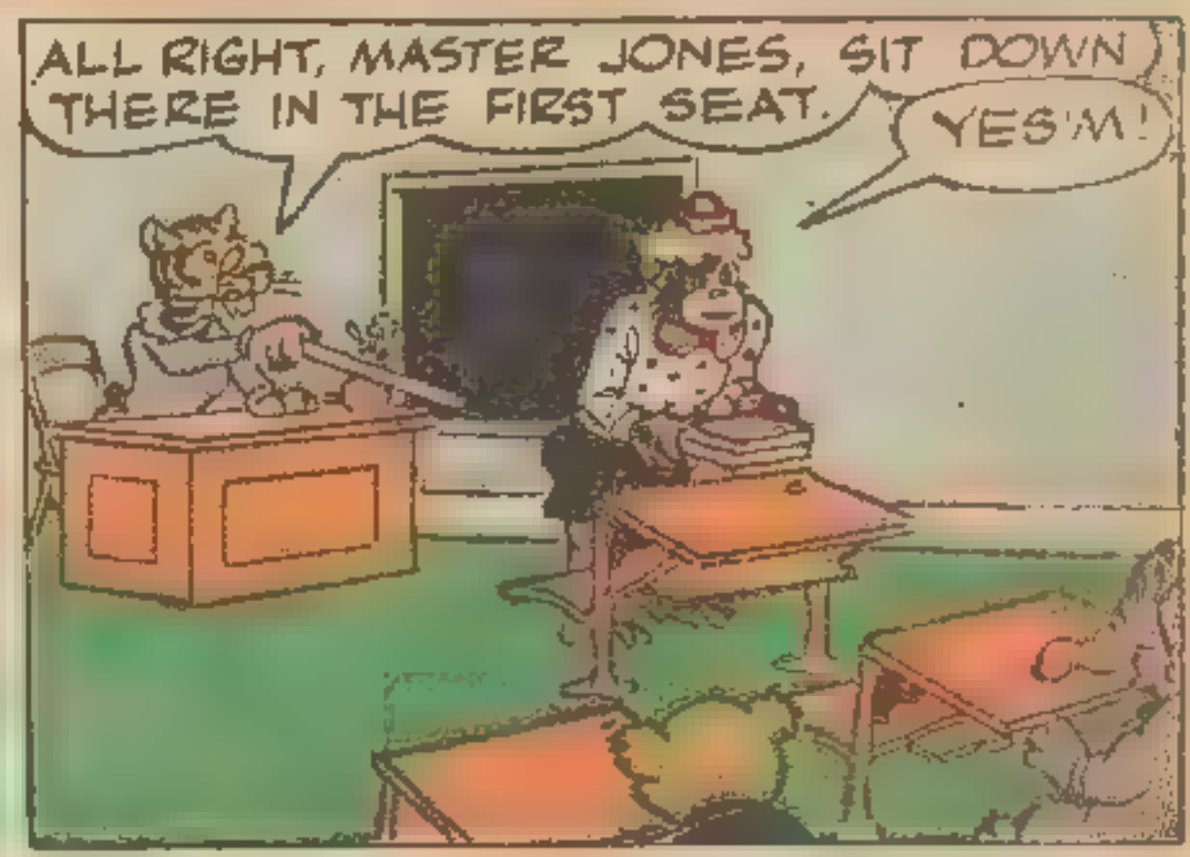

WOW! I FEEL LIKE A KID AGAIN!
SCHOOL DAYS, SCHOOL DAYS!


GOSH, I FORGOT THAT MY OLD TEACHER, MISS KATSCRATCH, IS STILL TEACHING HERE—I HOPE SHE DOESN'T RECOGNIZE ME.

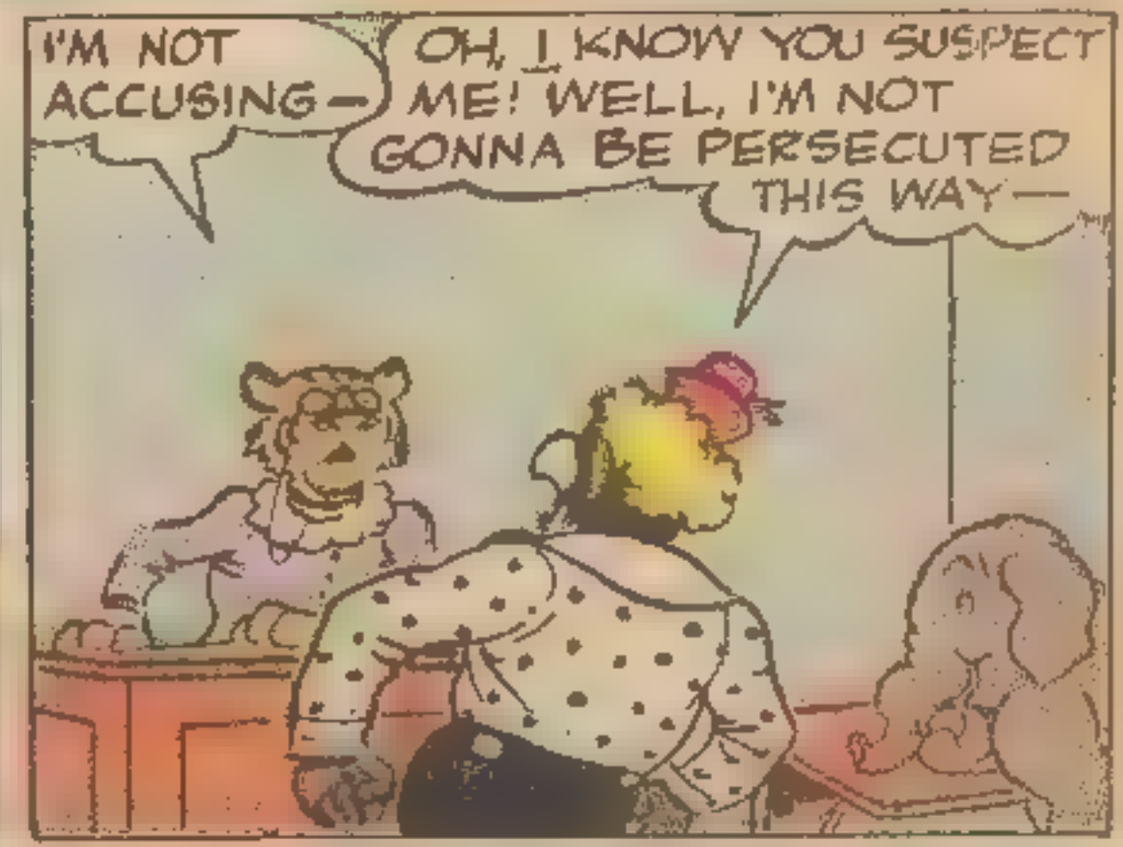

G-GOOD MORNING!
?

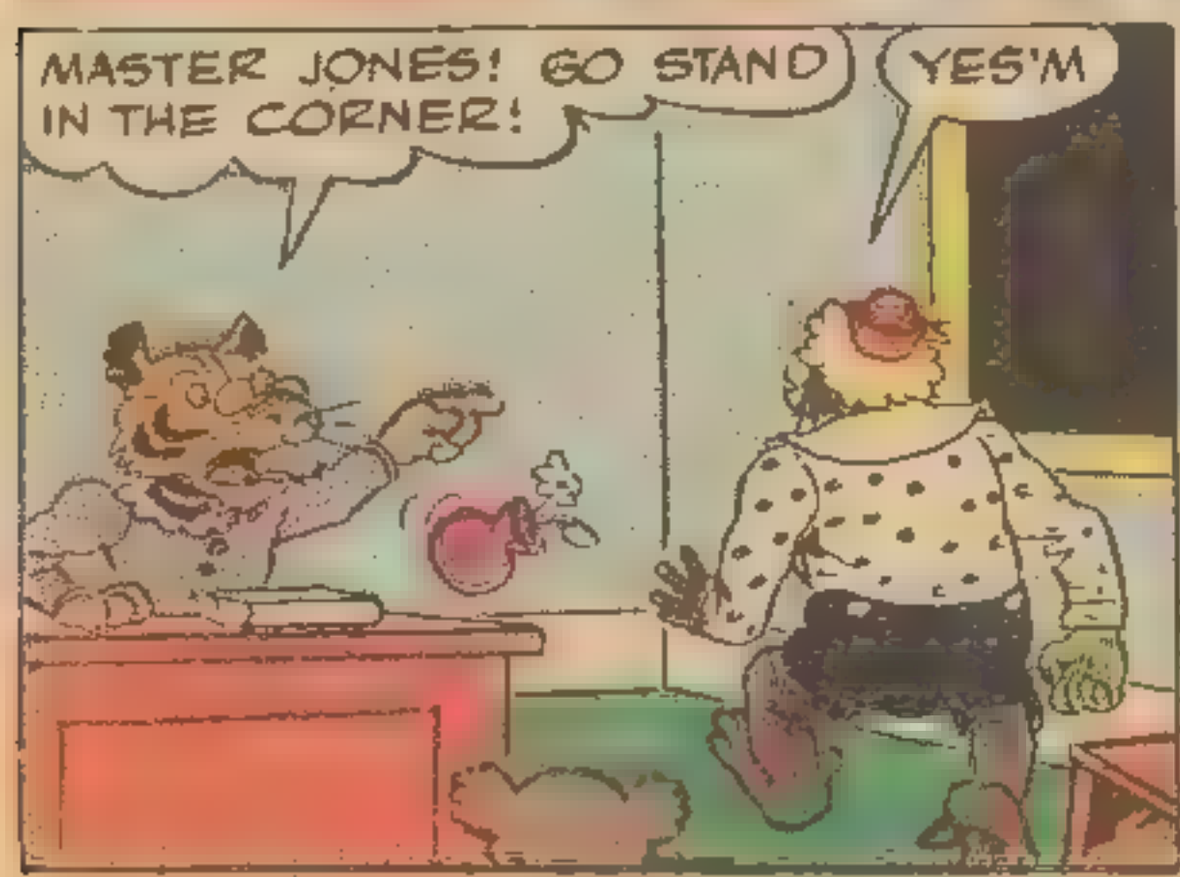

WELL?
I-I'M A STEW NUDENT-ER-A NEW STUDENT, MISS KAT-SCRATCH.

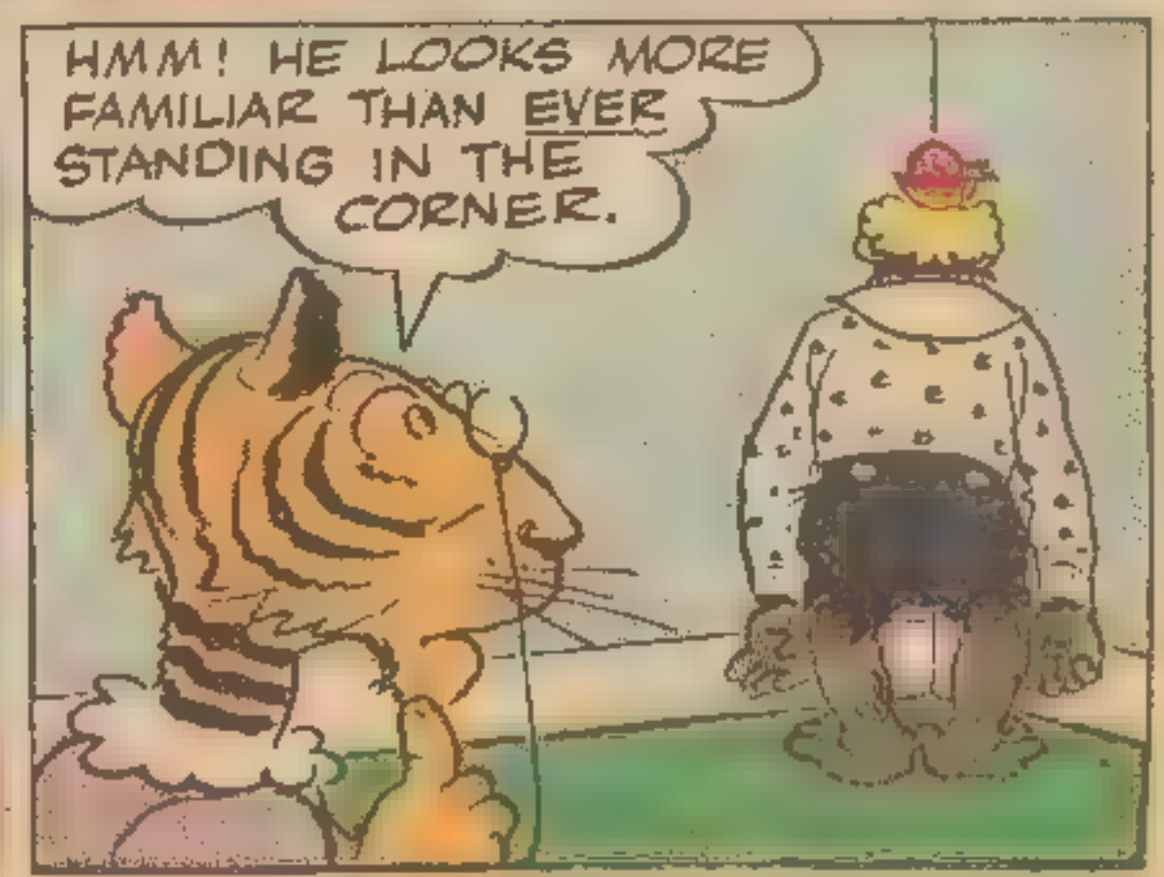

IT SEEMS TO ME I'VE SEEN YOU SOMEWHERE BEFORE. YOU REMIND ME OF THE ALL-TIME STUPIDEST STUDENT I EVER HAD. WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
SI—ER-JERRY JONES.

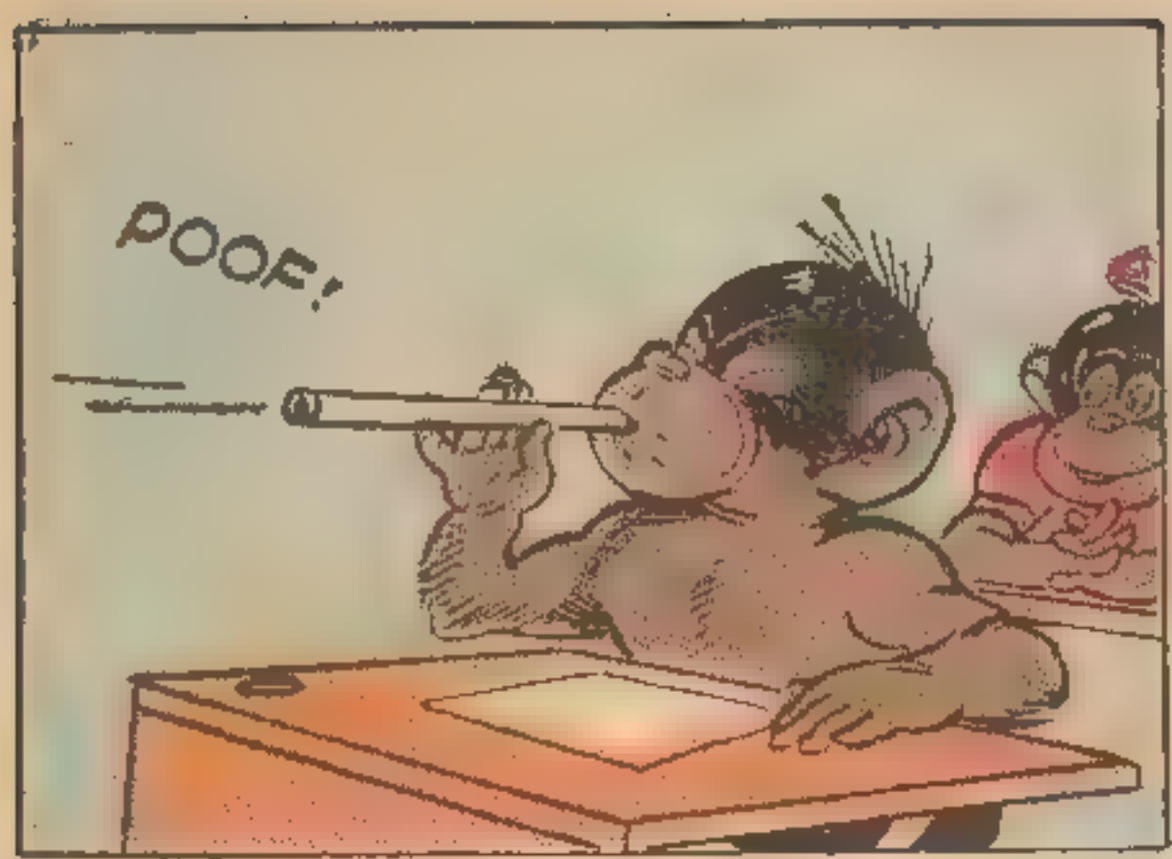

ALL RIGHT, MASTER JONES, SIT DOWN THERE IN THE FIRST SEAT.
YES'M!

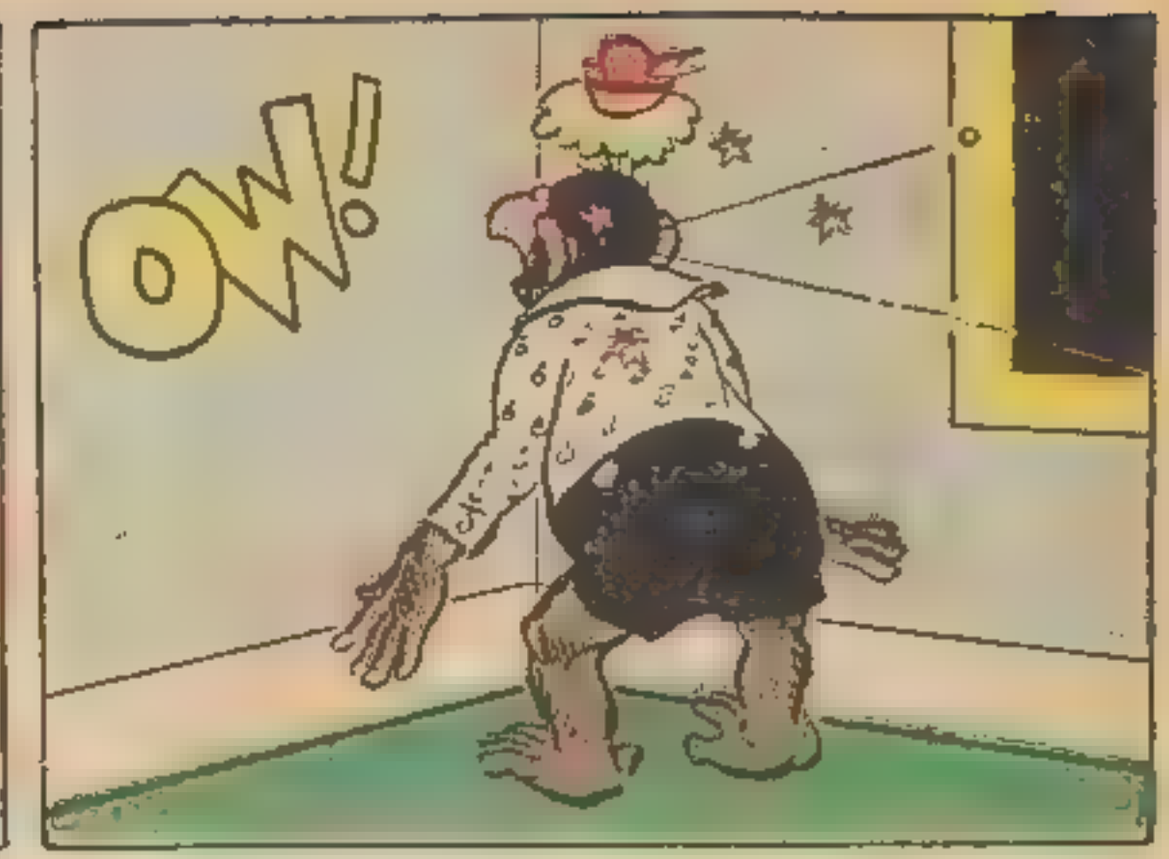
NOW, MASTER JONES, CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE THE "LOST CONTINENT" IS?
NO, MA'AM! I DIDN'T SEE IT! YOU CAN'T PIN IT ON ME. I HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH IT!

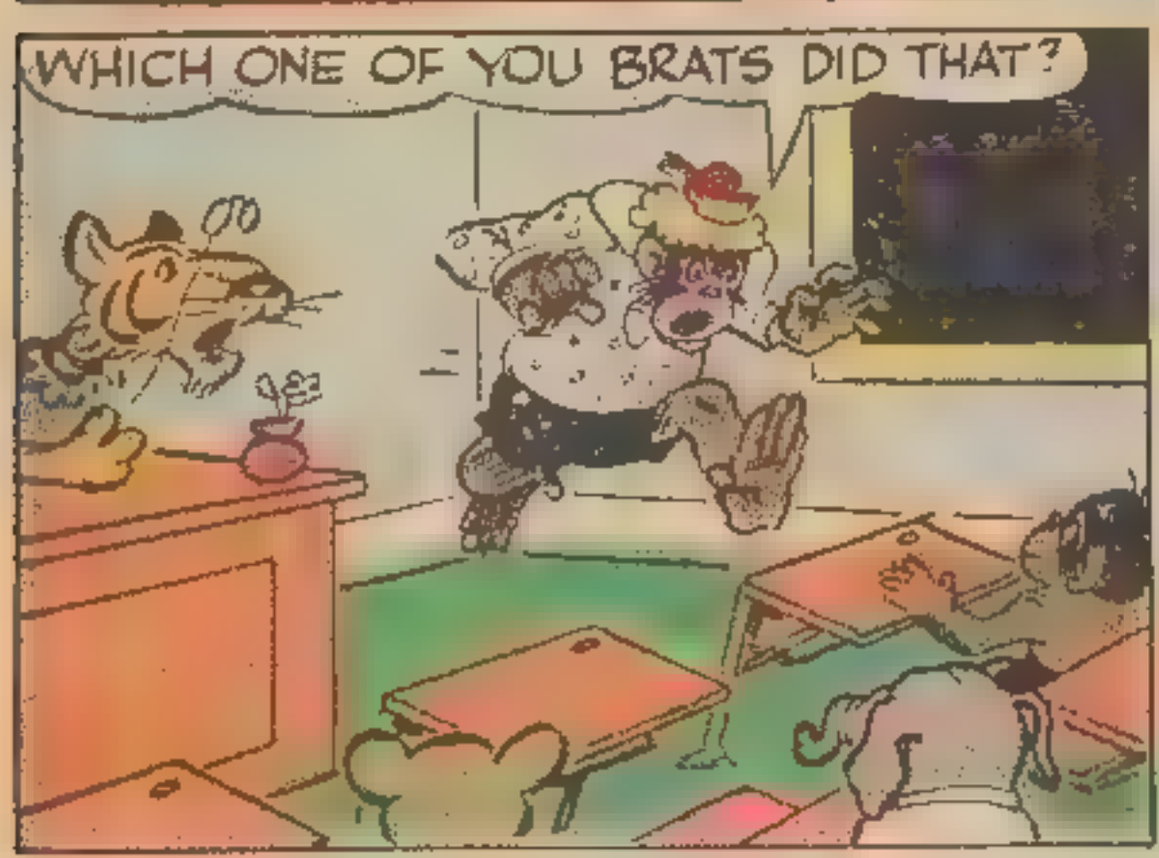

I'M NOT ACCUSING—
OH, I KNOW YOU SUSPECT ME! WELL, I'M NOT GONNA BE PERSECUTED THIS WAY—

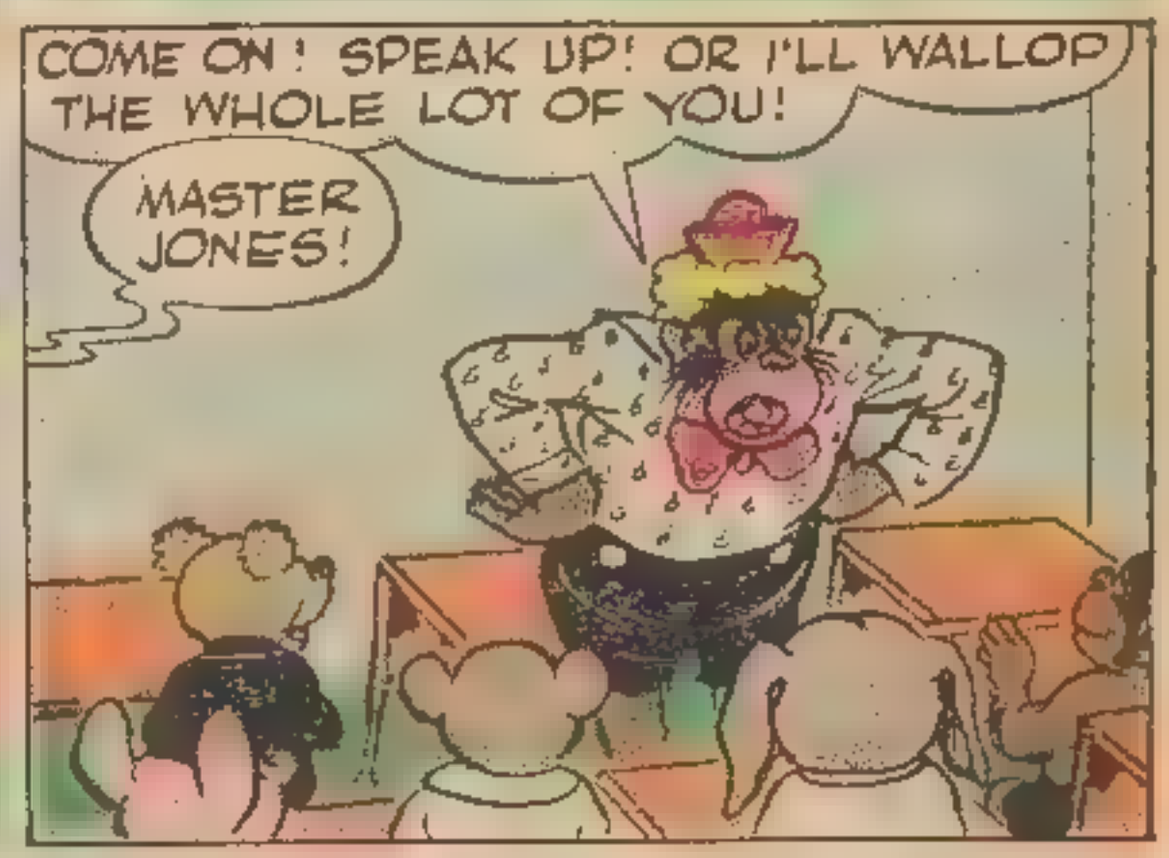

MASTER JONES! GO STAND IN THE CORNER!
YES'M

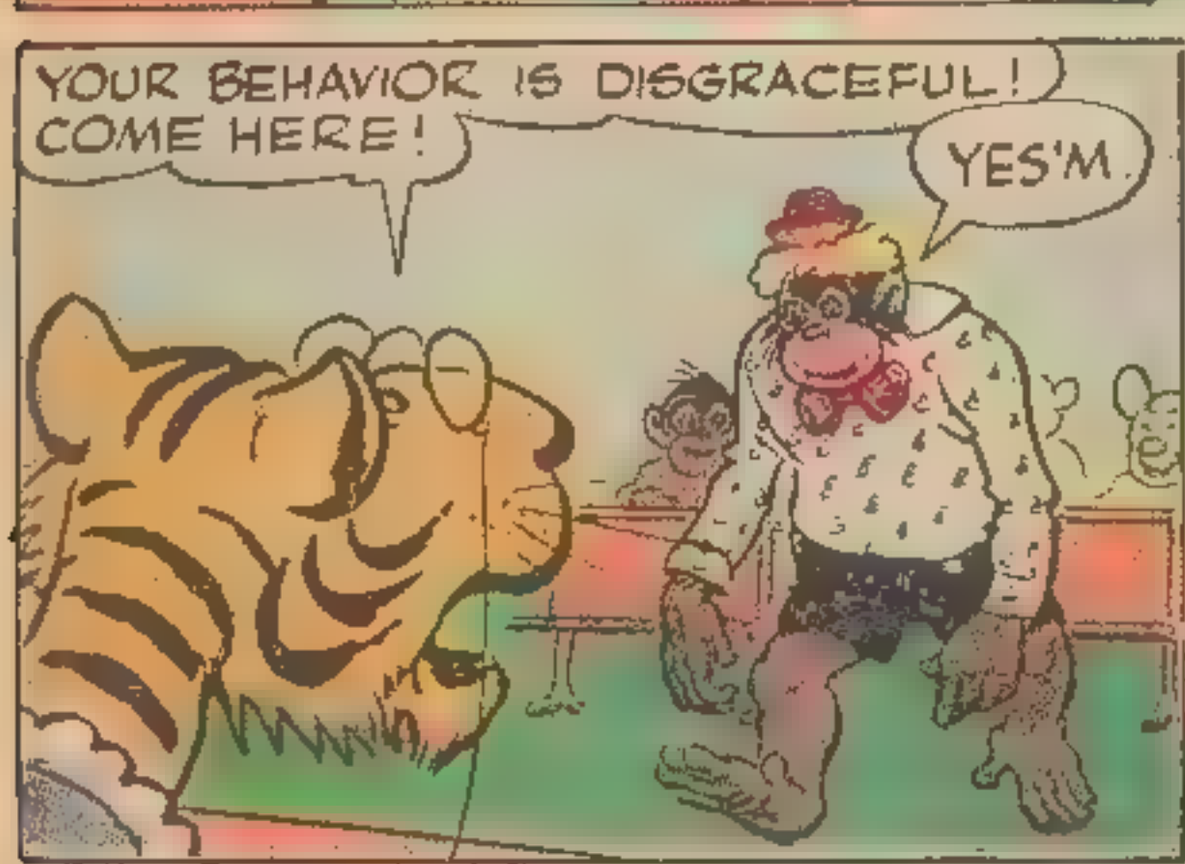

HMM! HE LOOKS MORE FAMILIAR THAN EVER STANDING IN THE CORNER.

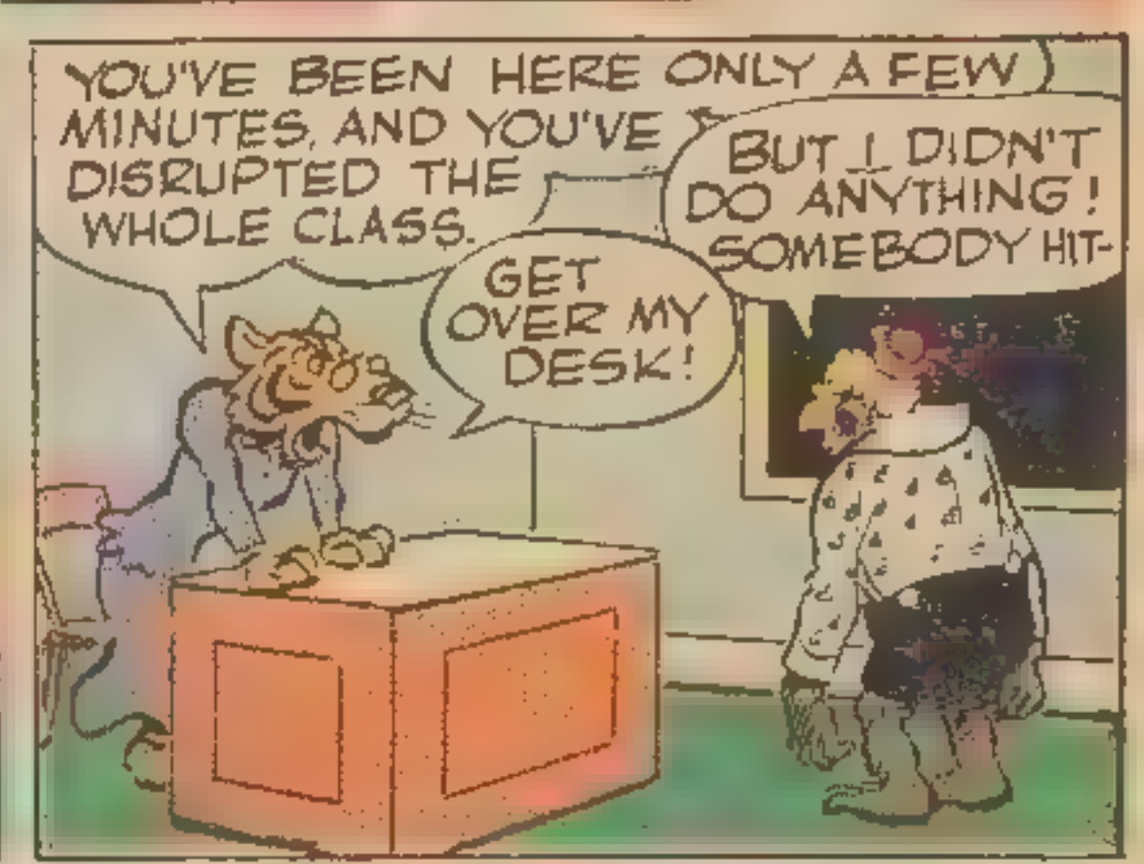

POOF!

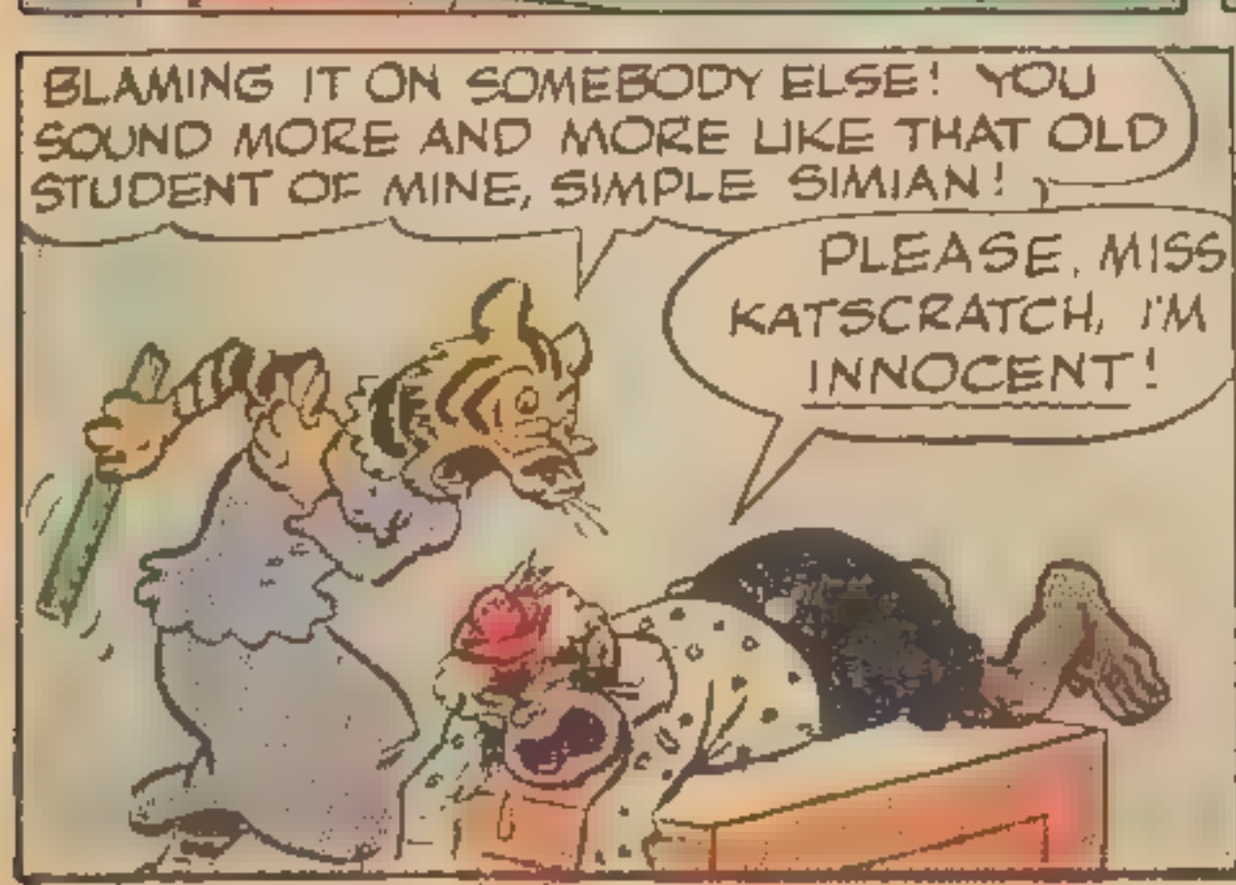

OW!

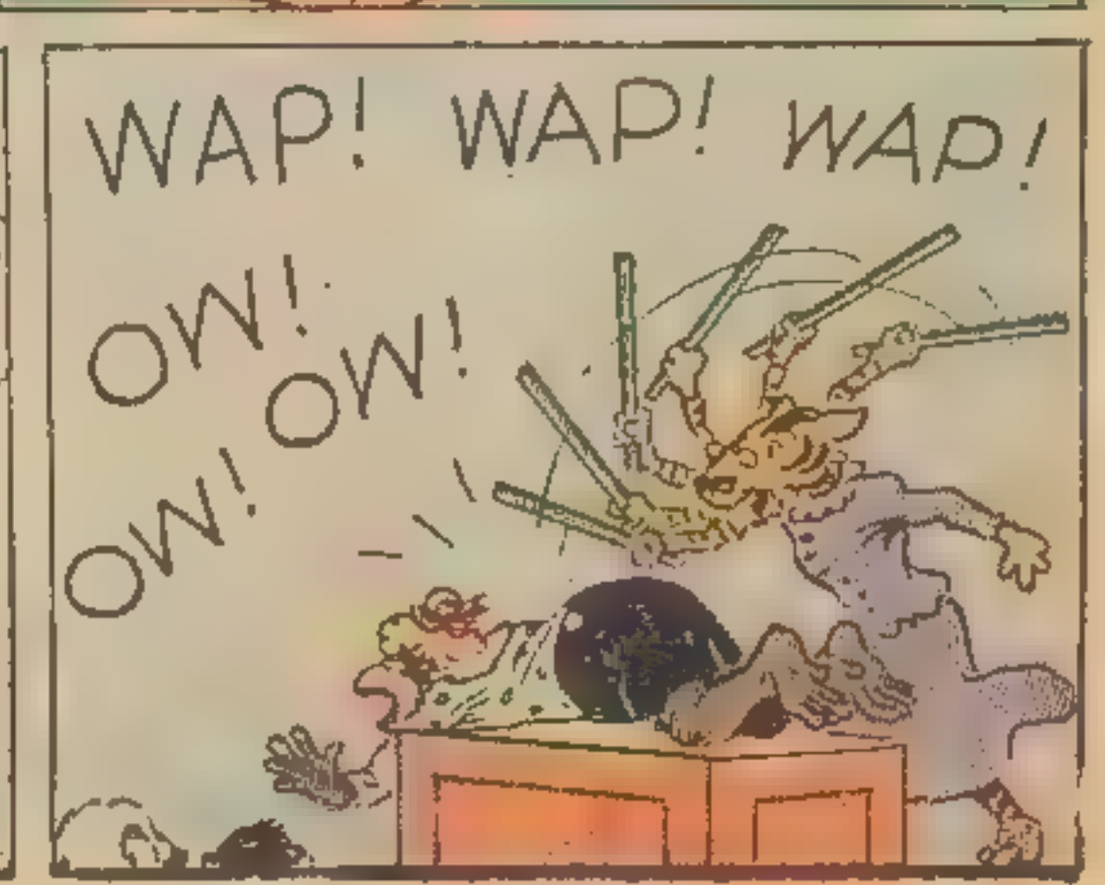

WHICH ONE OF YOU BRATS DID THAT?

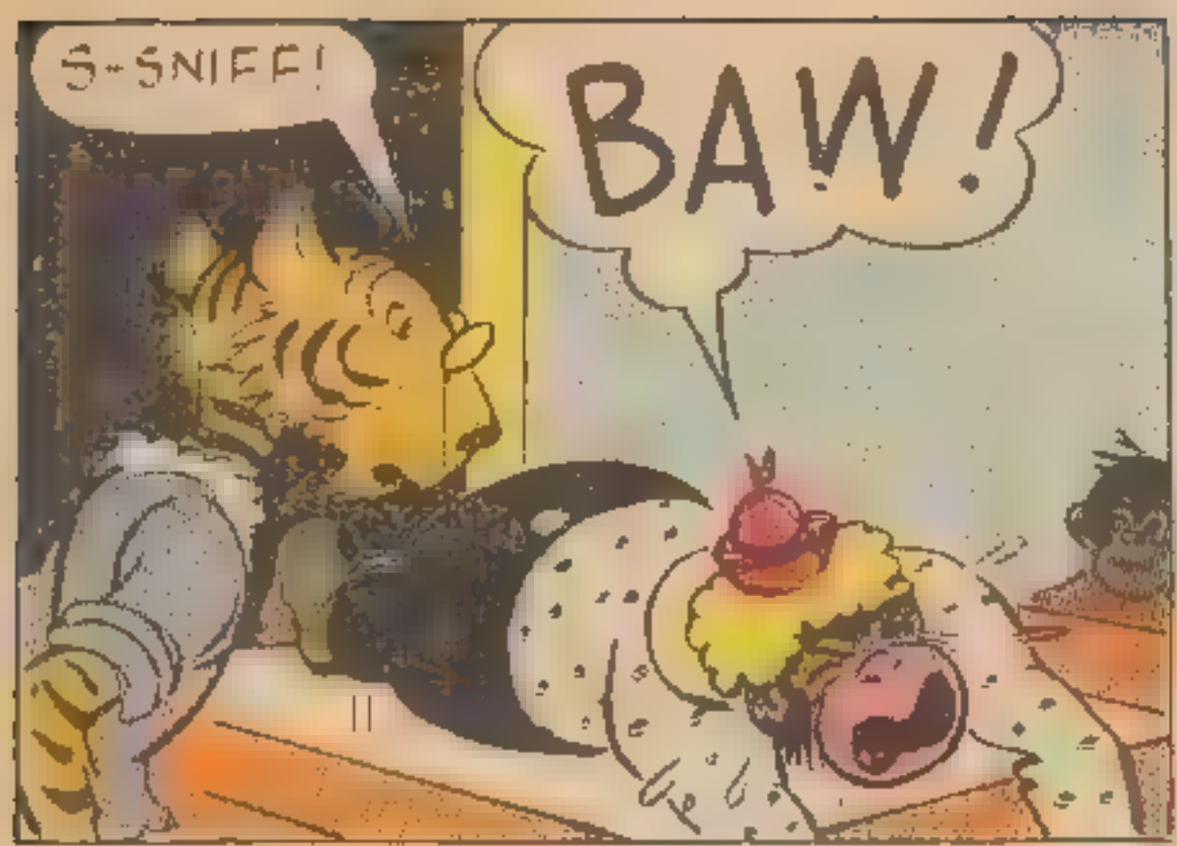

COME ON! SPEAK UP! OR I'LL WALLOP THE WHOLE LOT OF YOU!
MASTER JONES!

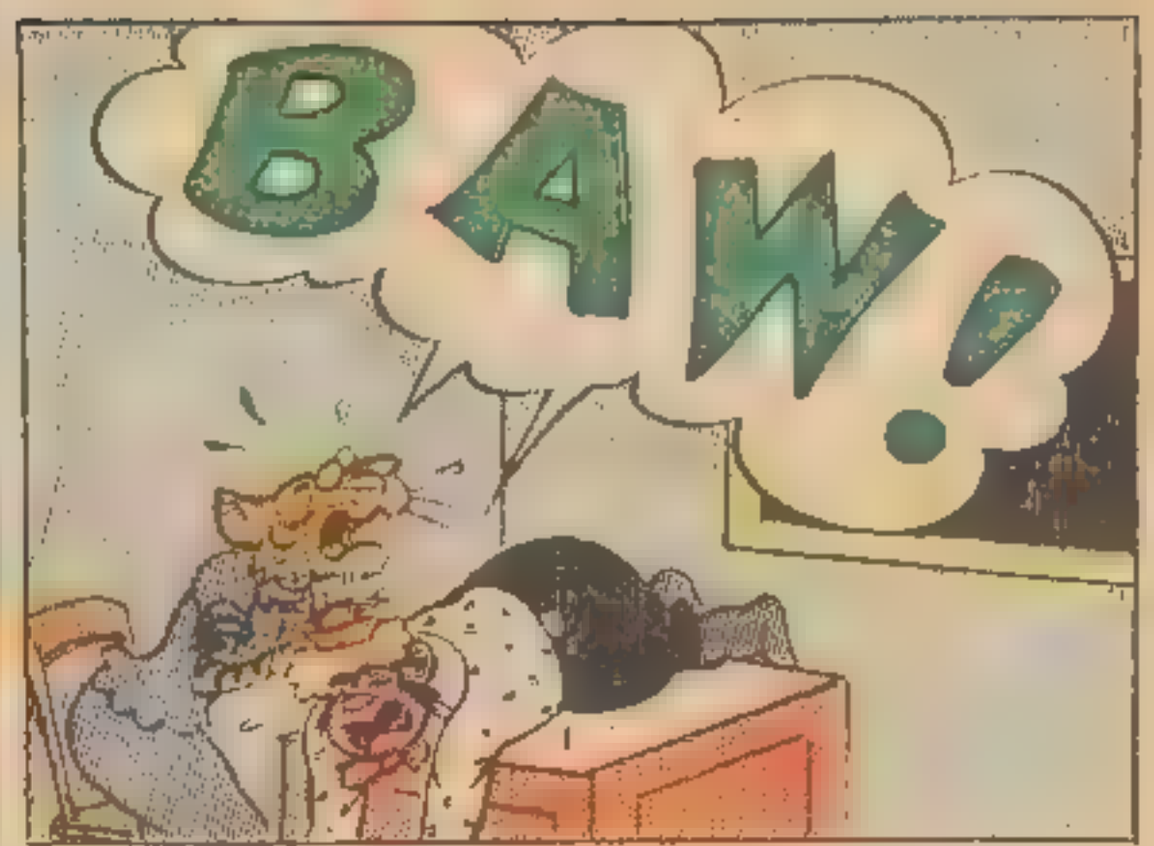

YOUR BEHAVIOR IS DISGRACEFUL! COME HERE!
YES'M.

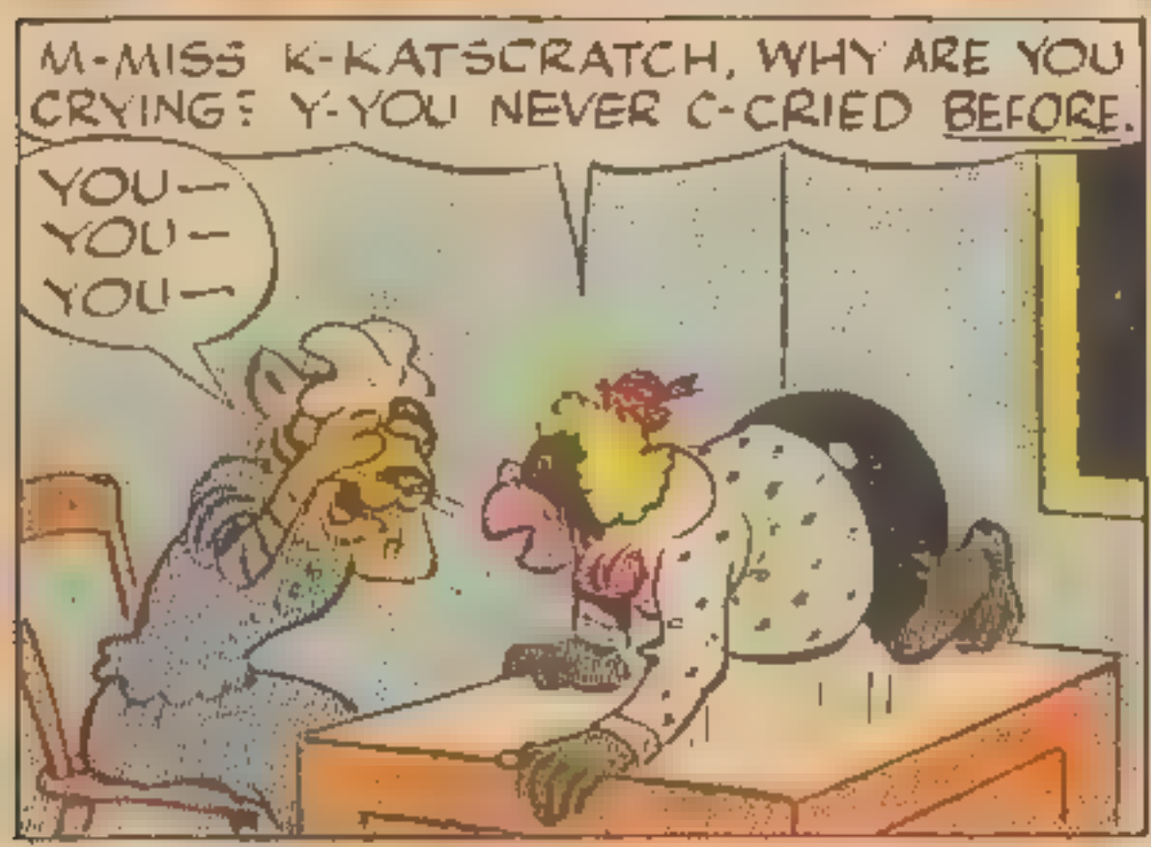

YOU'VE BEEN HERE ONLY A FEW MINUTES, AND YOU'VE DISRUPTED THE WHOLE CLASS.
GET OVER MY DESK!
BUT I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING! SOMEBODY HIT-

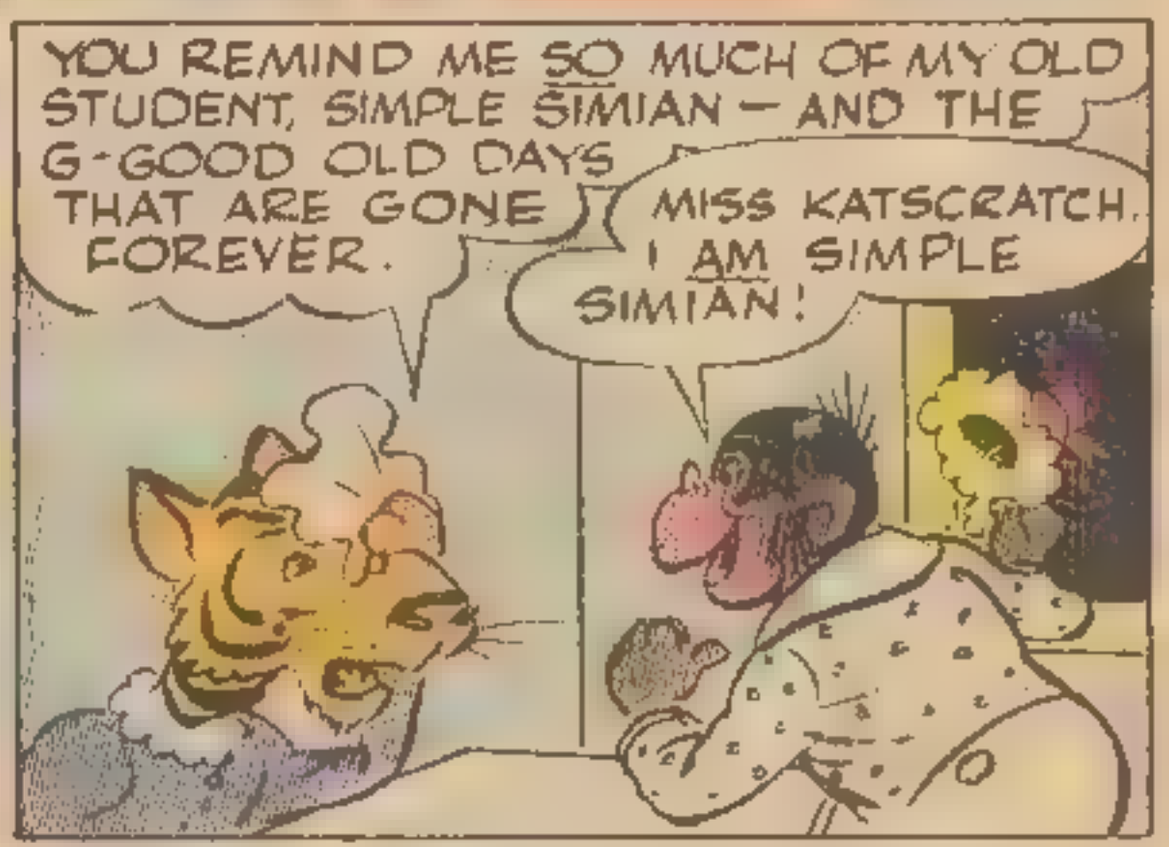

BLAMING IT ON SOMEBODY ELSE! YOU SOUND MORE AND MORE LIKE THAT OLD STUDENT OF MINE, SIMPLE SIMIAN!
PLEASE, MISS KATSCRATCH, I'M INNOCENT!

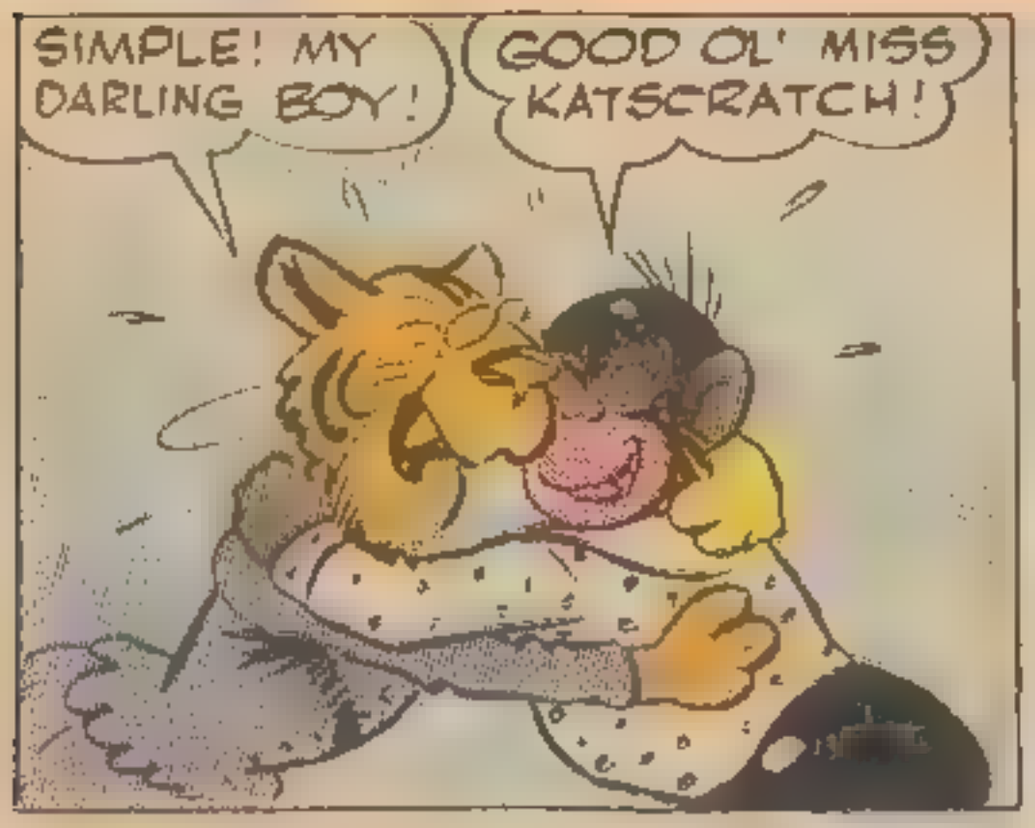

WAP! WAP! WAP!
OW! OW! OW!

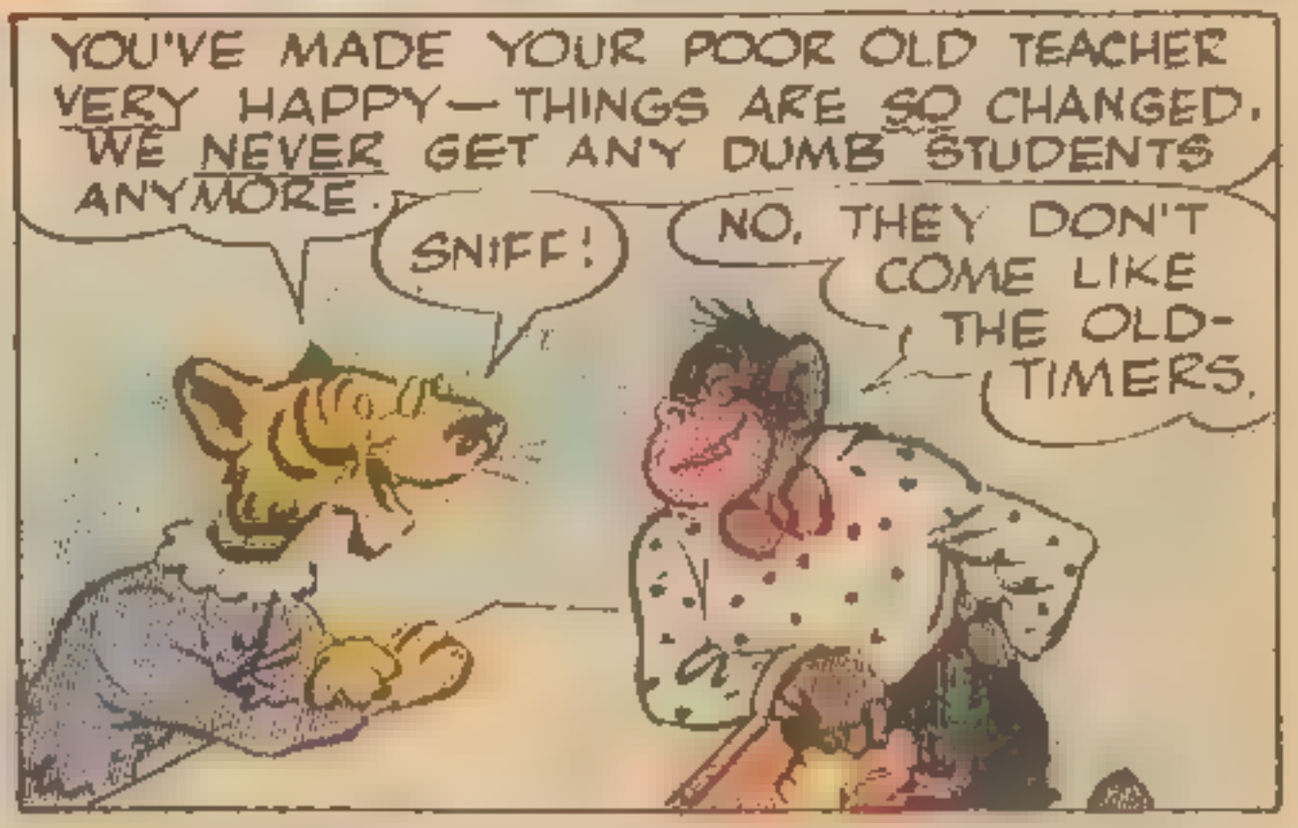

S-SNIFF!
BAW!

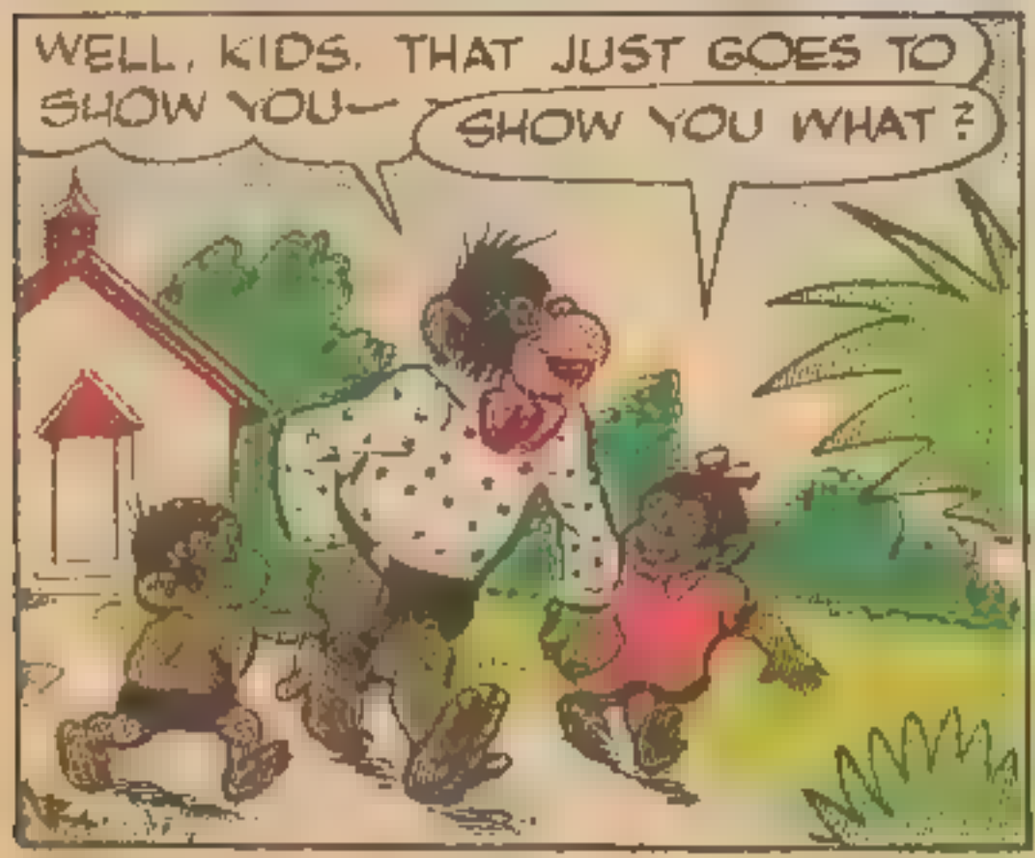

BAW!

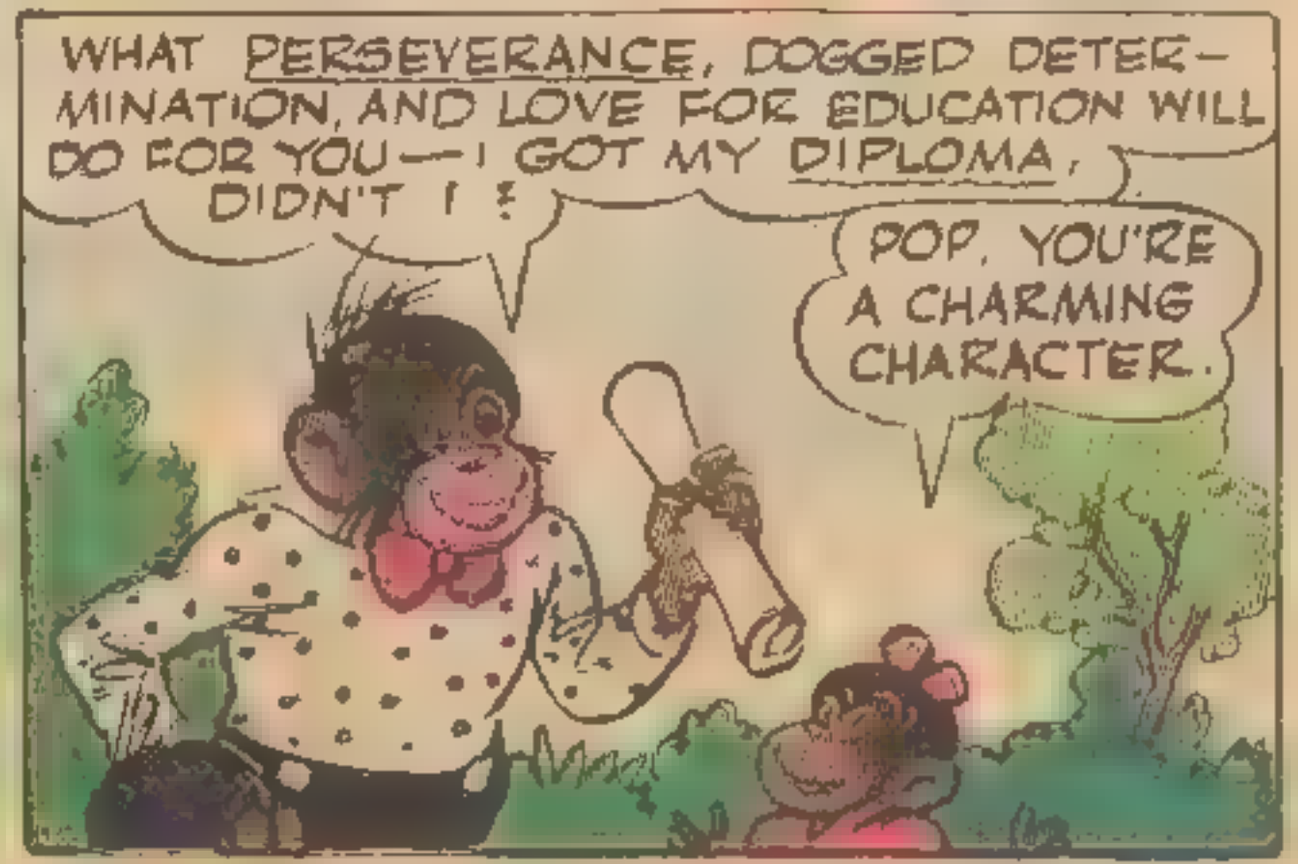

M-MISS K-KATSCRATCH, WHY ARE YOU CRYING? Y-YOU NEVER C-CRIED BEFORE.
YOU— YOU— YOU—


YOU REMIND ME SO MUCH OF MY OLD STUDENT, SIMPLE SIMIAN — AND THE G-GOOD OLD DAYS THAT ARE GONE FOREVER.
MISS KATSCRATCH, I AM SIMPLE SIMIAN!


SIMPLE! MY DARLING BOY!
GOOD OL' MISS KATSCRATCH!

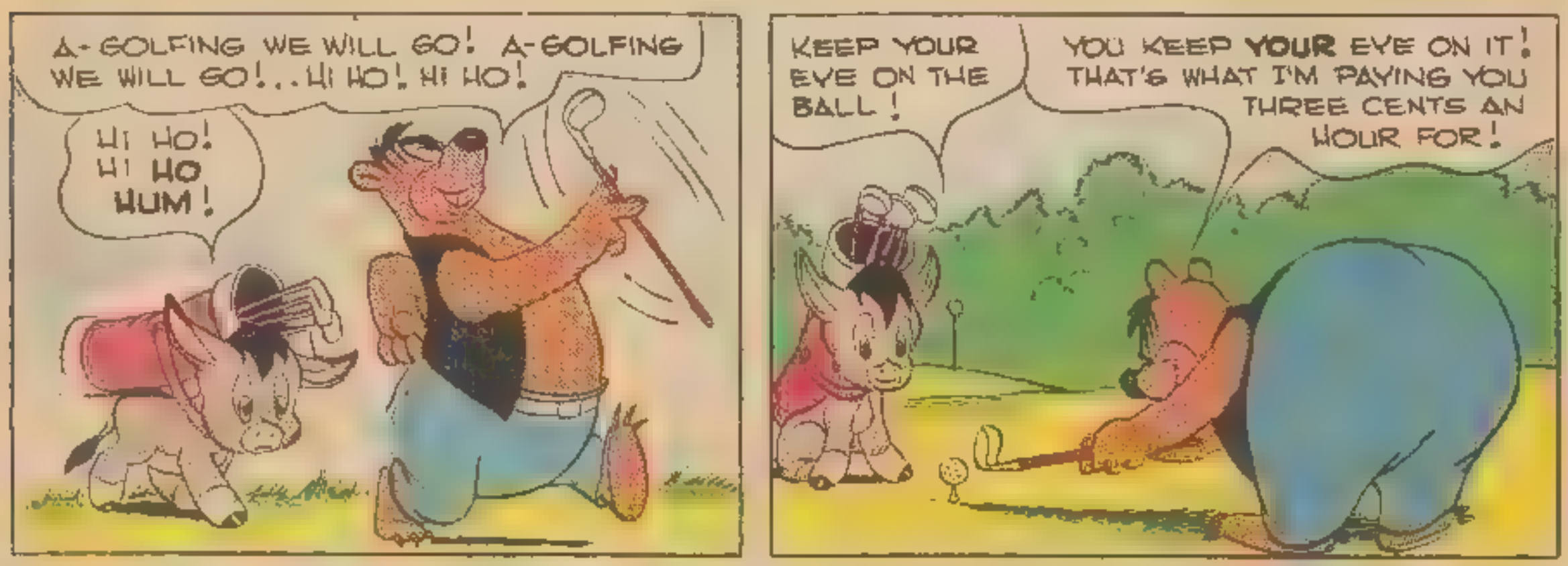

YOU'VE MADE YOUR POOR OLD TEACHER VERY HAPPY — THINGS ARE SO CHANGED. WE NEVER GET ANY DUMB STUDENTS ANYMORE.
SNIFF!
NO, THEY DON'T COME LIKE THE OLD-TIMERS.

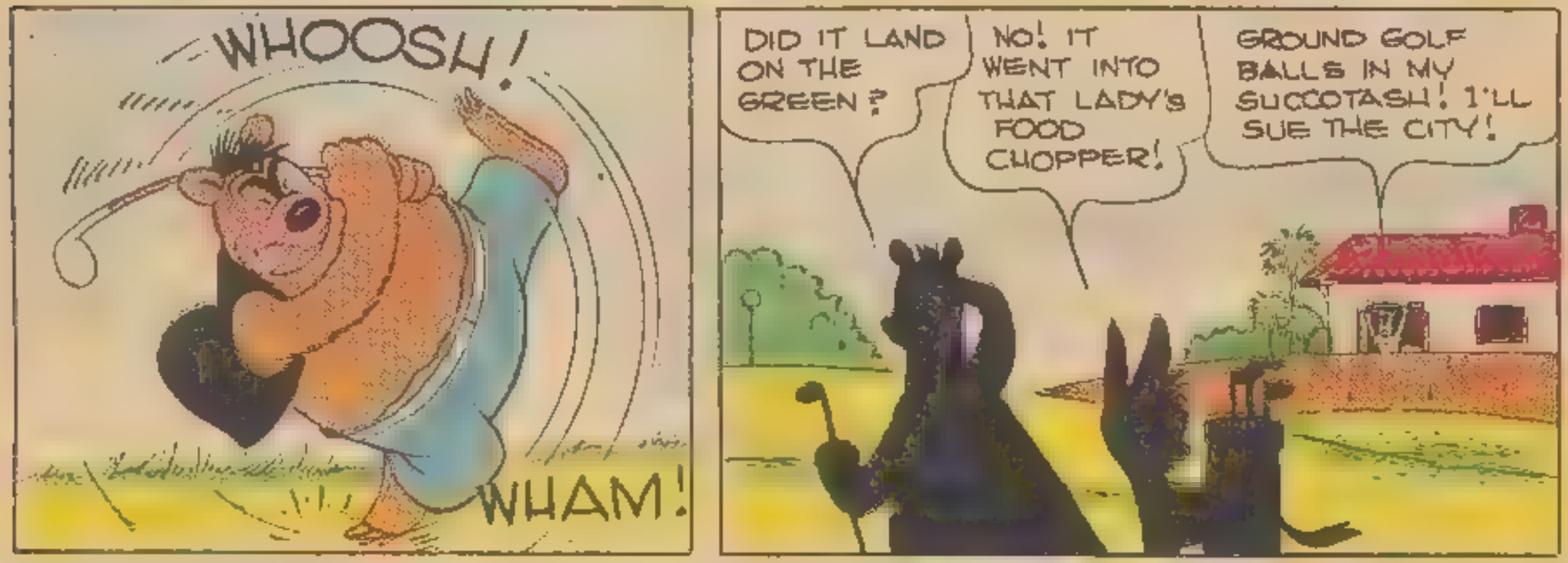

WELL, KIDS, THAT JUST GOES TO SHOW YOU—
SHOW YOU WHAT?

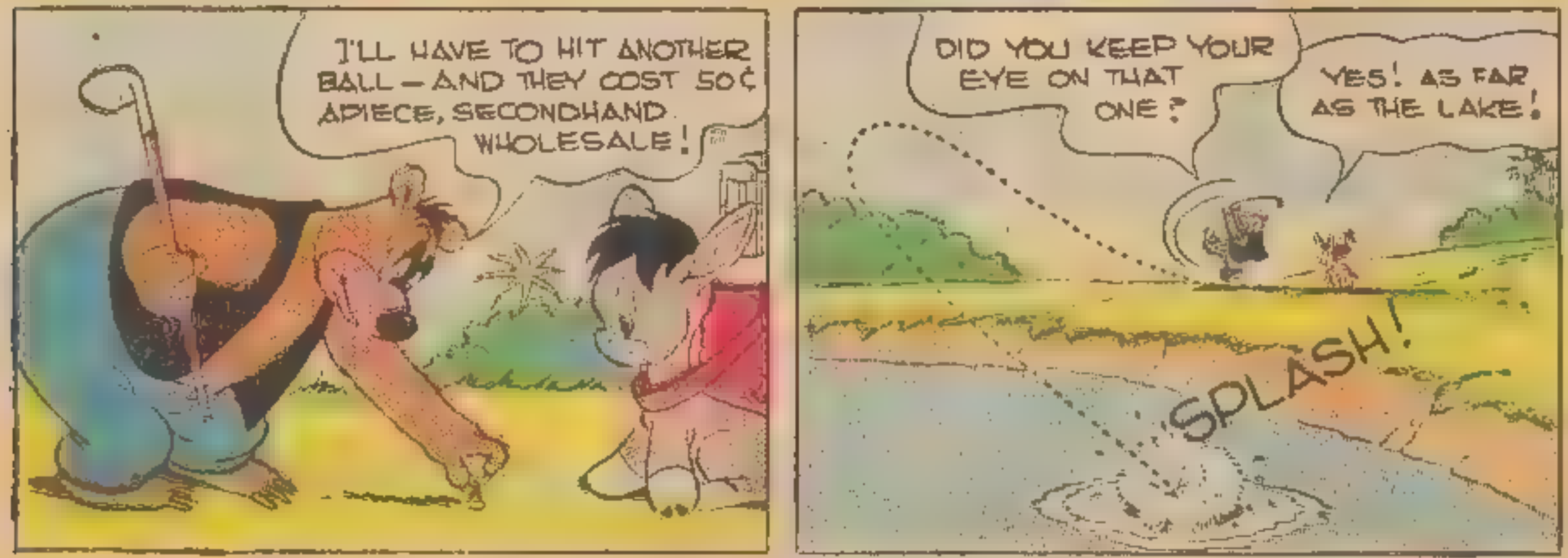

WHAT PERSEVERANCE, DOGGED DETERMINATION, AND LOVE FOR EDUCATION WILL DO FOR YOU — I GOT MY DIPLOMA, DIDN'T I?
POP, YOU'RE A CHARMING CHARACTER.

M-G-M Cartoons

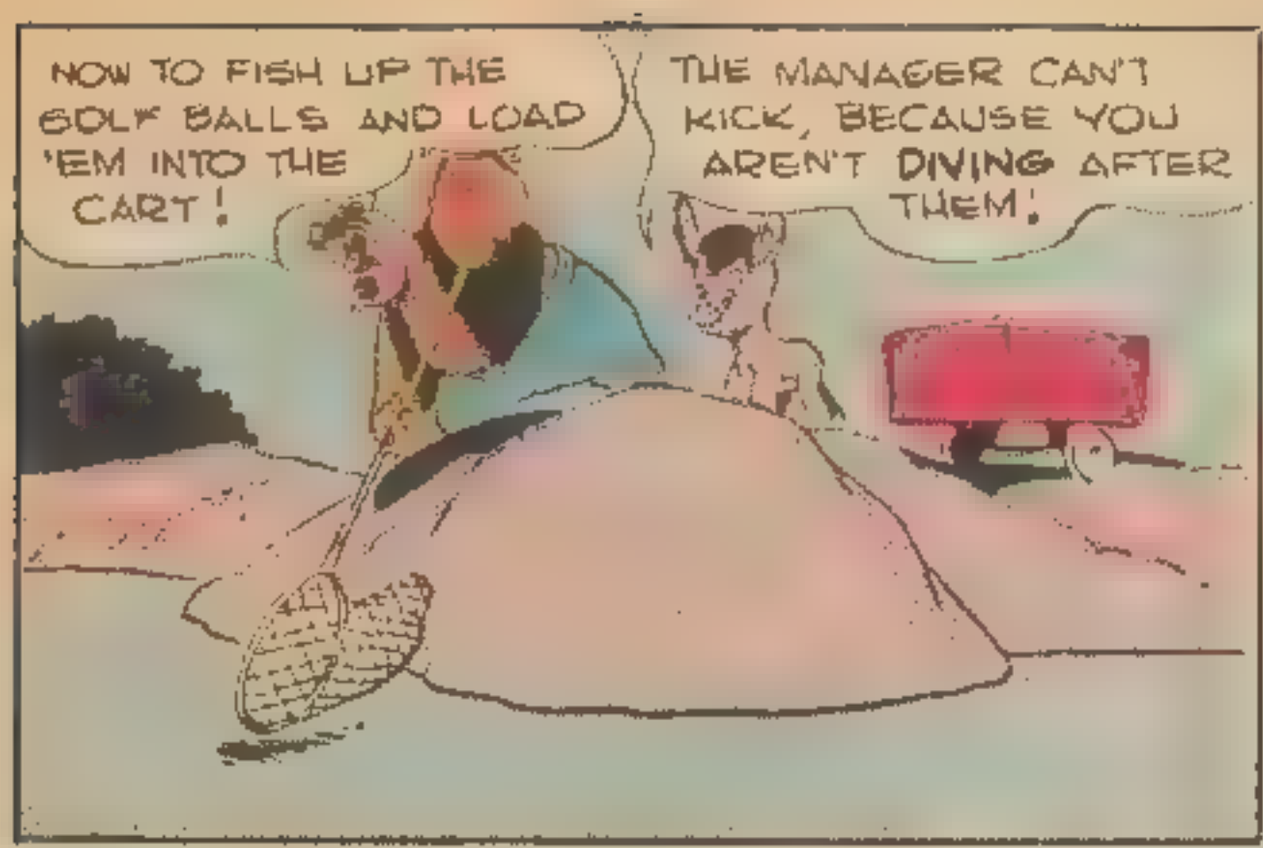
present Barney Bear and Benny Burro

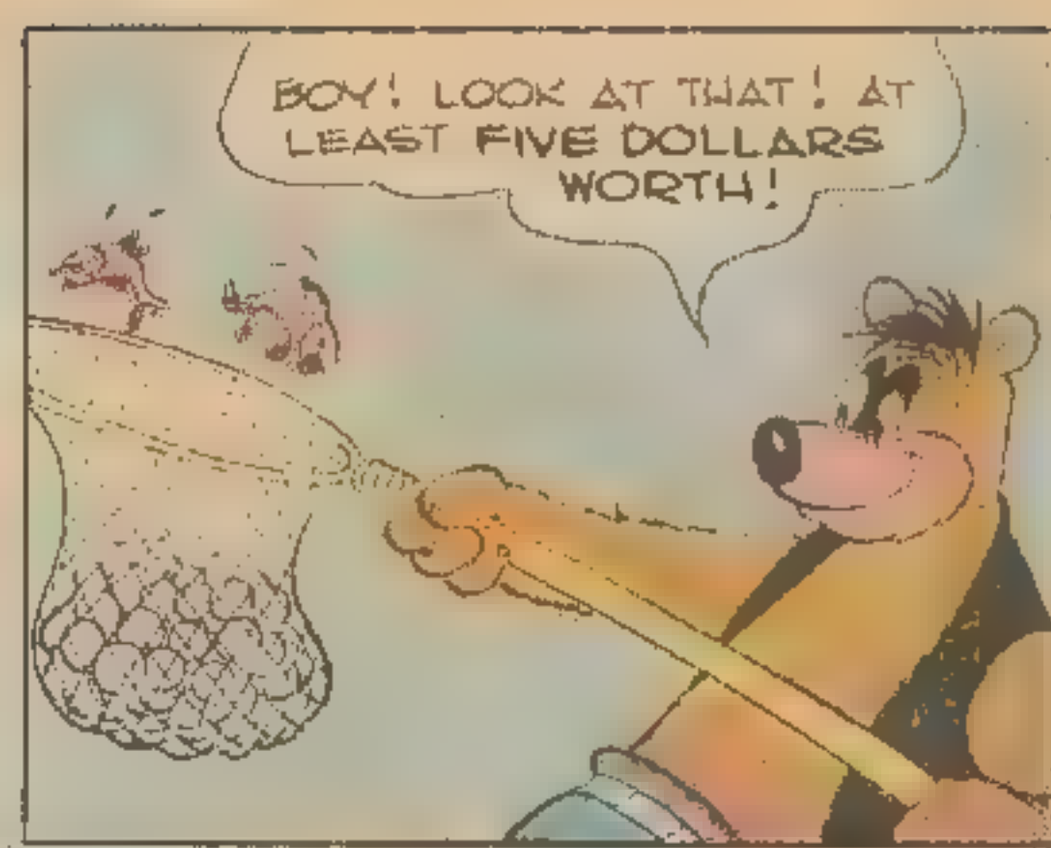


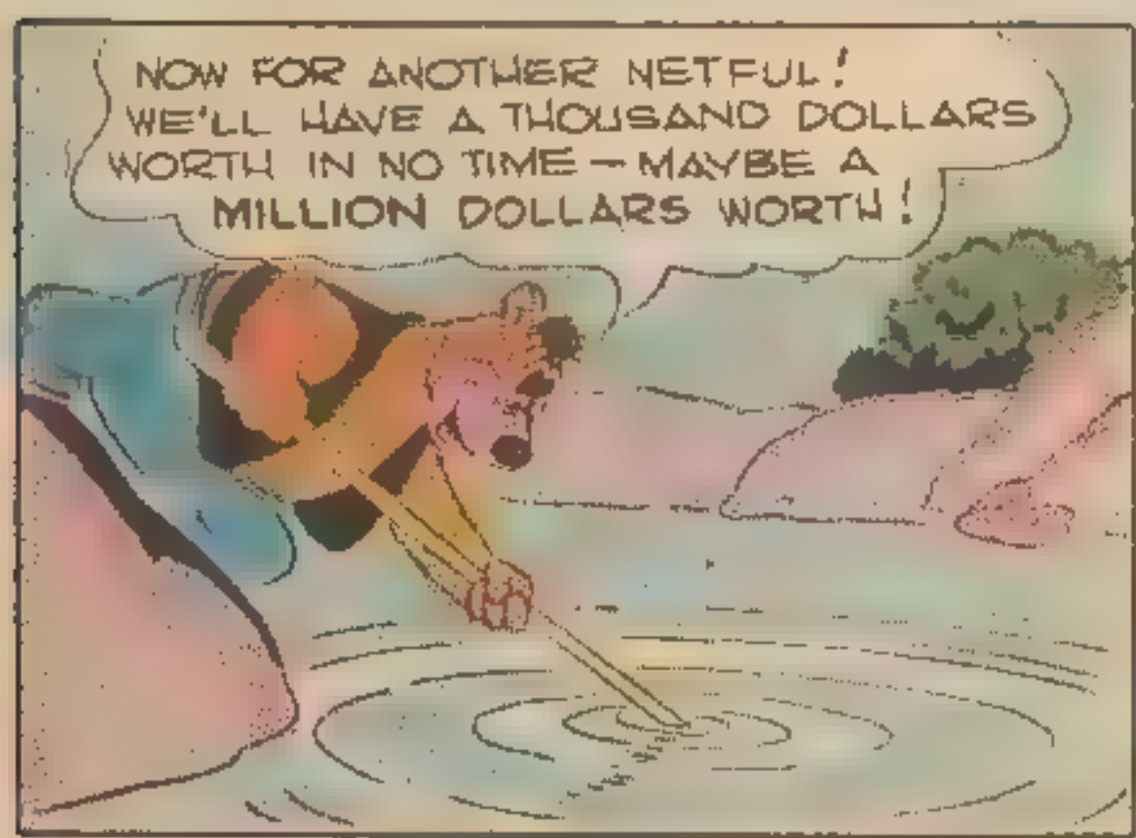


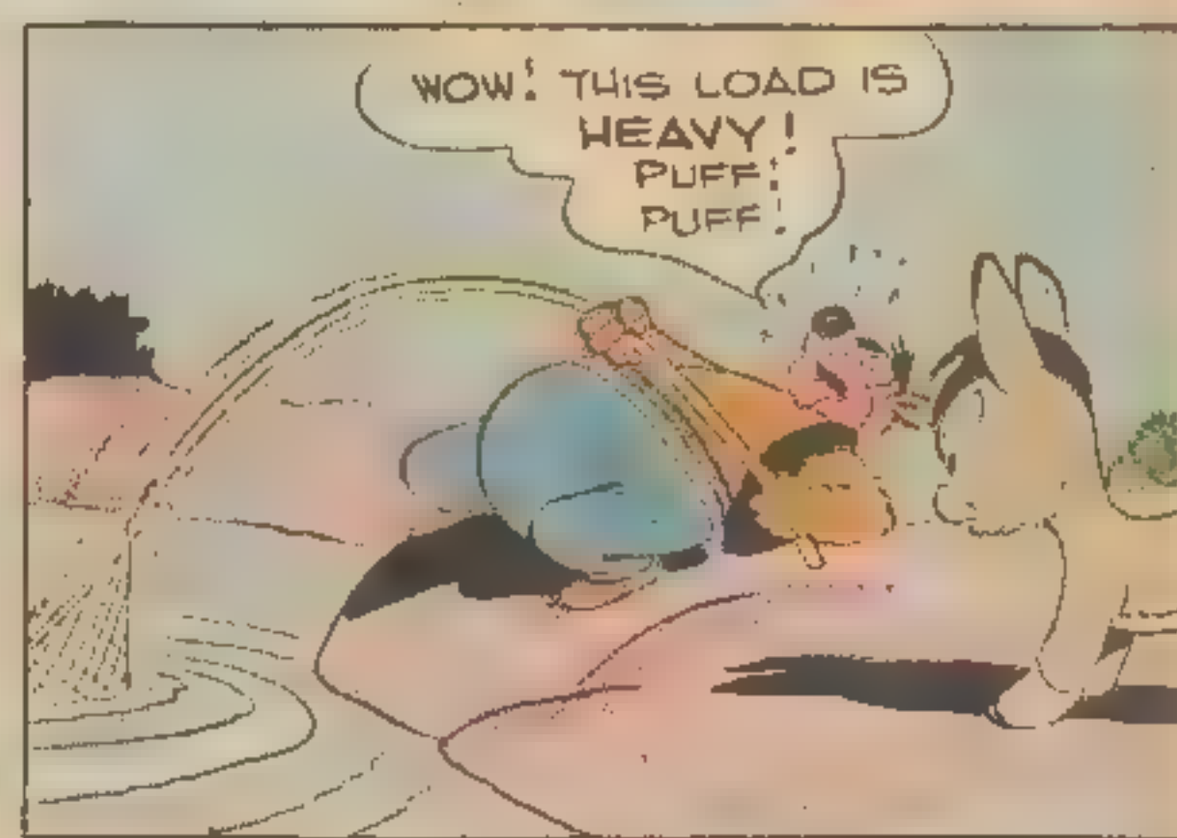


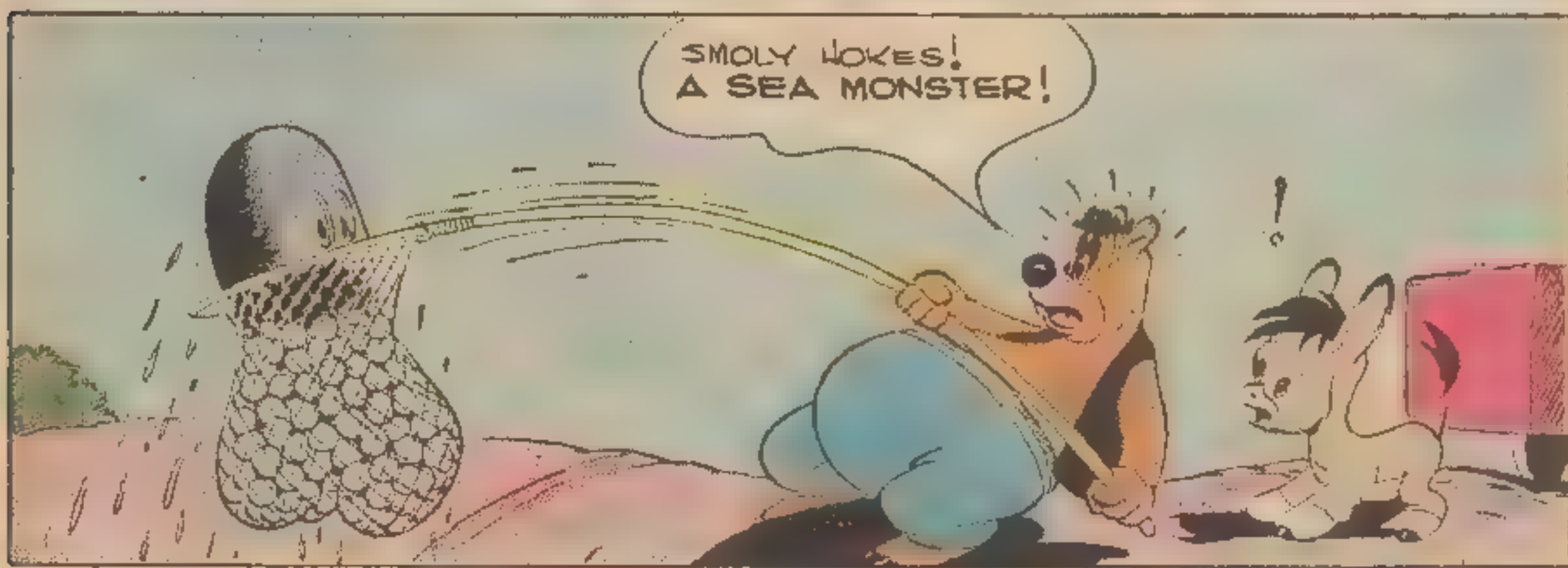
Order your Christmas gift now. See the back cover.

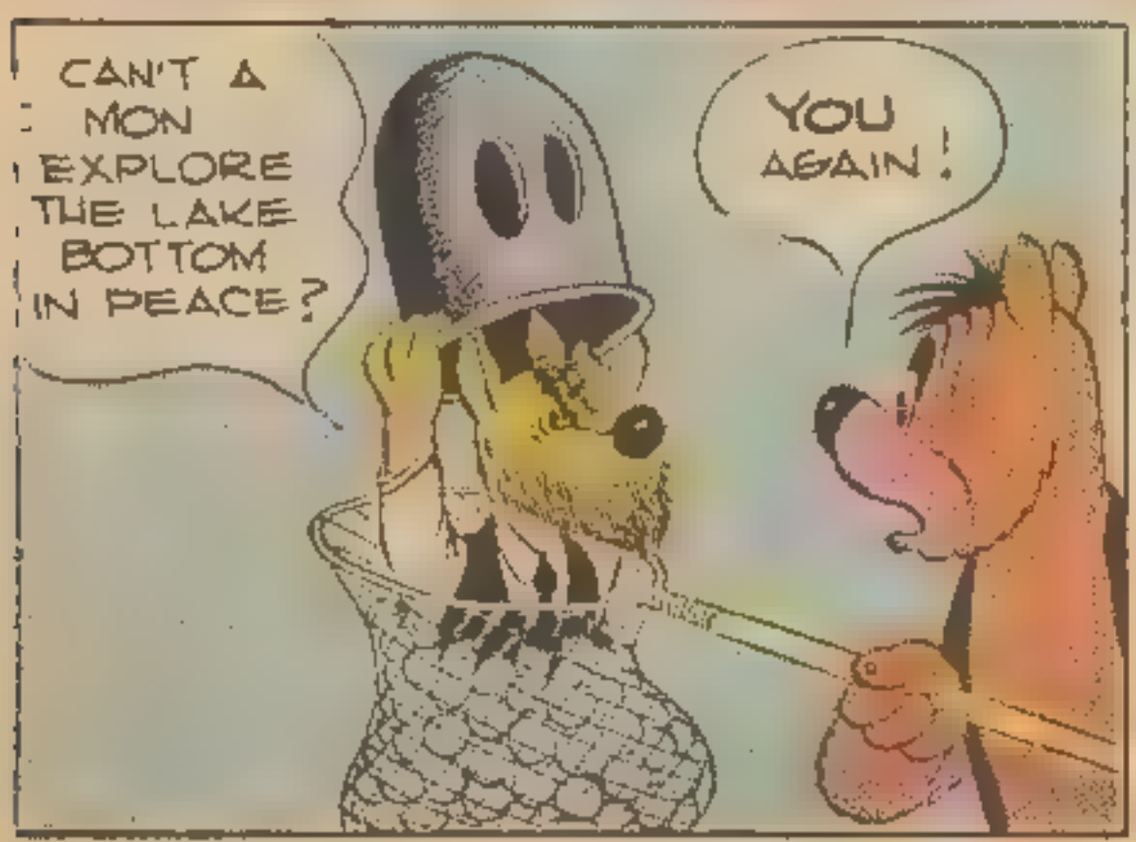

NOW TO FISH UP THE GOLF BALLS AND LOAD 'EM INTO THE CART!
THE MANAGER CAN'T KICK, BECAUSE YOU AREN'T DIVING AFTER THEM!

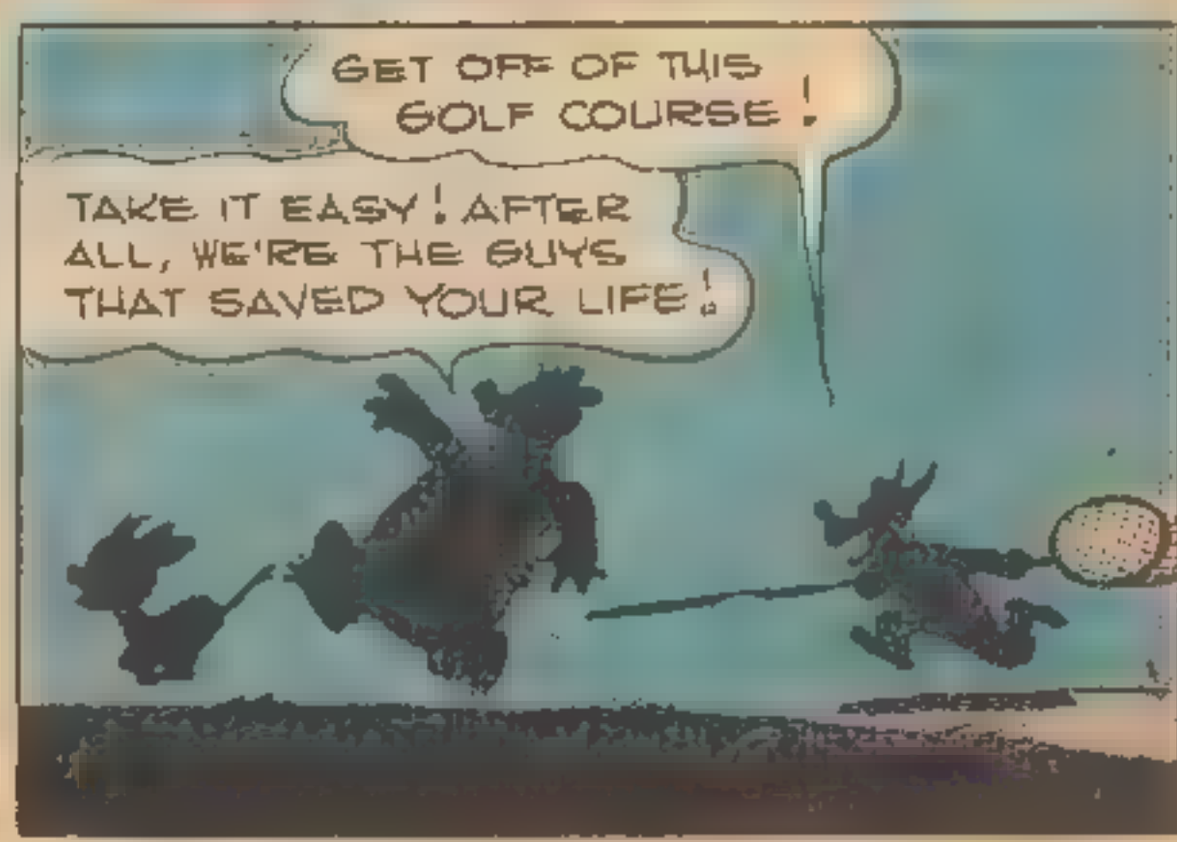

BOY! LOOK AT THAT! AT LEAST FIVE DOLLARS WORTH!

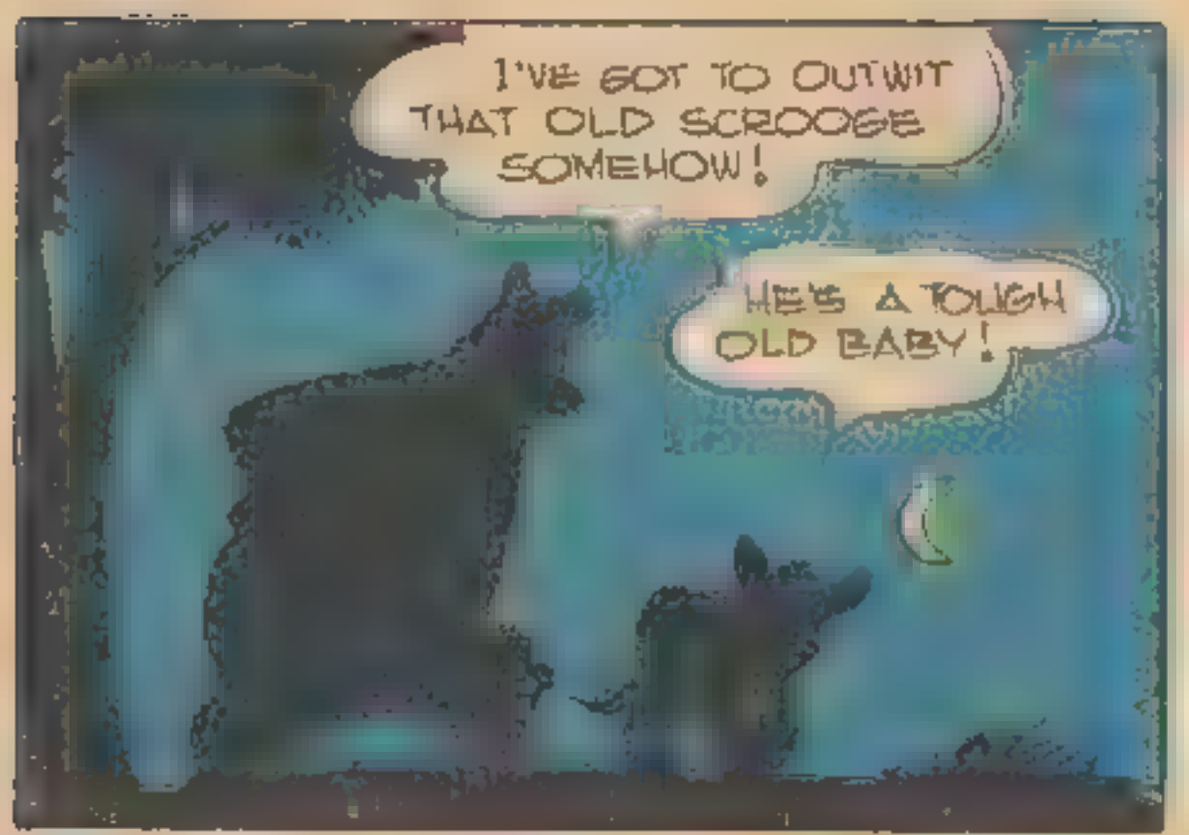

NOW FOR ANOTHER NETFUL! WE'LL HAVE A THOUSAND DOLLARS WORTH IN NO TIME — MAYBE A MILLION DOLLARS WORTH!


WOW! THIS LOAD IS HEAVY! PUFF! PUFF!


SMOLY MOKES! A SEA MONSTER!
!

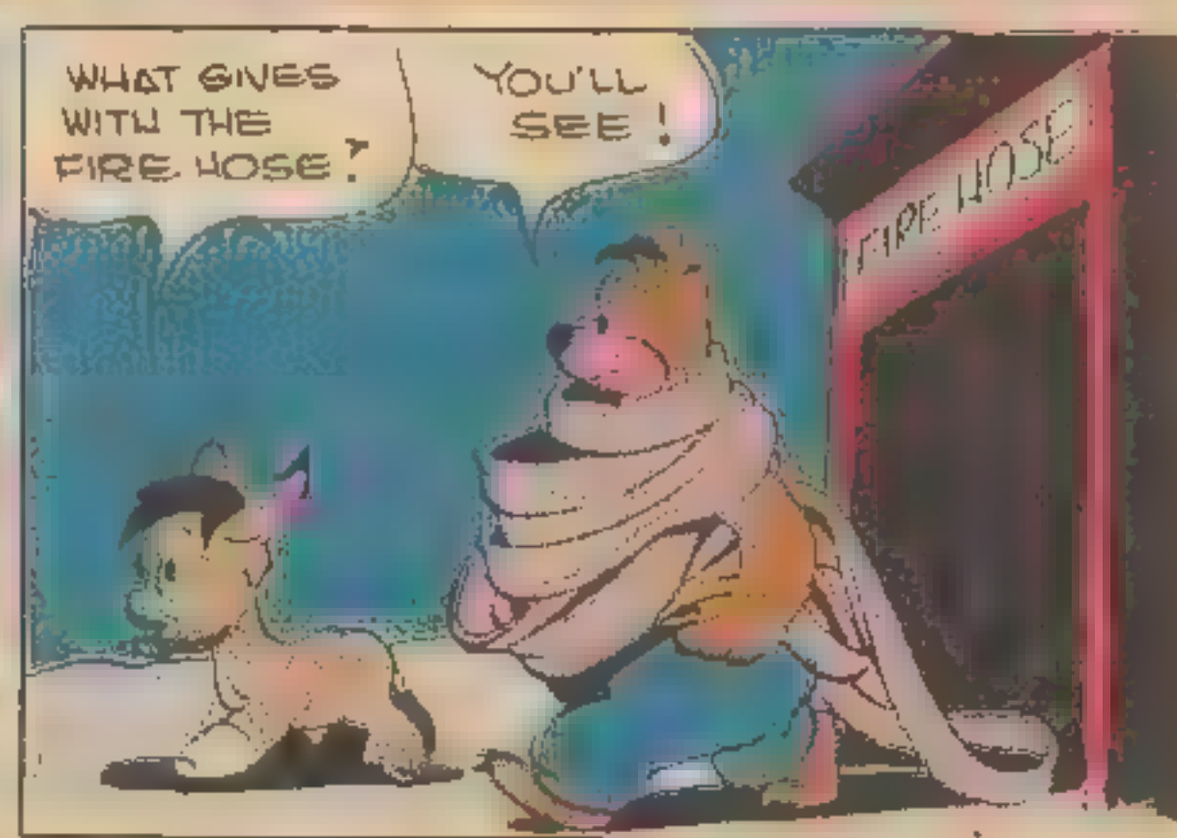

CAN'T A MON EXPLORE THE LAKE BOTTOM IN PEACE?
YOU AGAIN!


GET OFF OF THIS GOLF COURSE!
TAKE IT EASY! AFTER ALL, WE'RE THE GUYS THAT SAVED YOUR LIFE!

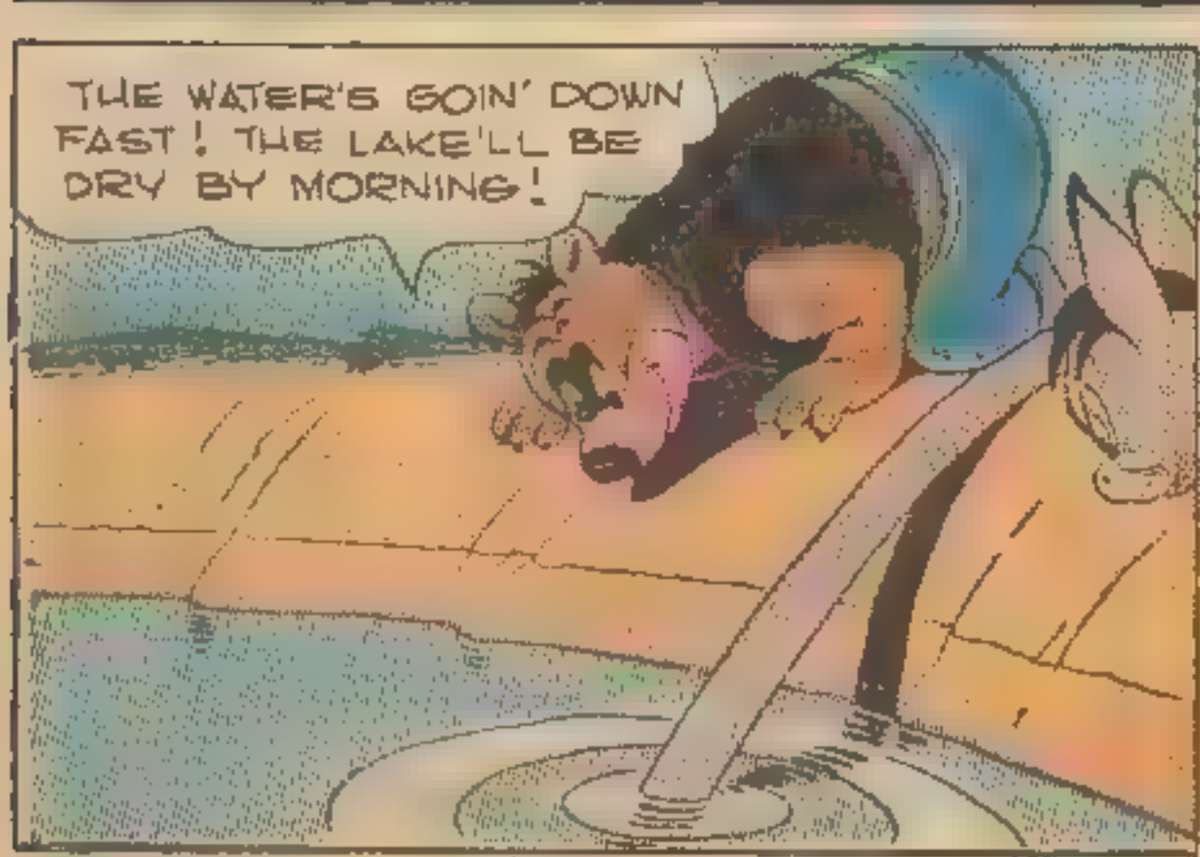

I'VE GOT TO OUTWIT THAT OLD SCROOGE SOMEHOW!
HE'S A TOUGH OLD BABY!

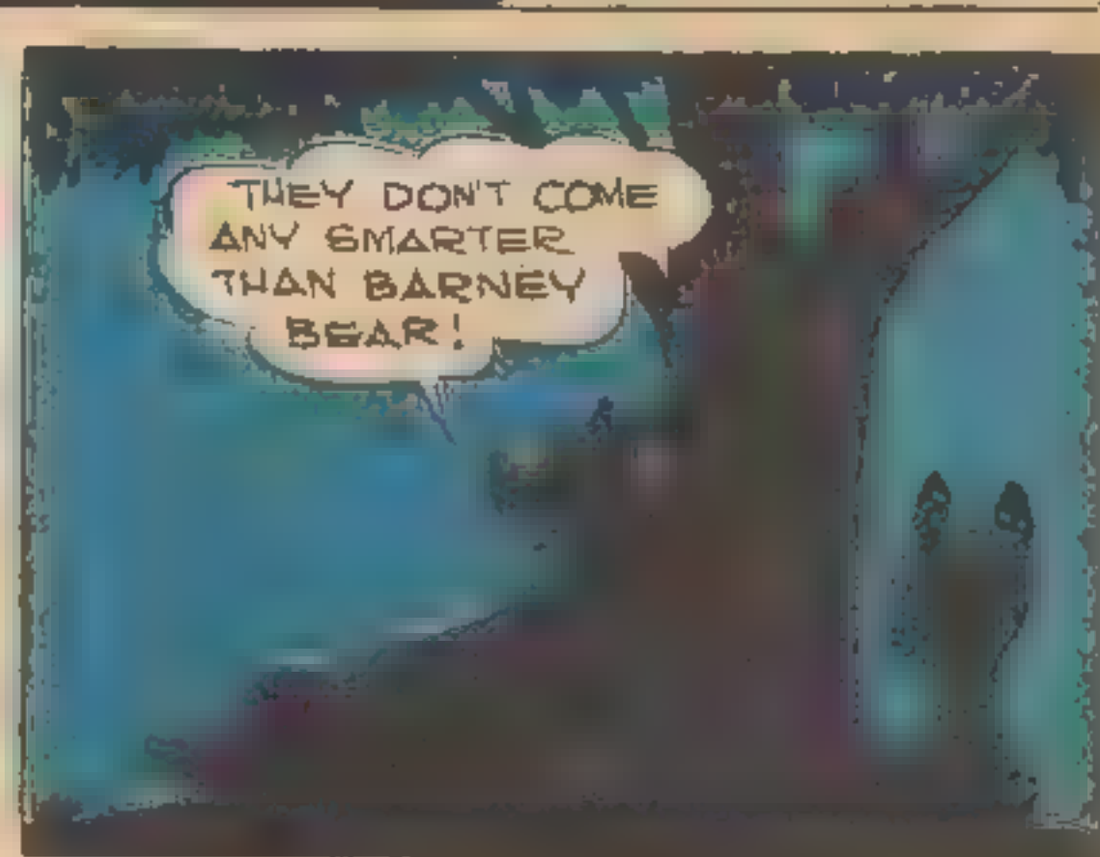
I KNOW WHAT I'LL DO!
IF IT'S DANGEROUS, COUNT ME ABSENT!

I'M GOIN' TO GET THEM GOLF BALLS BY SCIENTIFIC SKULLDUGGERY!
FIRE HOSE


WHAT GIVES WITH THE FIRE HOSE?
YOU'LL SEE!
FIRE HOSE

FIRST WE SIPHON ALL THE WATER OUT OF THE LAKE, THEN GATHER UP THE BALLS AND SCRAM!


THE WATER'S GOIN' DOWN FAST! THE LAKE'LL BE DRY BY MORNING!


THEY DON'T COME ANY SMARTER THAN BARNEY BEAR!

12 BAD SWINGS LATER!

EVERY BALL I TRY TO HIT DOWN THE FAIRWAY GOES INTO THE LAKE!

TRY TO HIT ONE INTO THE LAKE AND MAYBE IT'LL GO DOWN THE FAIRWAY!

SOUNDS SILLY, BUT I'LL TRY IT!

THERE! IT WORKED LIKE A CHARM!

NOTHING WRONG WITH THAT LIE!

ONE MORE GOOD DRIVE WILL PUT YOU ON THE GREEN!

REMEMBER! IF YOU WANT TO LAND ON THE GREEN OVER HERE, YOU BETTER AIM THE BALL TOWARD THAT TREE OVER THERE!

I'LL AIM EXACTLY AT THAT HORNET'S NEST! THAT SHOULD CAUSE THE BALL TO GO STRAIGHT TO THE PIN!

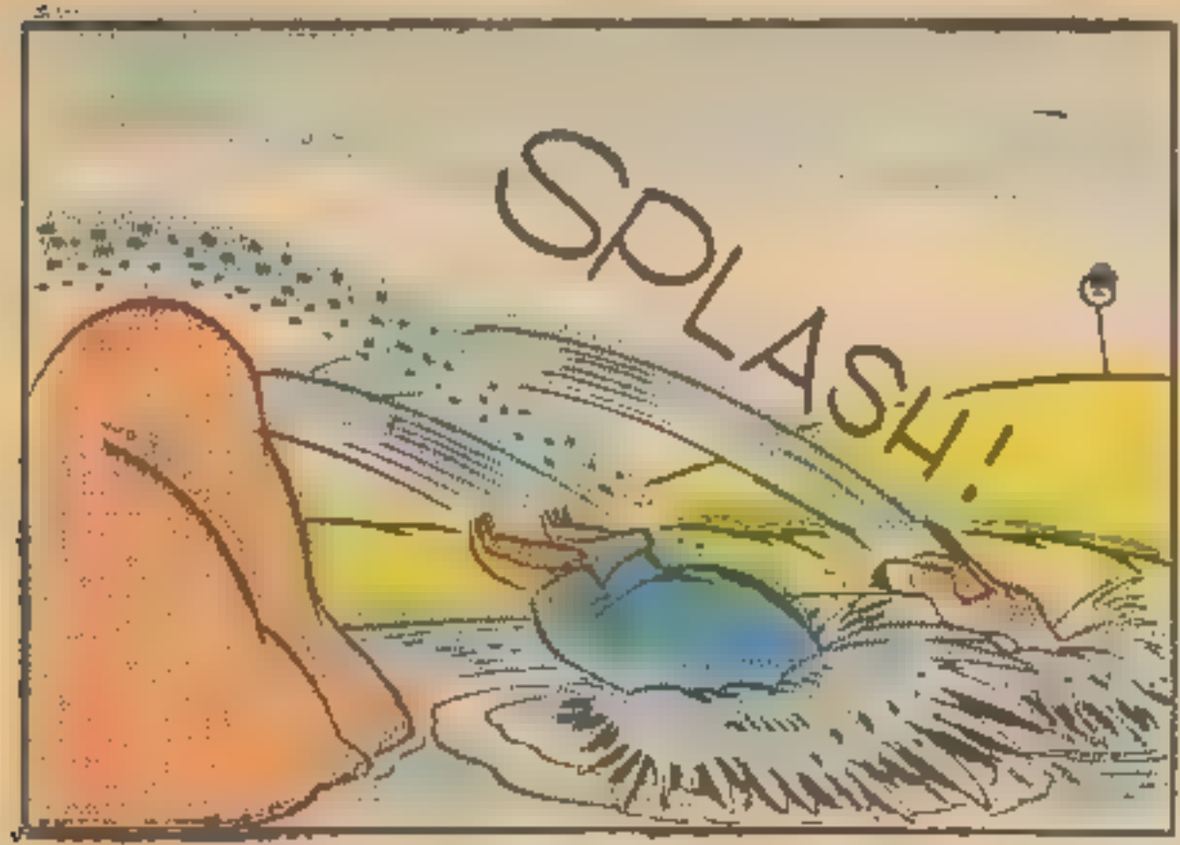
HEY! THAT'S GOIN' STRAIGHT WHERE YOU AIMED IT! HAVEN'T YOU ANY CONTROL?

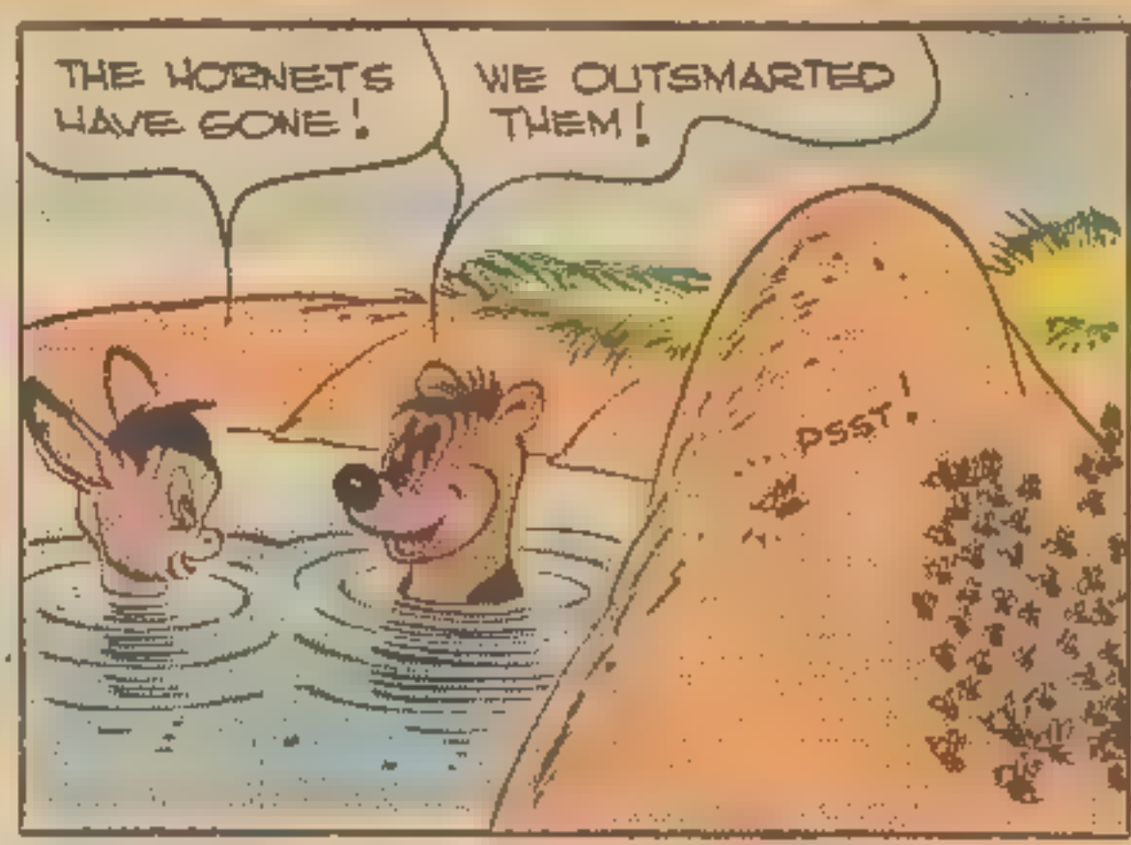
SOCK!

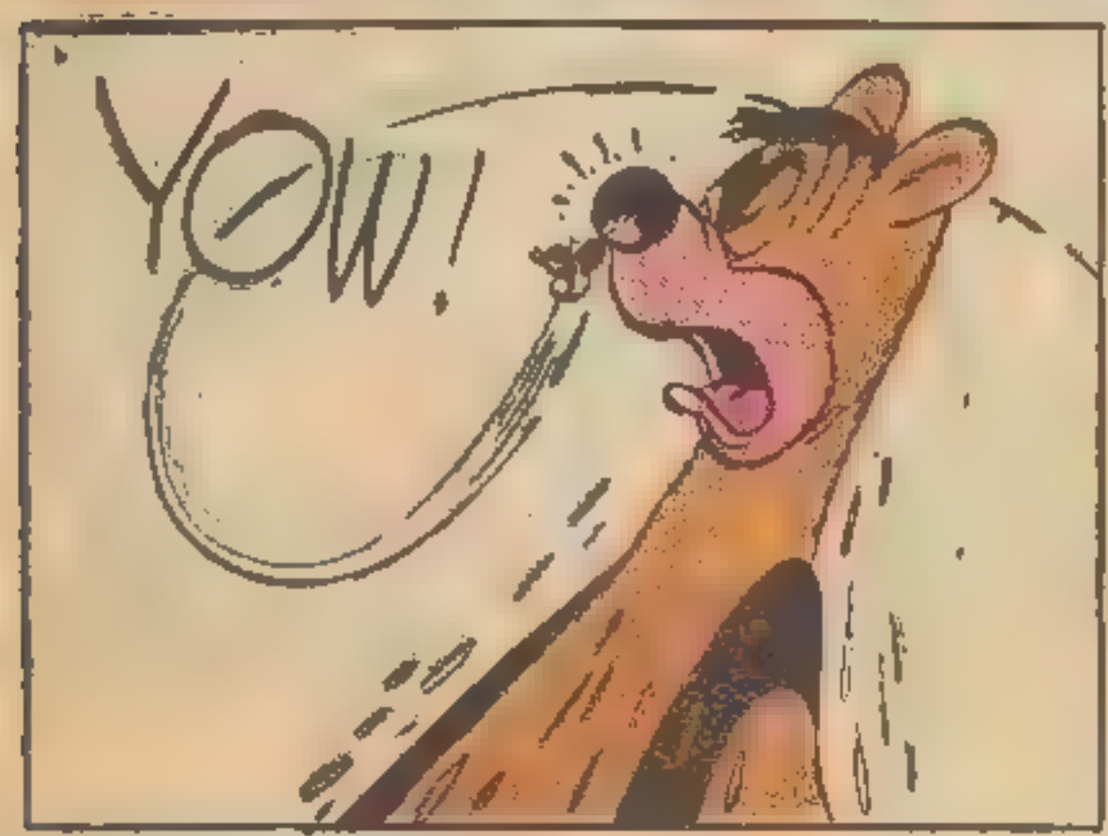
THUD!

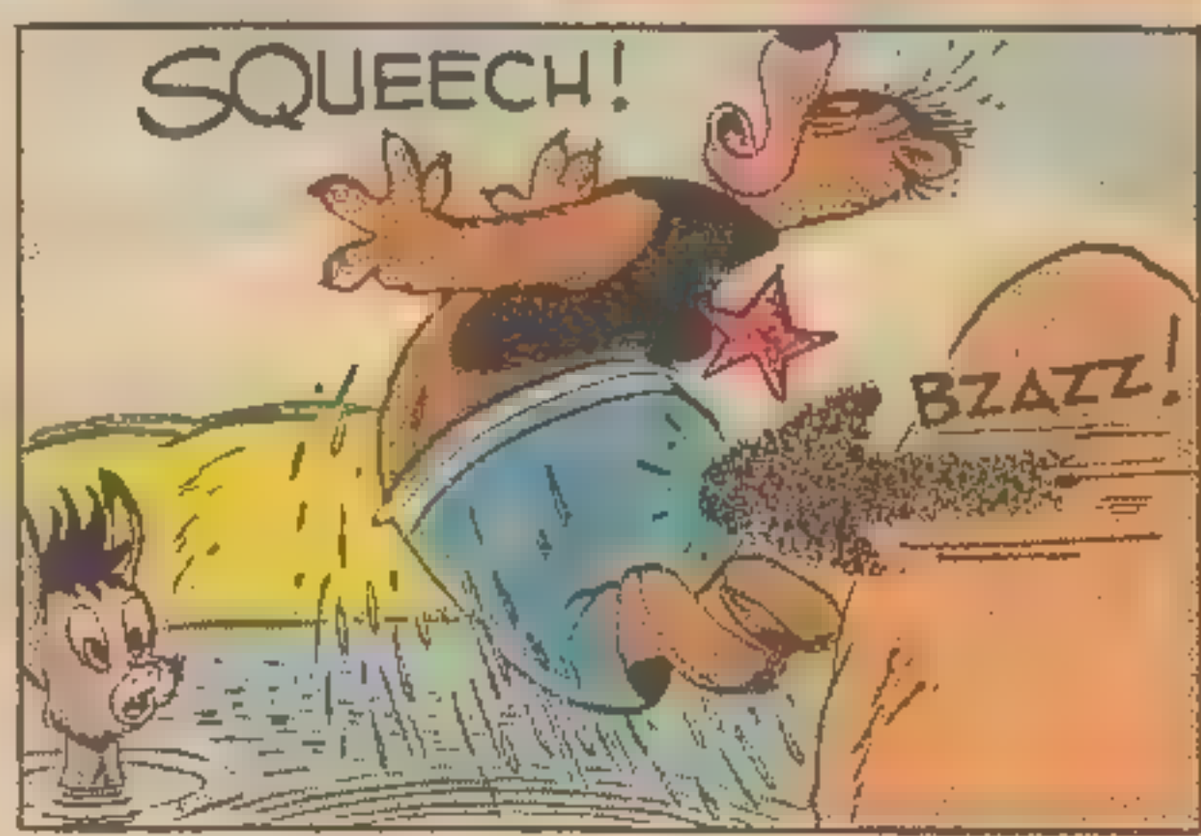
RUN FOR THE LAKE!

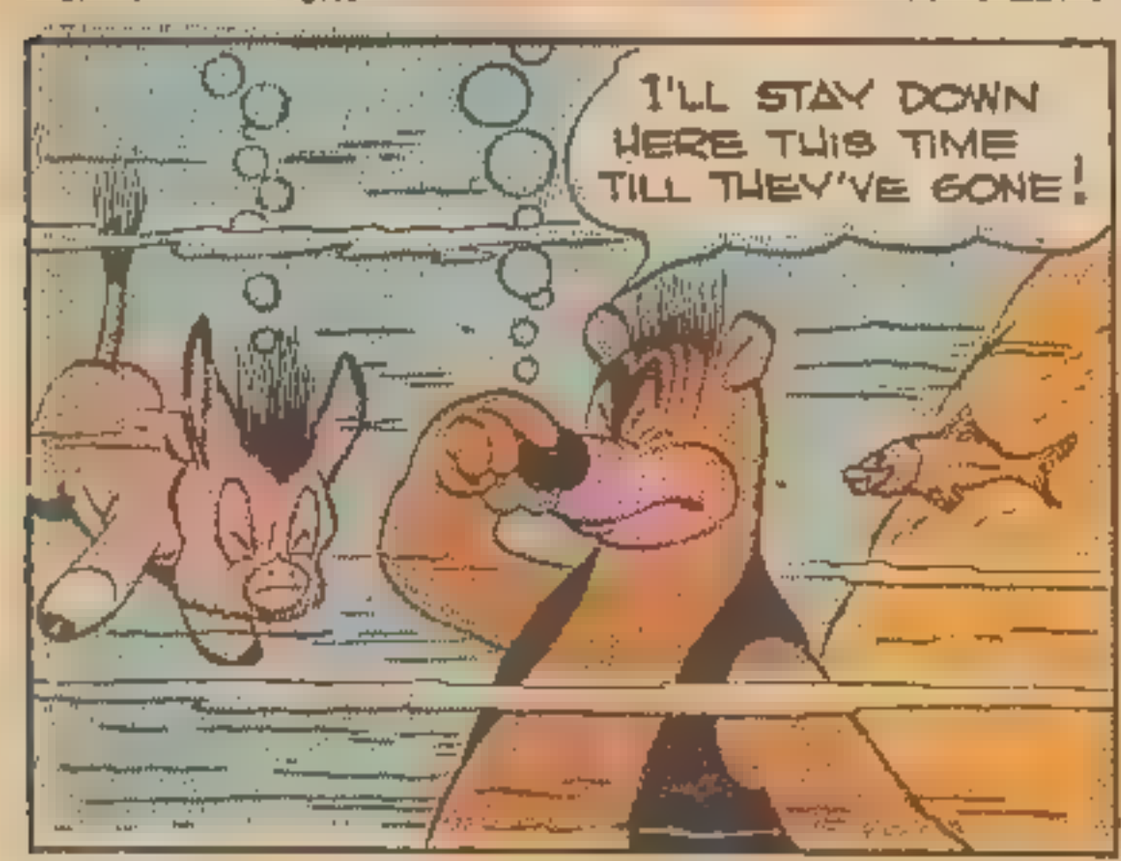
OW!

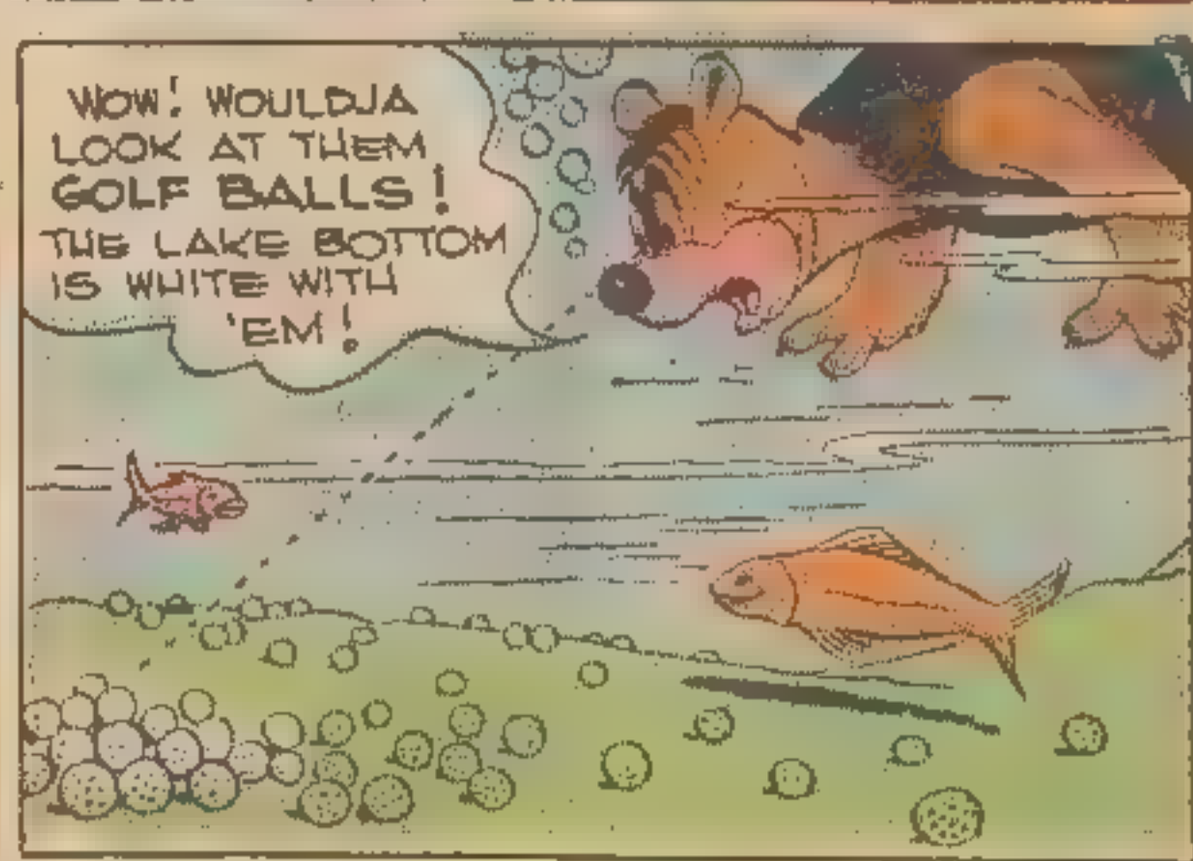

SPLASH!

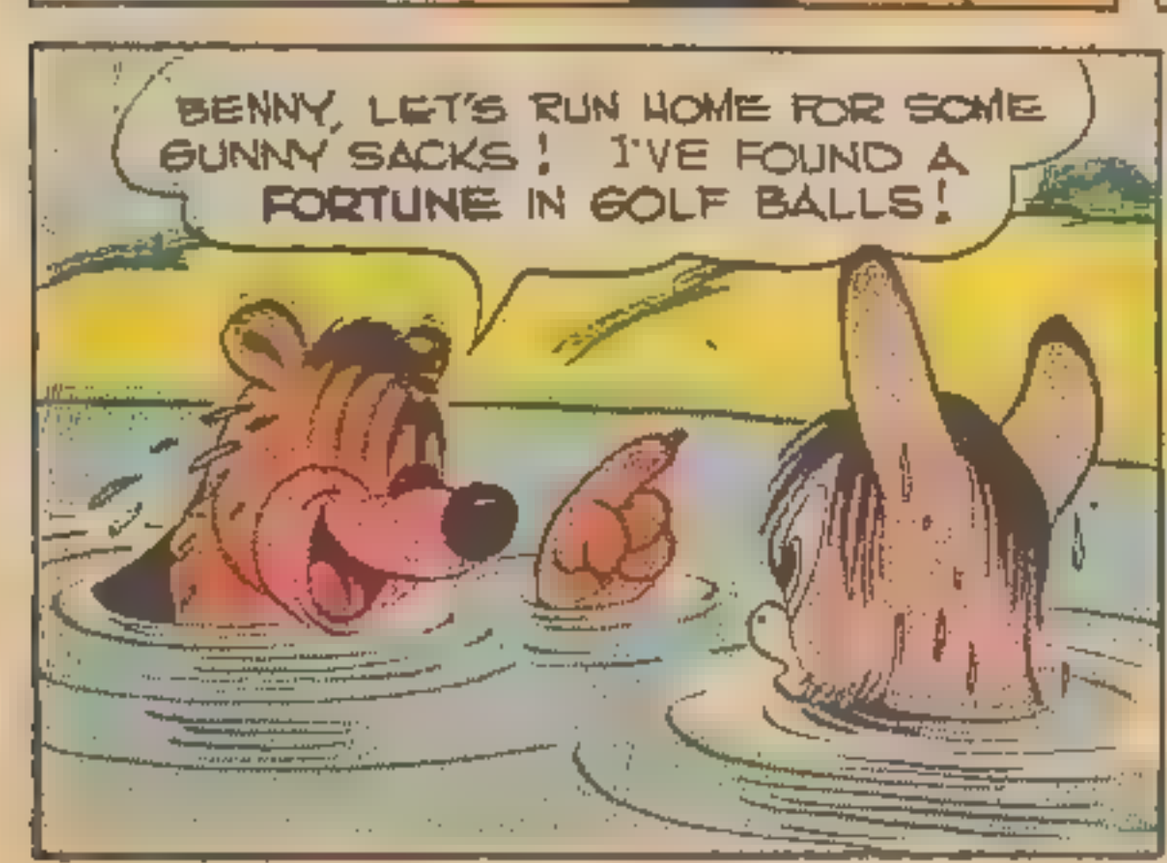

THE HORNETS HAVE GONE!
WE OUTSMARTED THEM!
PSST!

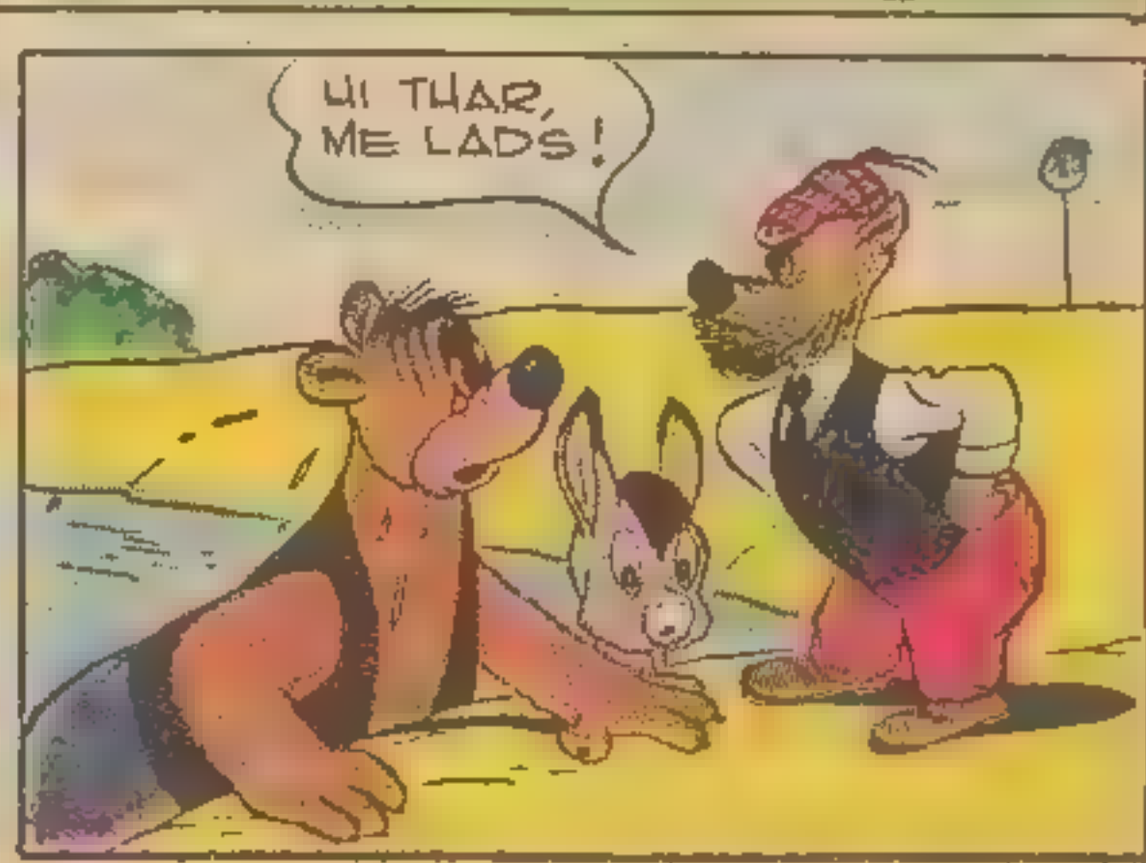

YOW!

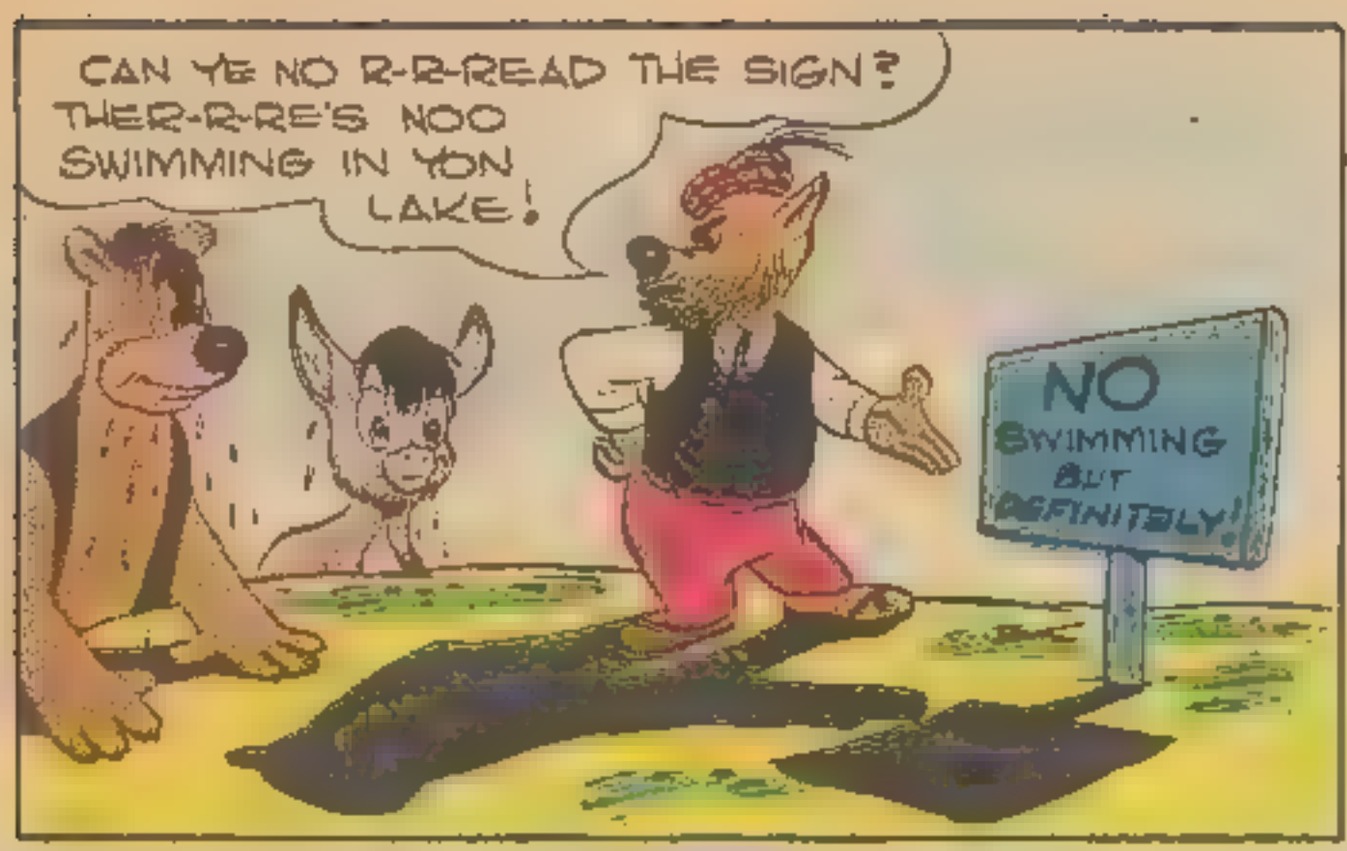

SQUEECH!
BZAZZ!


I'LL STAY DOWN HERE THIS TIME TILL THEY'VE GONE!

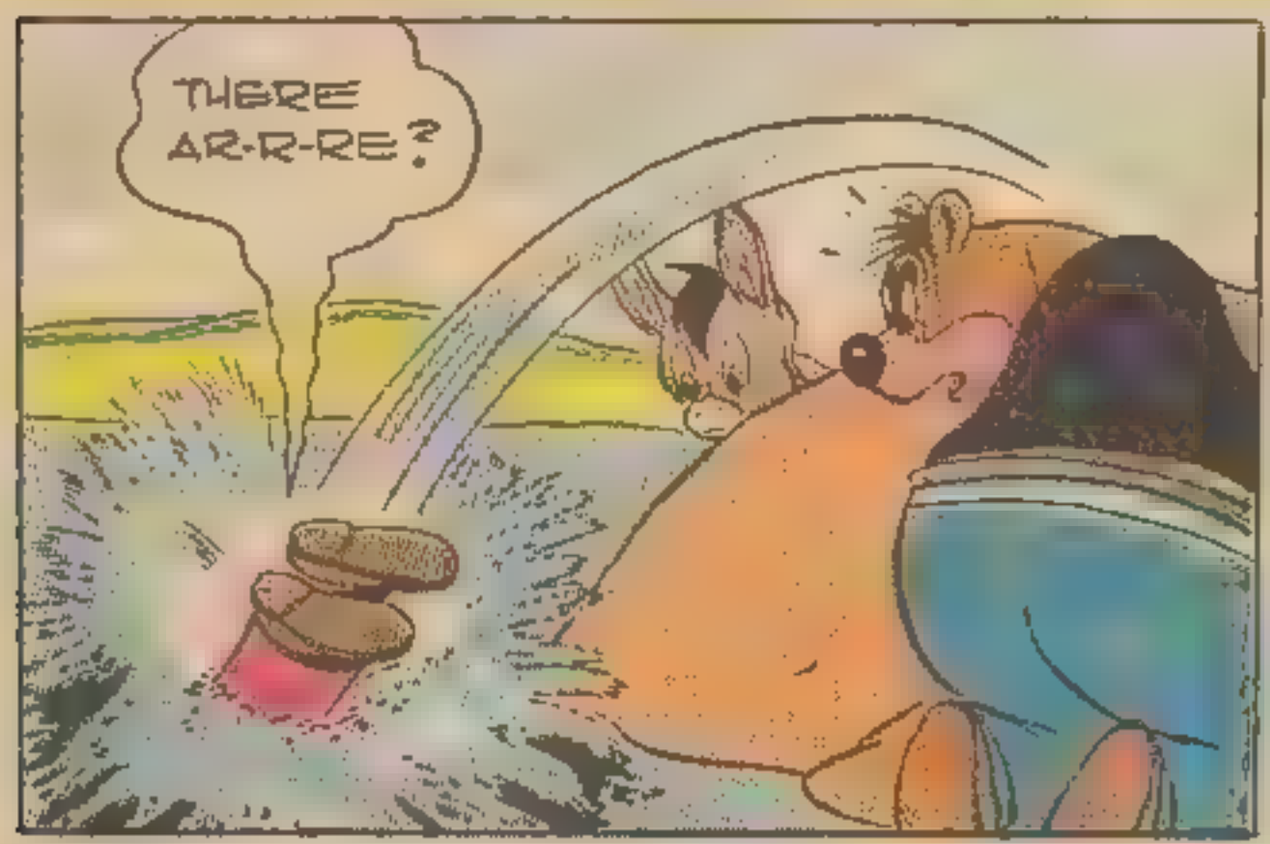

WOW! WOULDJA LOOK AT THEM GOLF BALLS! THE LAKE BOTTOM IS WHITE WITH 'EM!

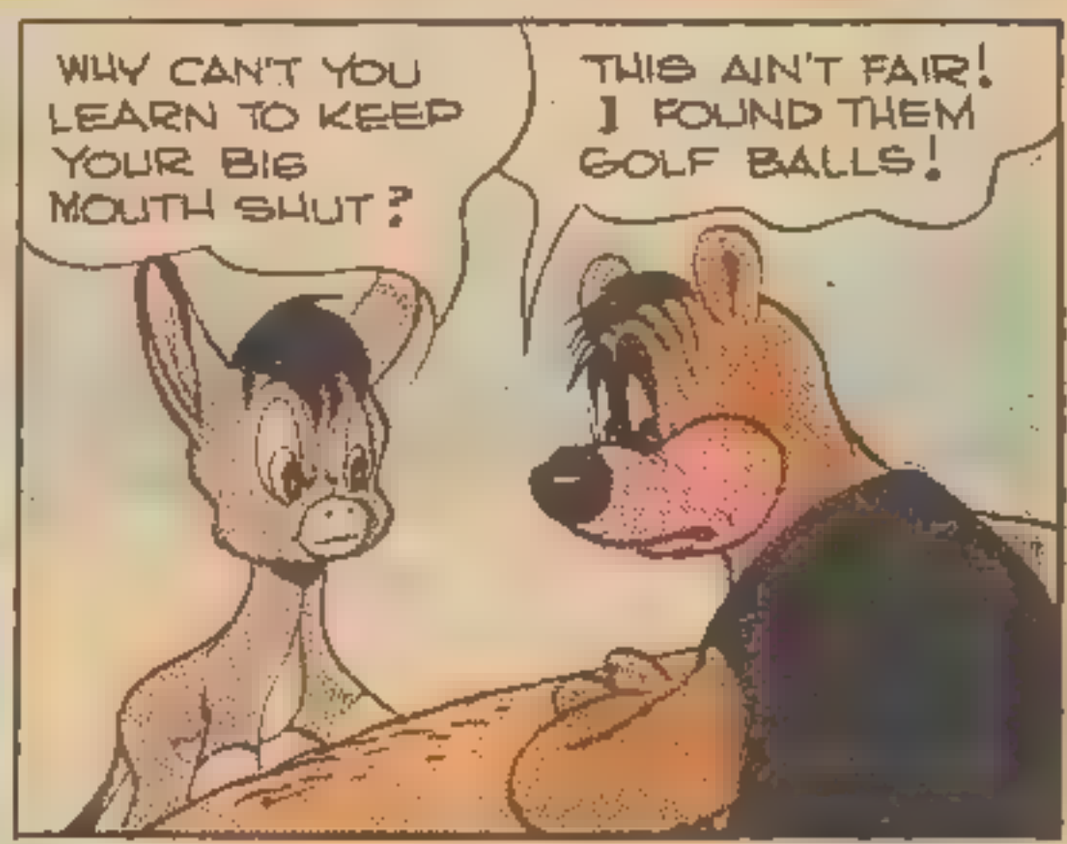

BENNY, LET'S RUN HOME FOR SOME GUNNY SACKS! I'VE FOUND A FORTUNE IN GOLF BALLS!

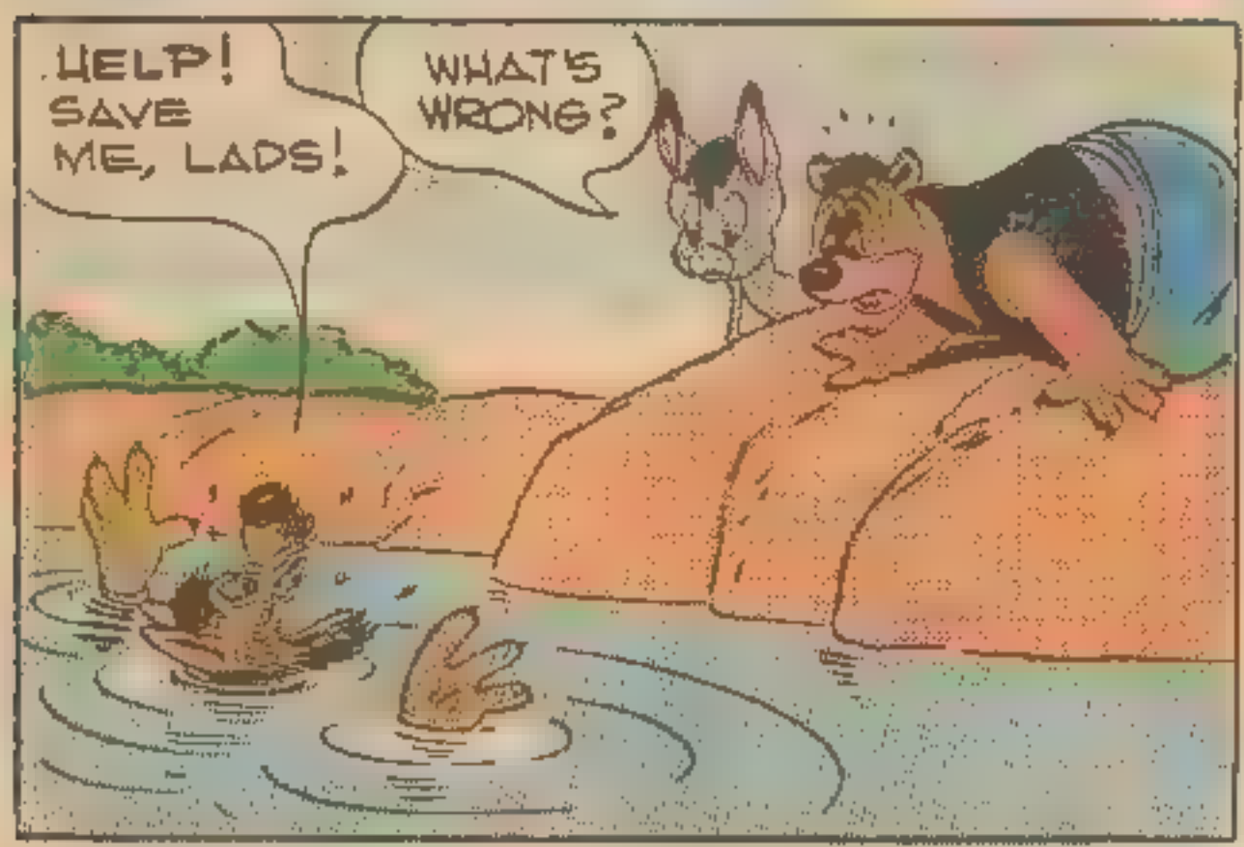

HI THAR, ME LADS!

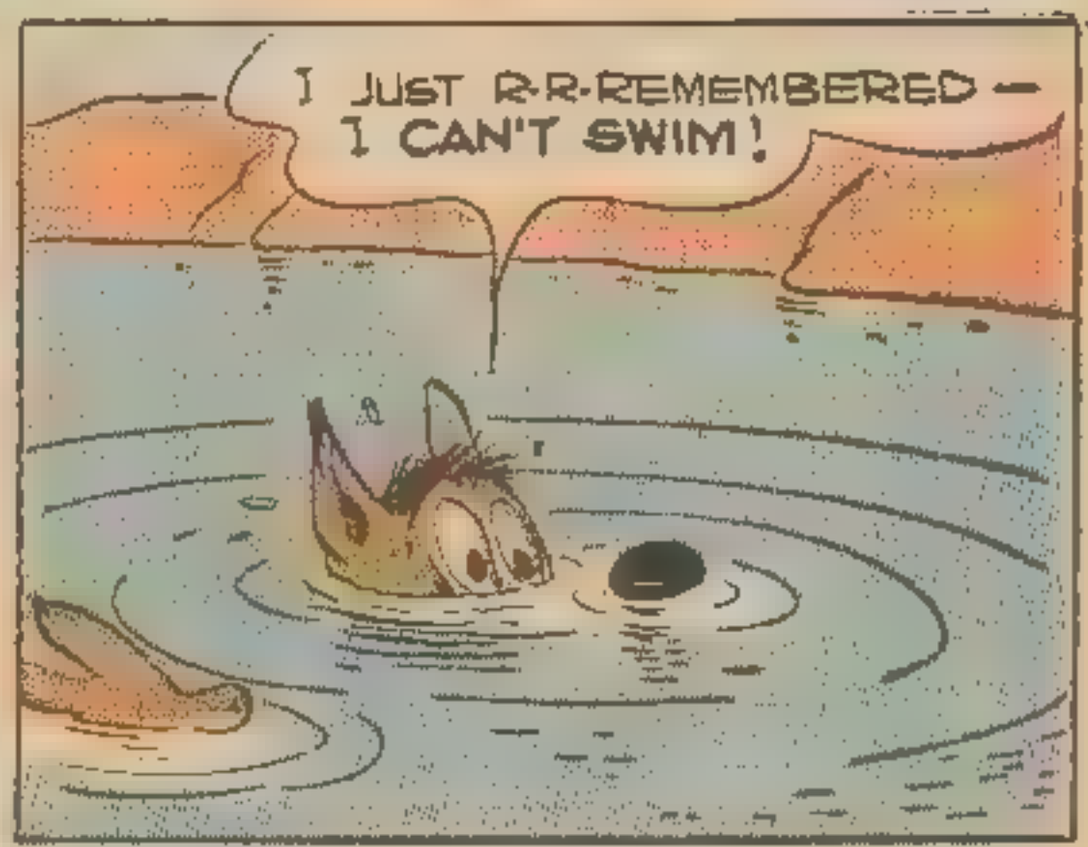

CAN YE NO R-R-READ THE SIGN? THER-R-RE'S NOO SWIMMING IN YON LAKE!
NO SWIMMING BUT DEFINITELY!

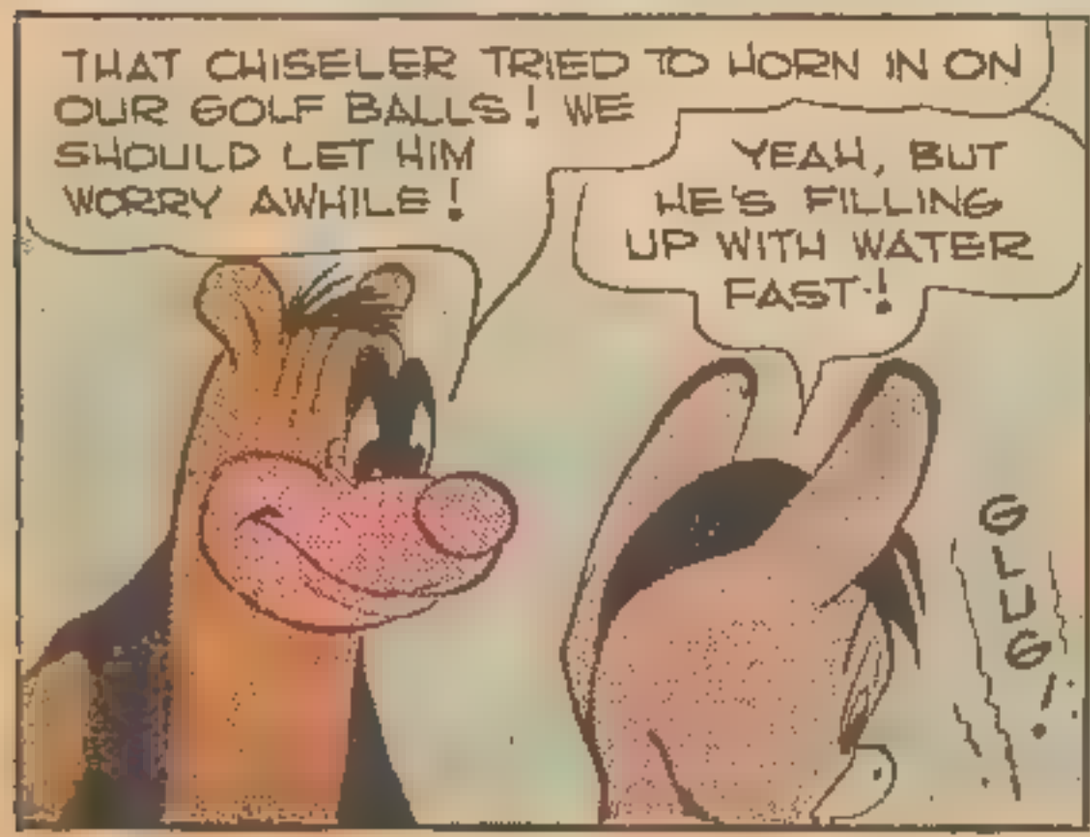
BUT I WANT TO GET MY GOLF BALLS — AND THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF 'EM DOWN THERE!

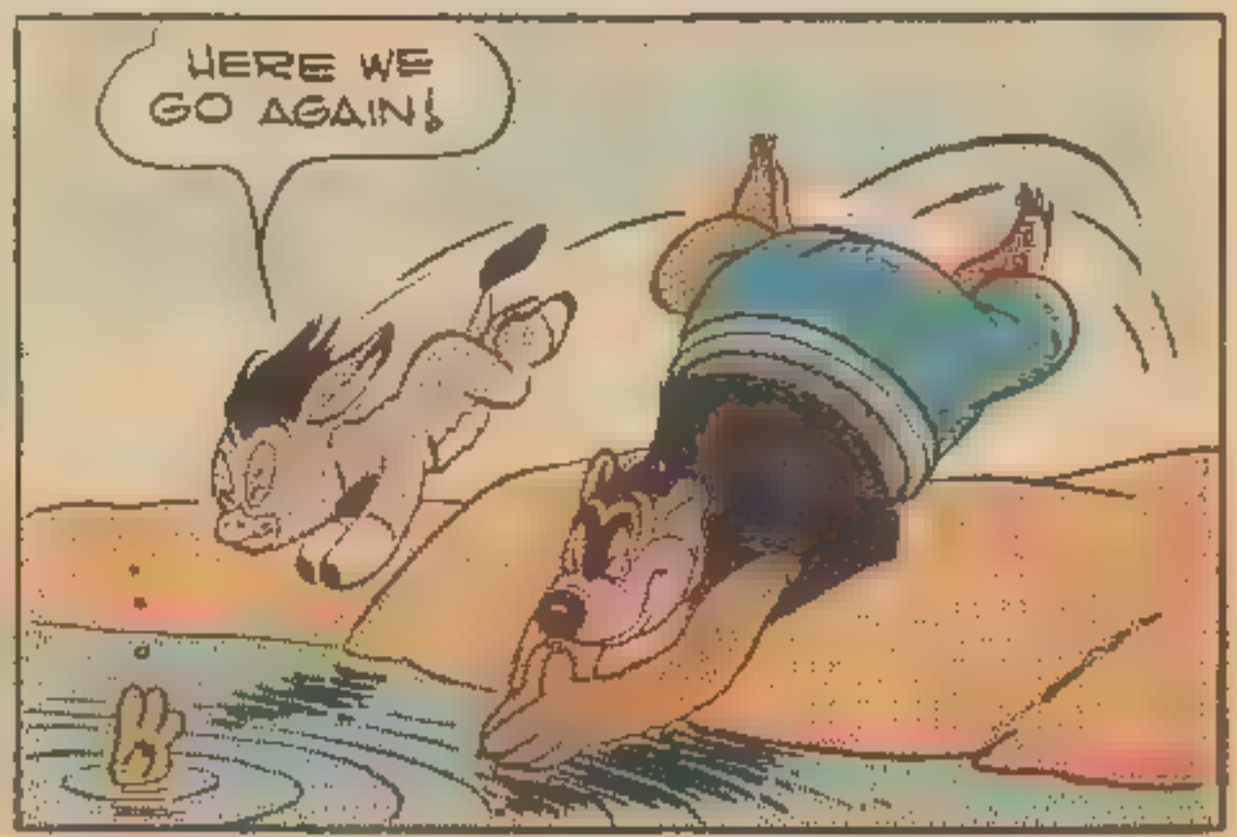

THERE AR-R-RE?

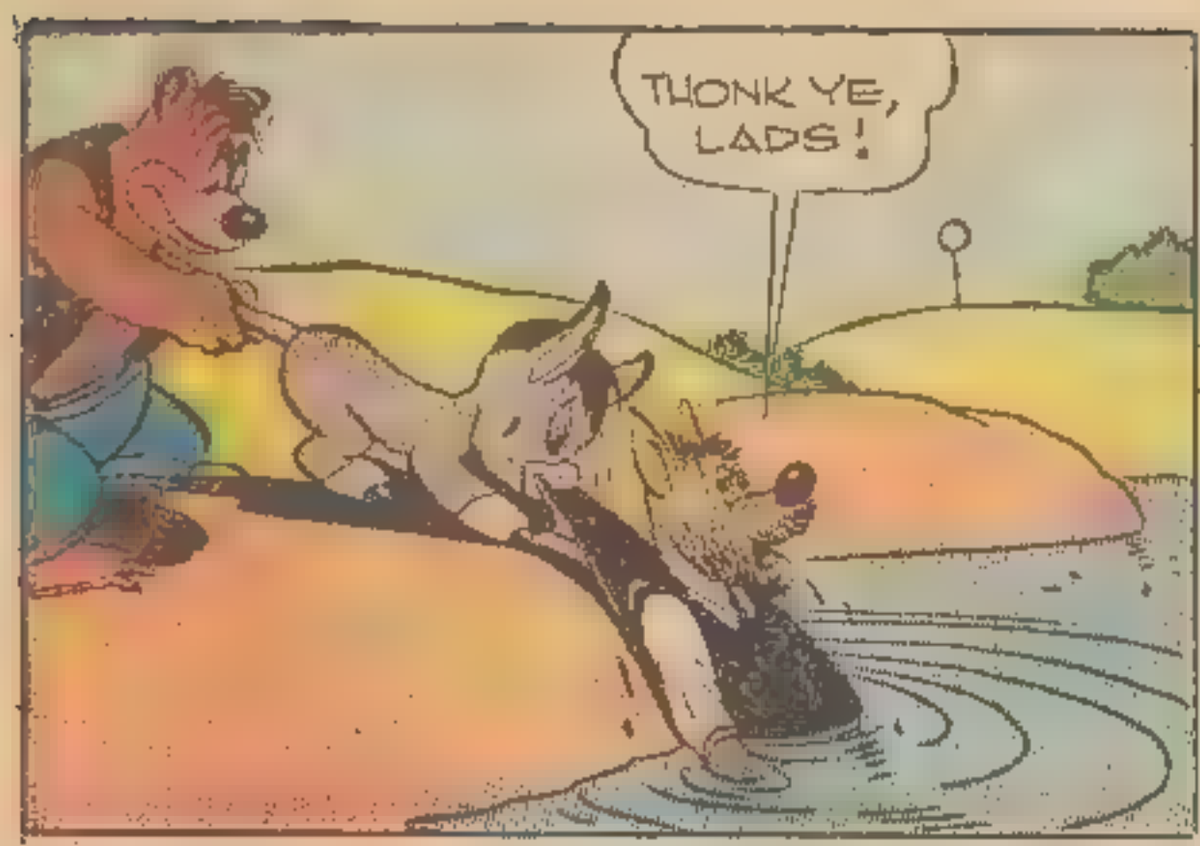

WHY CAN'T YOU LEARN TO KEEP YOUR BIG MOUTH SHUT?
THIS AIN'T FAIR! I FOUND THEM GOLF BALLS!

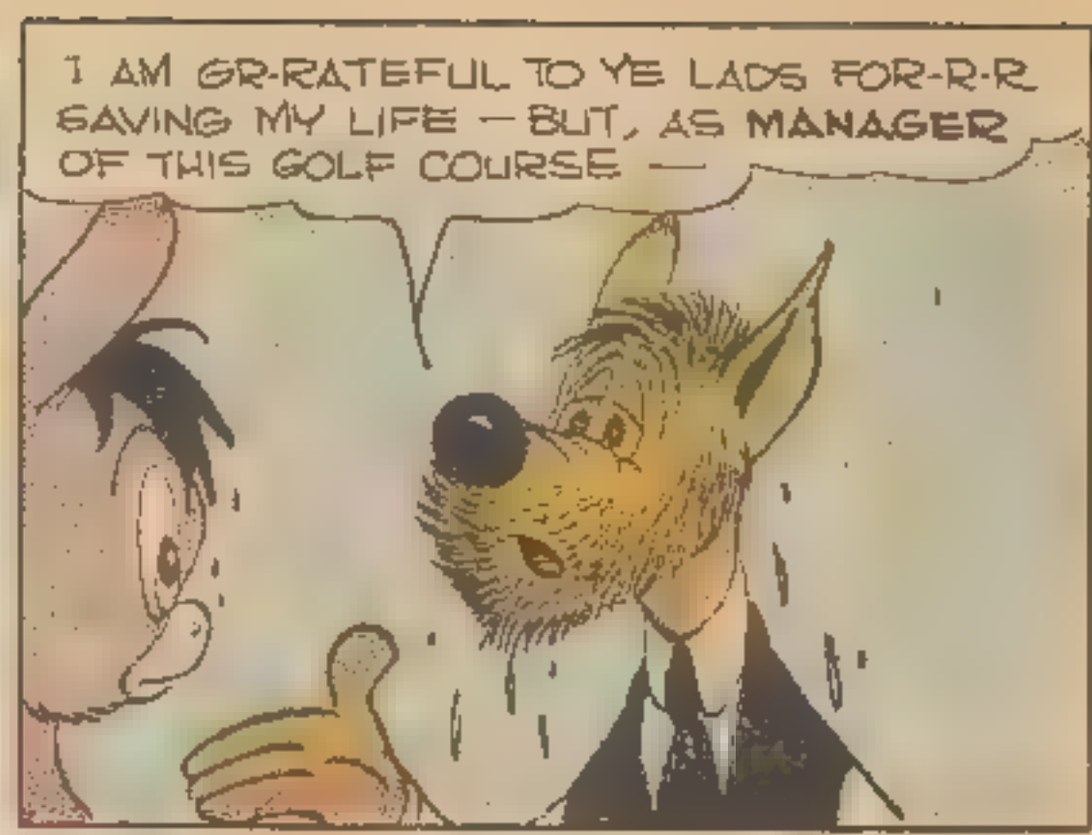

HELP! SAVE ME, LADS!
WHAT'S WRONG?

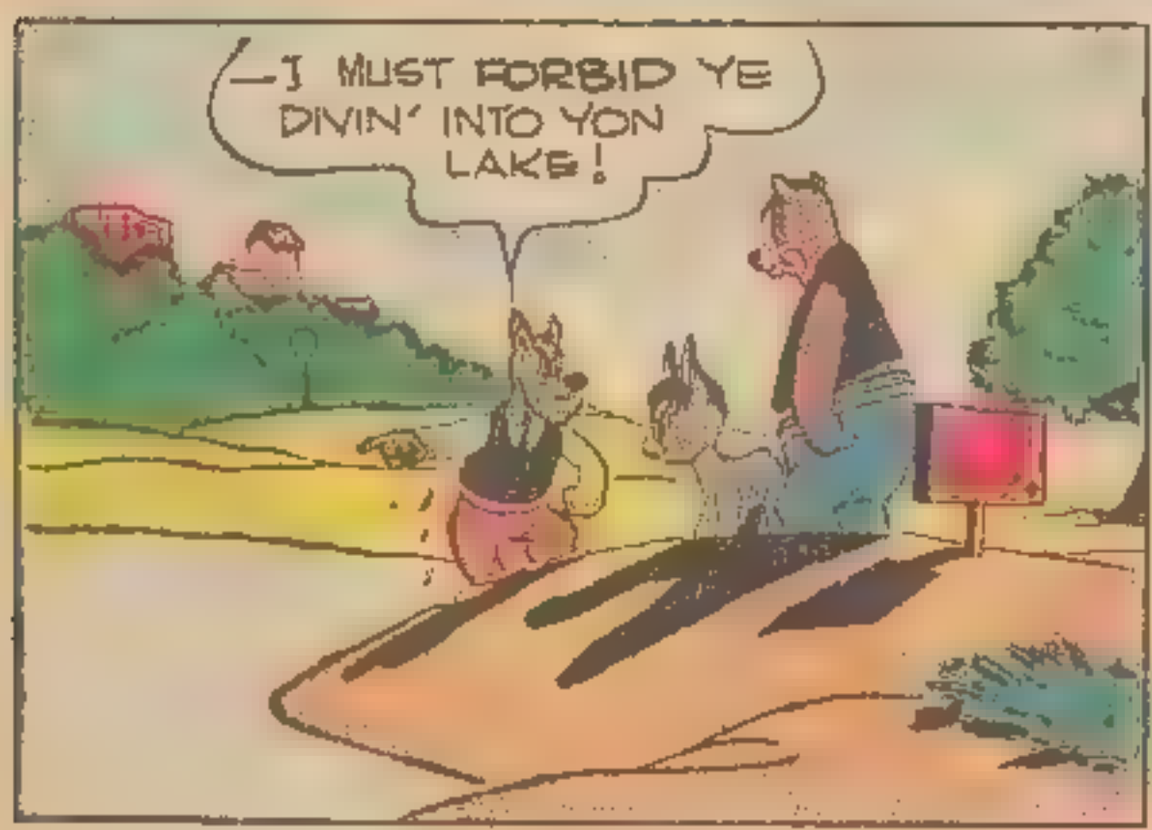

I JUST R-R-REMEMBERED — I CAN'T SWIM!

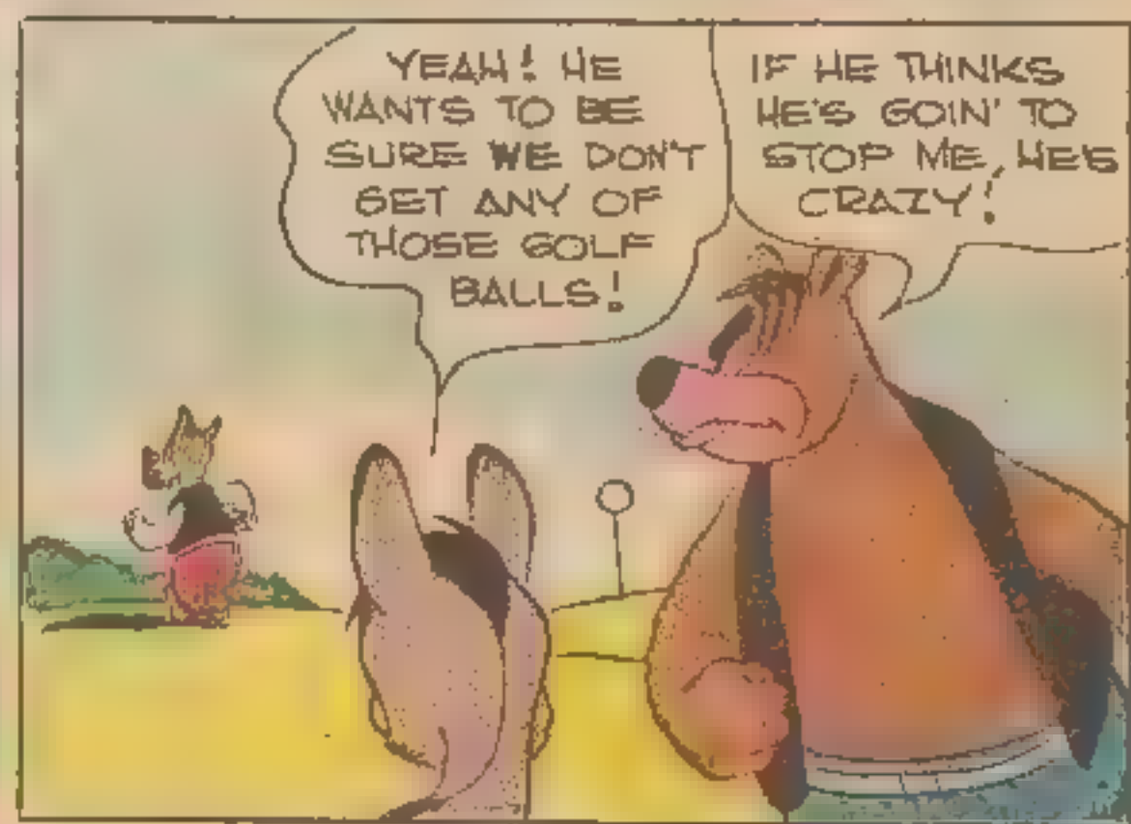

THAT CHISELER TRIED TO HORN IN ON OUR GOLF BALLS! WE SHOULD LET HIM WORRY AWHILE!
YEAH, BUT HE'S FILLING UP WITH WATER FAST!
GLUG!

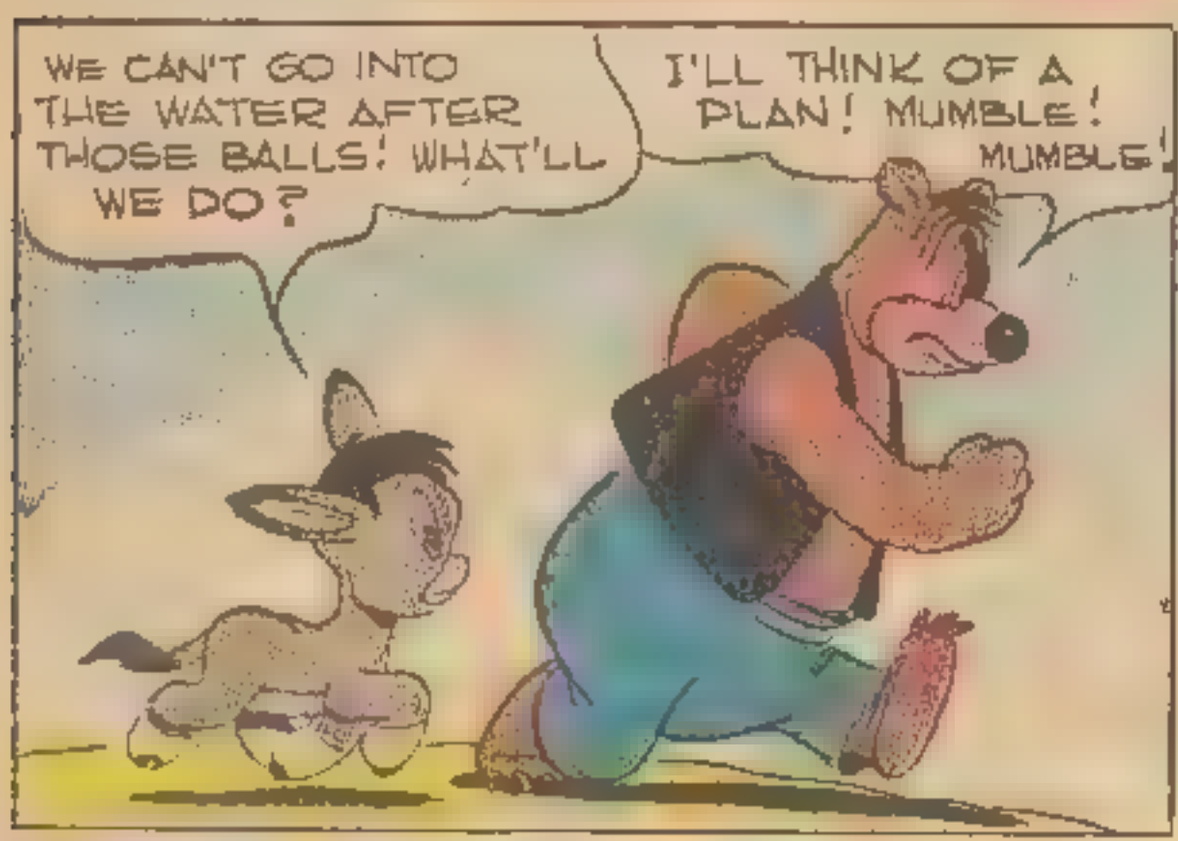

HERE WE GO AGAIN!

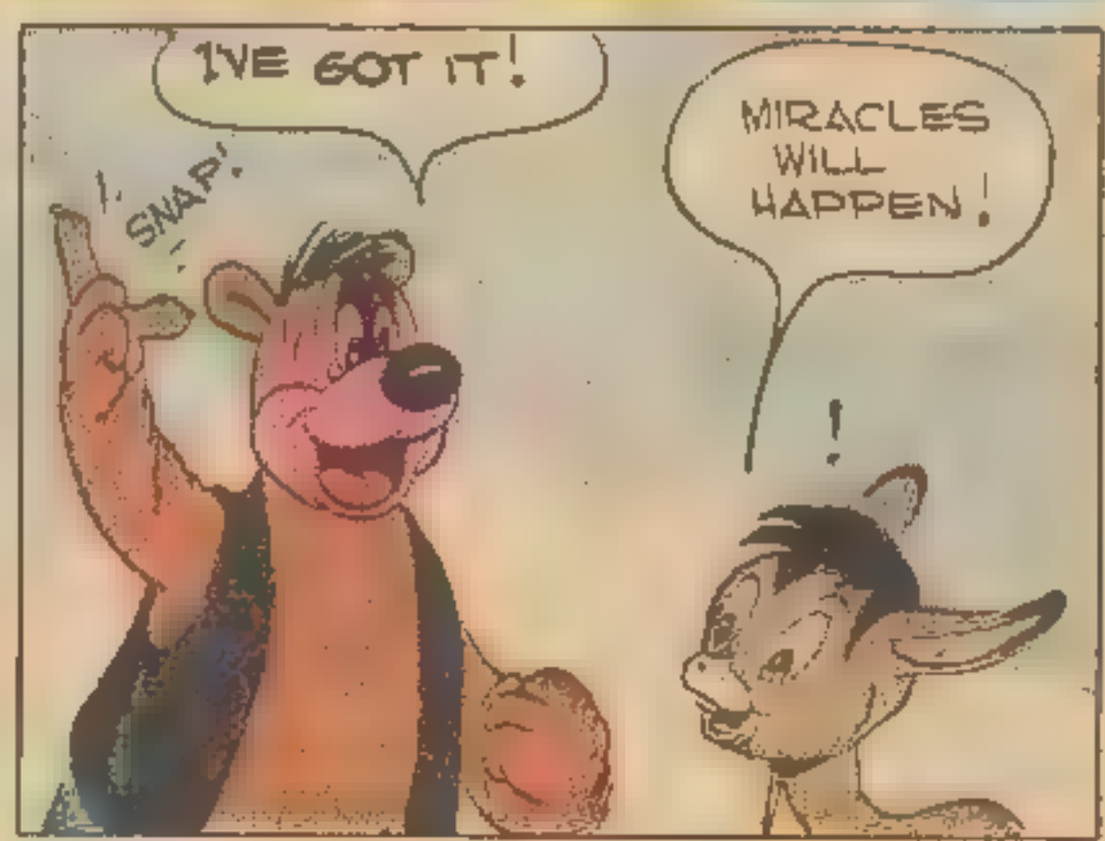

THONK YE, LADS!


I AM GR-RATEFUL TO YE LADS FOR-R-R SAVING MY LIFE — BUT, AS MANAGER OF THIS GOLF COURSE —

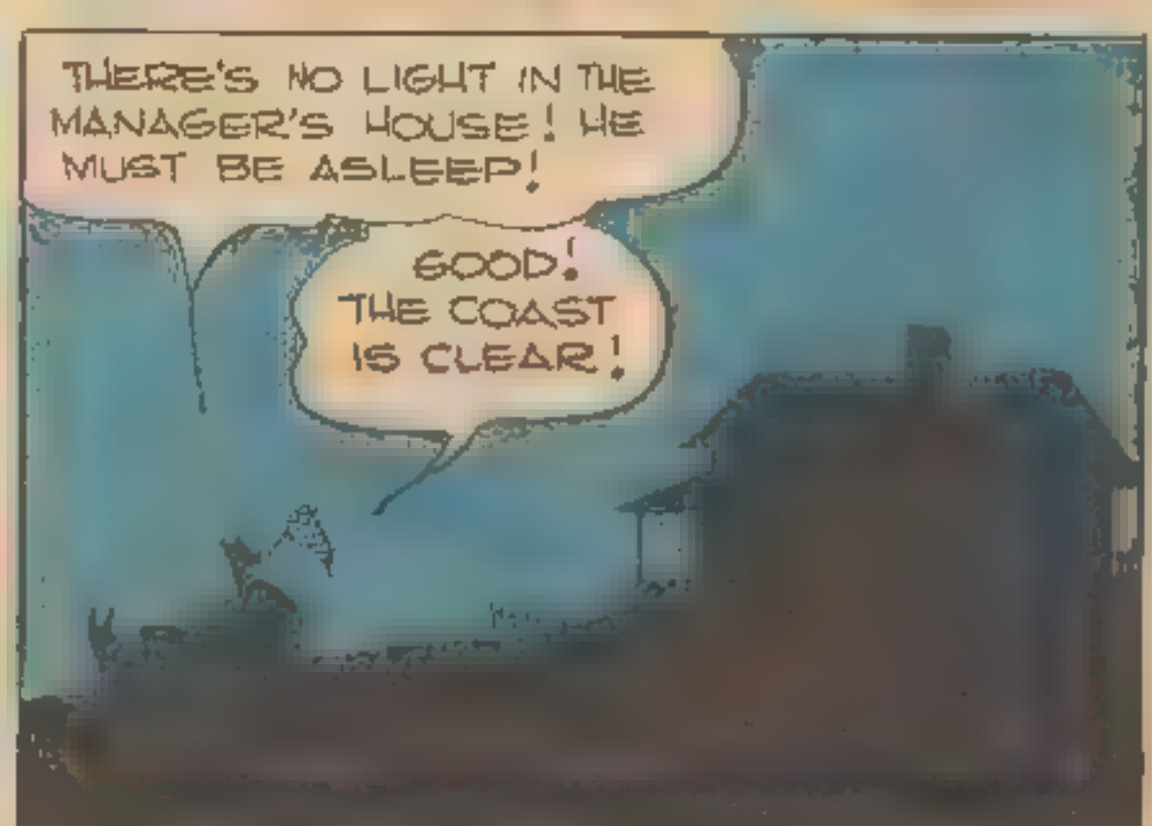

—I MUST FORBID YE DIVIN' INTO YON LAKE!

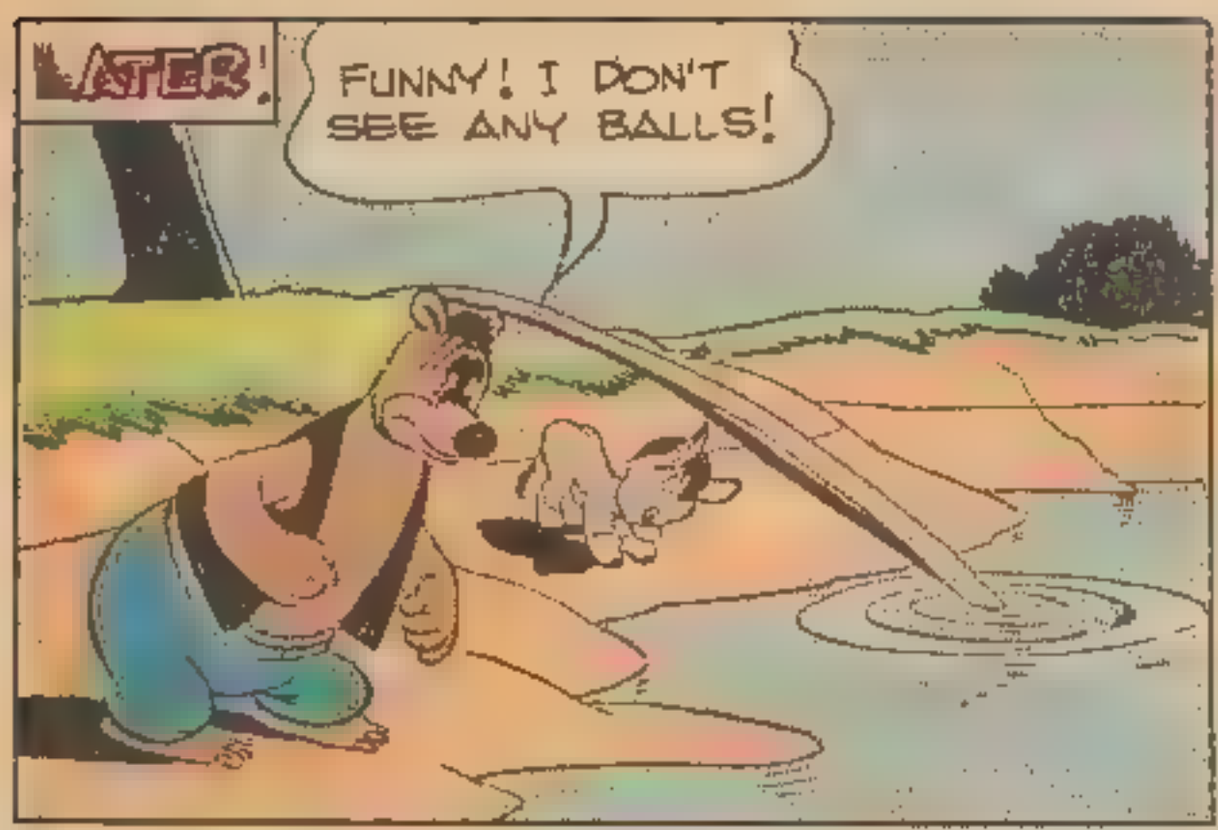

YEAH! HE WANTS TO BE SURE WE DON'T GET ANY OF THOSE GOLF BALLS!
IF HE THINKS HE'S GOIN' TO STOP ME, HE'S CRAZY!

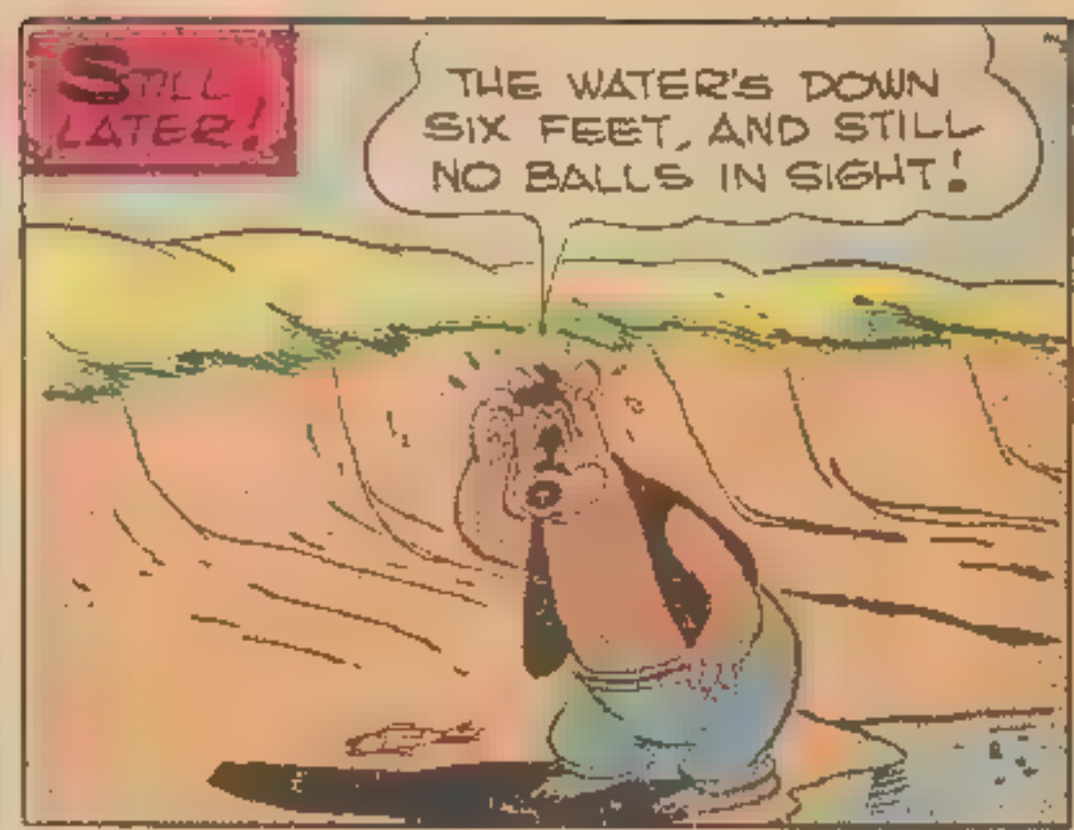

WE CAN'T GO INTO THE WATER AFTER THOSE BALLS! WHAT'LL WE DO?
I'LL THINK OF A PLAN! MUMBLE! MUMBLE!

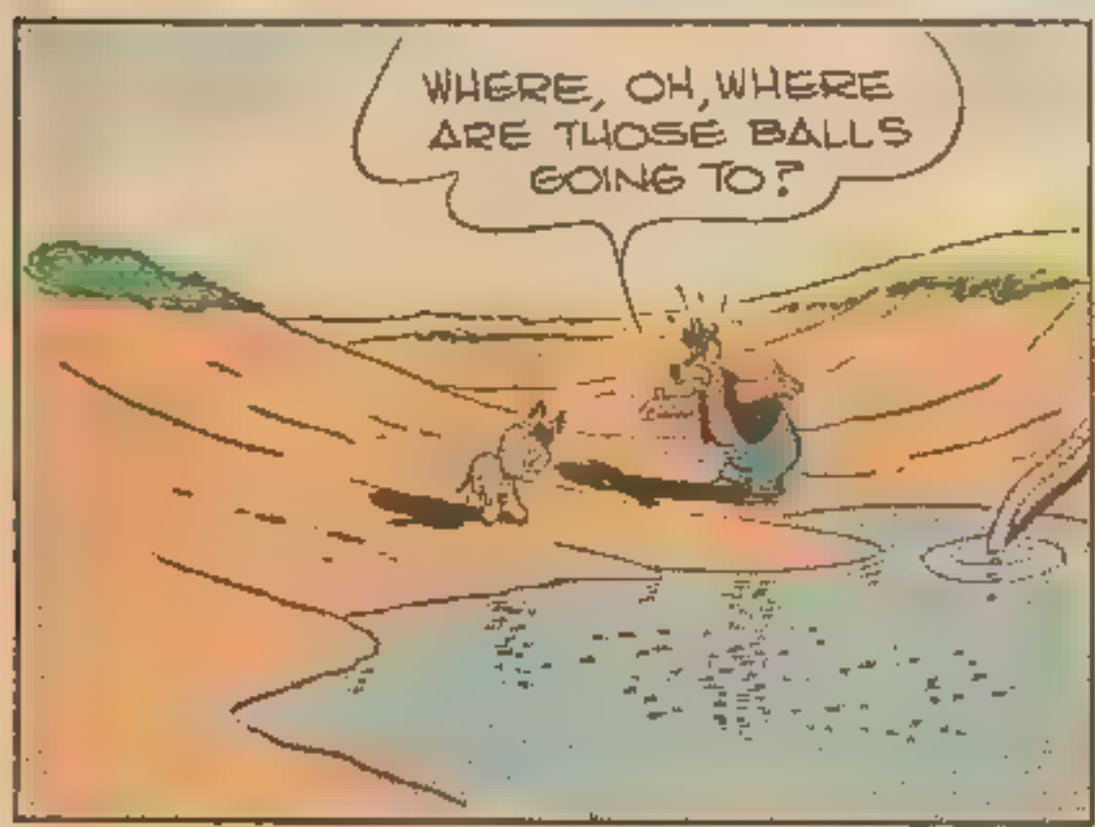

I'VE GOT IT!
SNAP!
MIRACLES WILL HAPPEN!
!

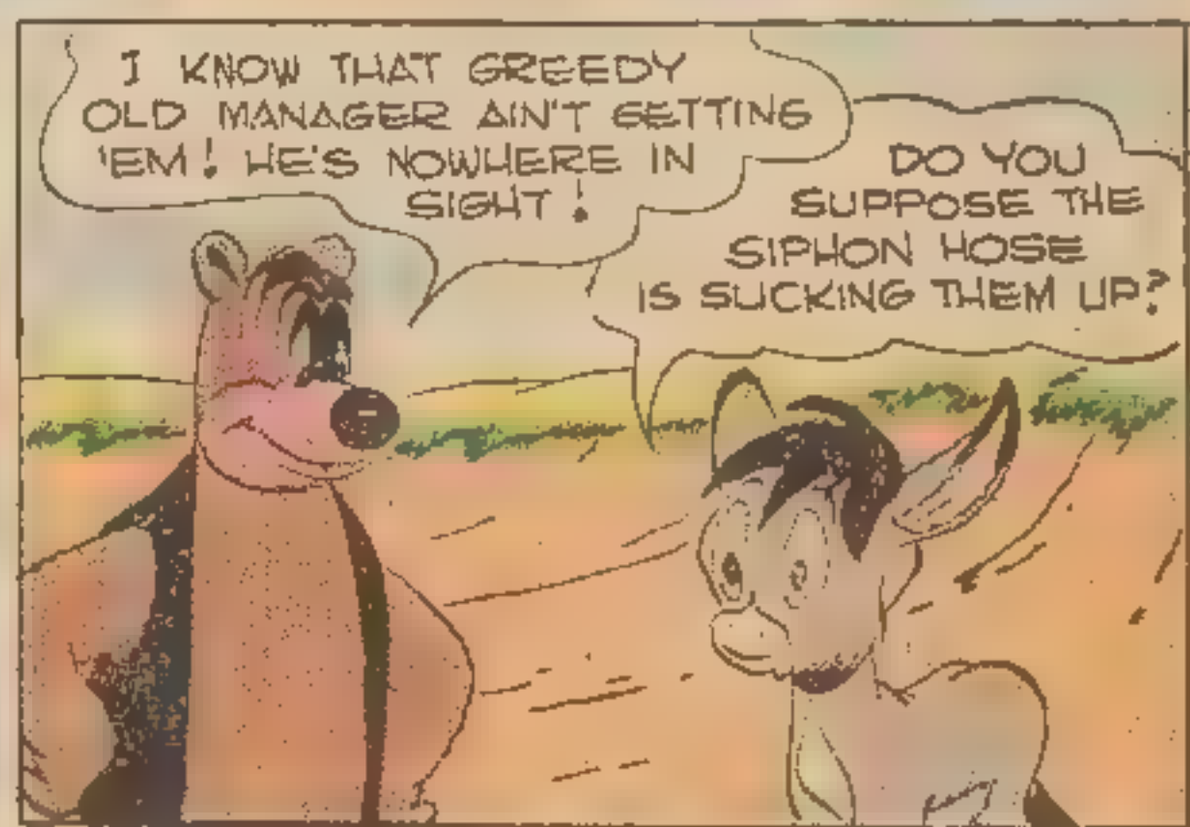
IN THE DARK OF NIGHT, A LITTLE PROCESSION MOVES TOWARD THE LAKE!
HOO?
HOO?

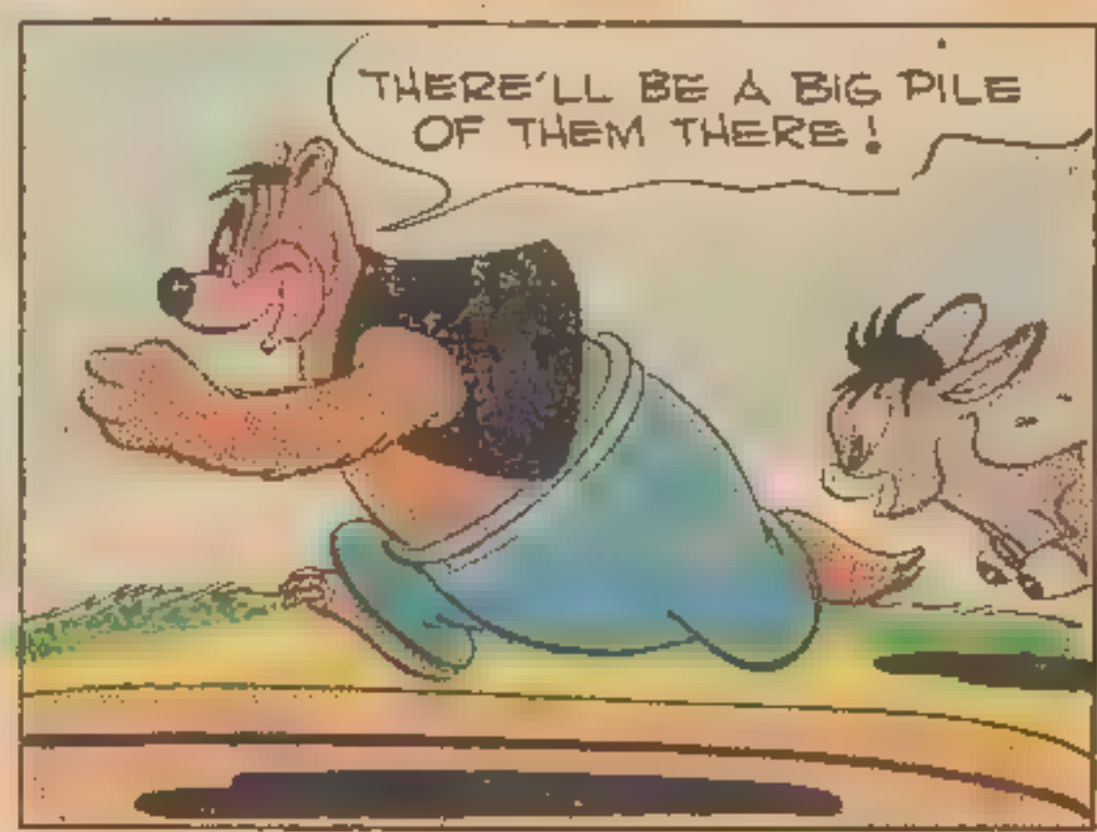

THERE'S NO LIGHT IN THE MANAGER'S HOUSE! HE MUST BE ASLEEP!
GOOD! THE COAST IS CLEAR!

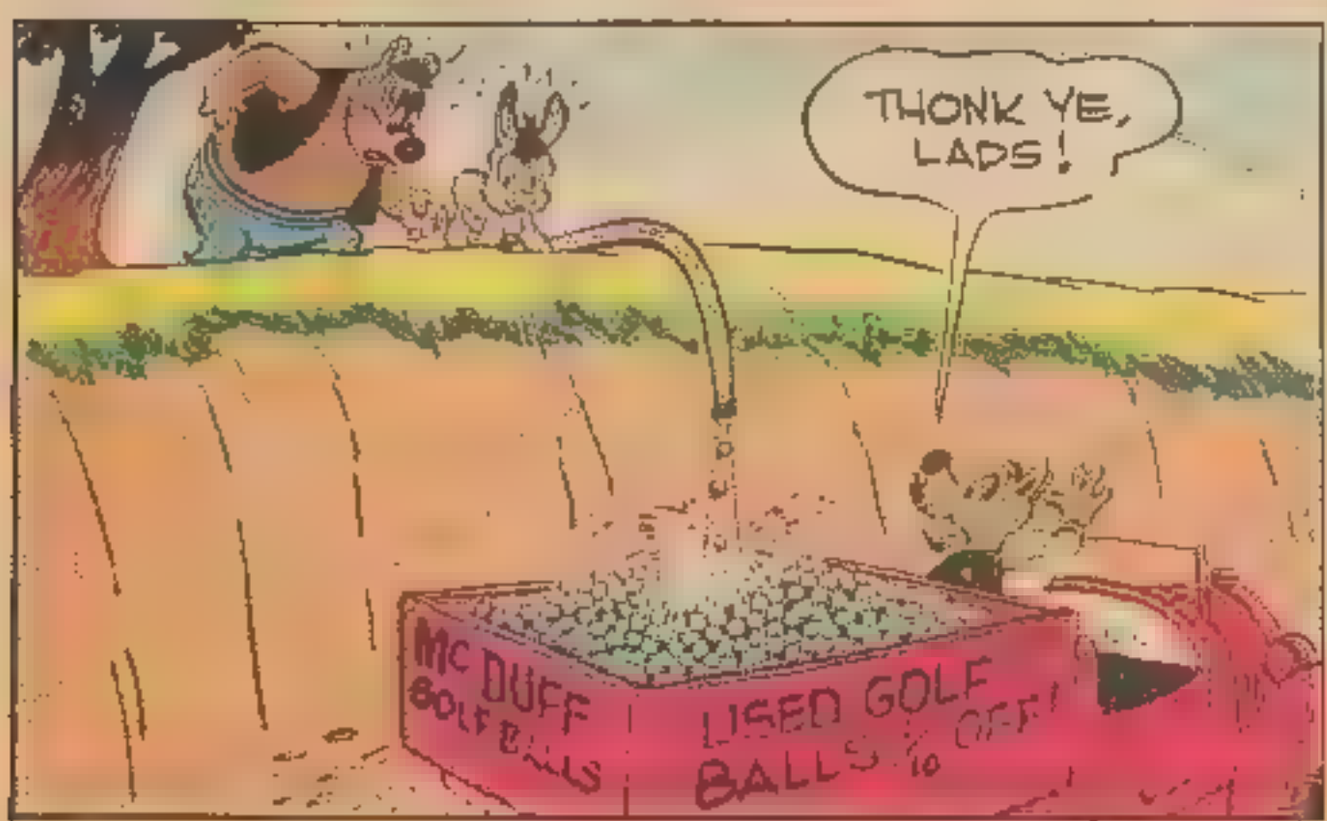


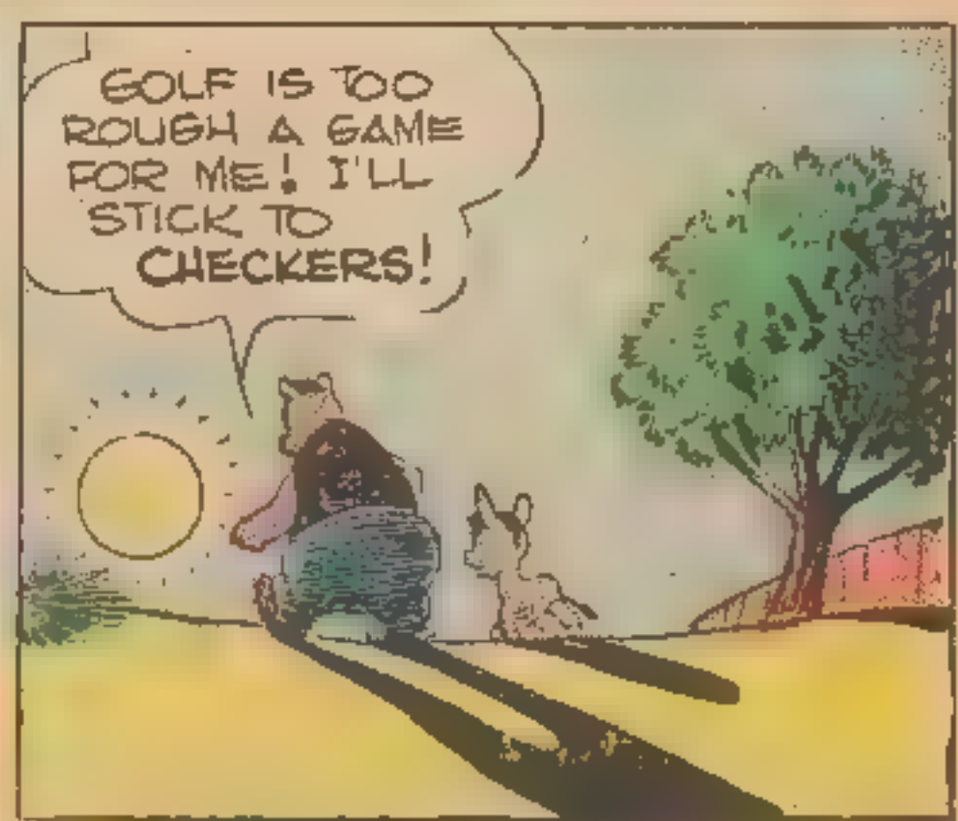




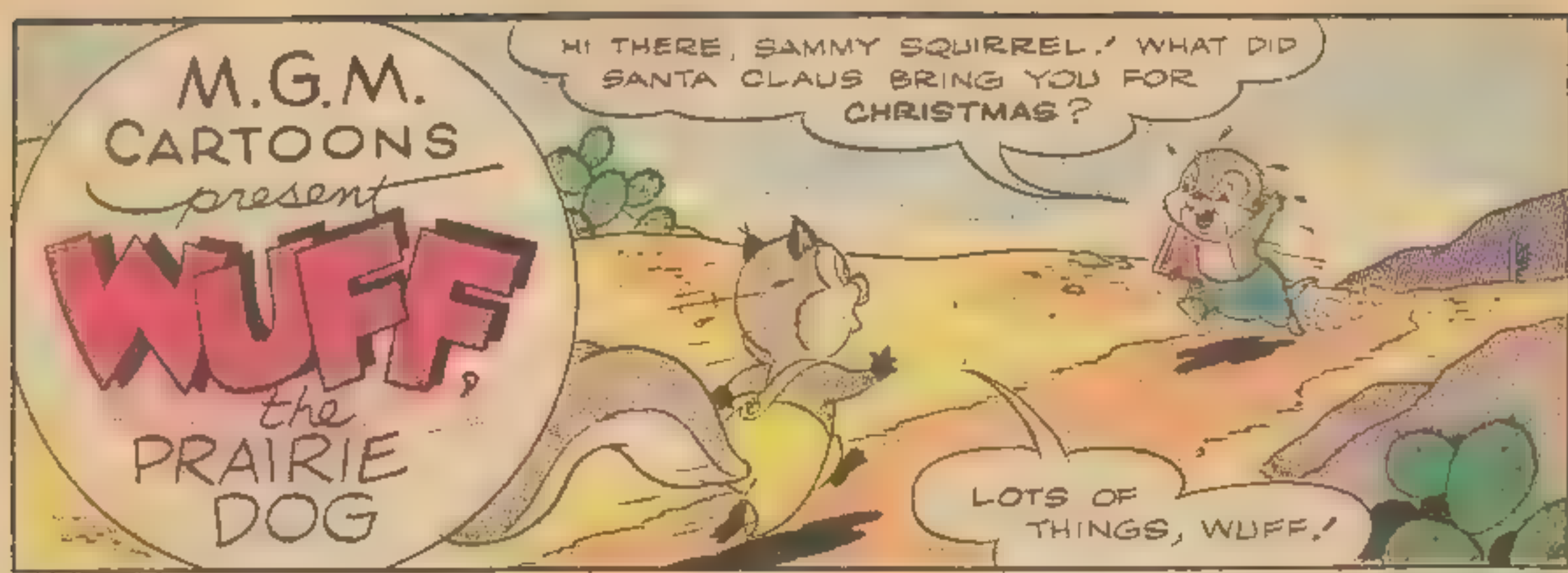


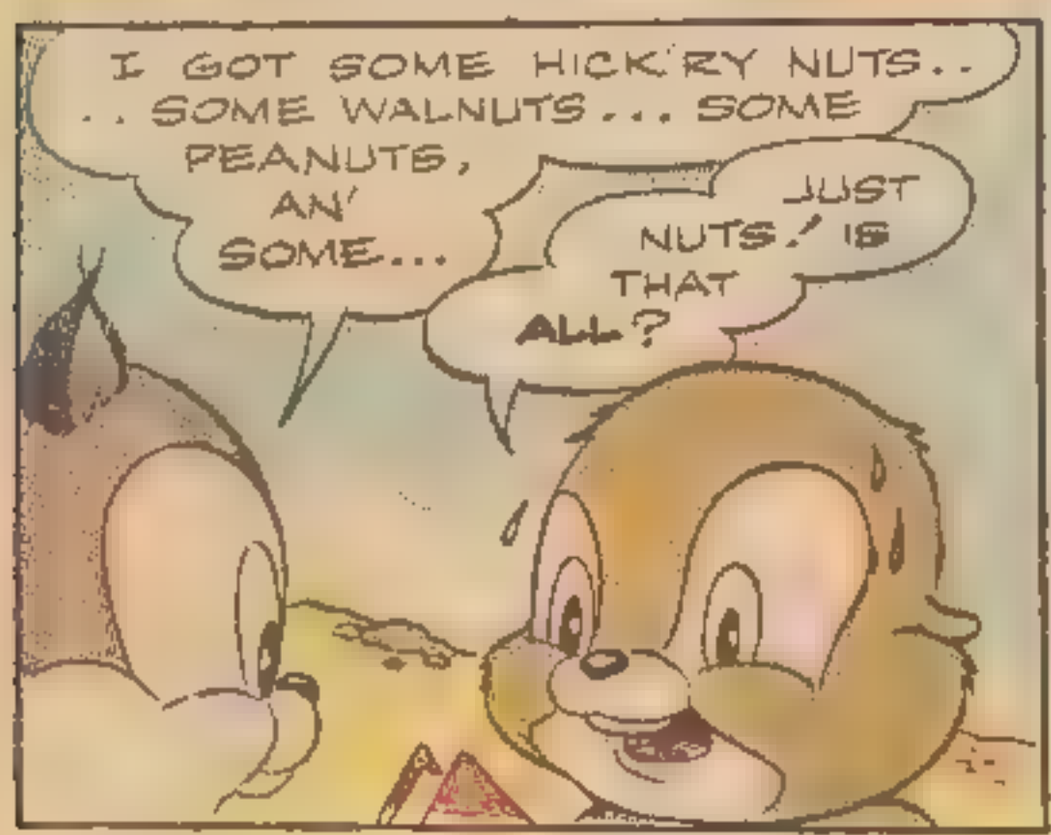


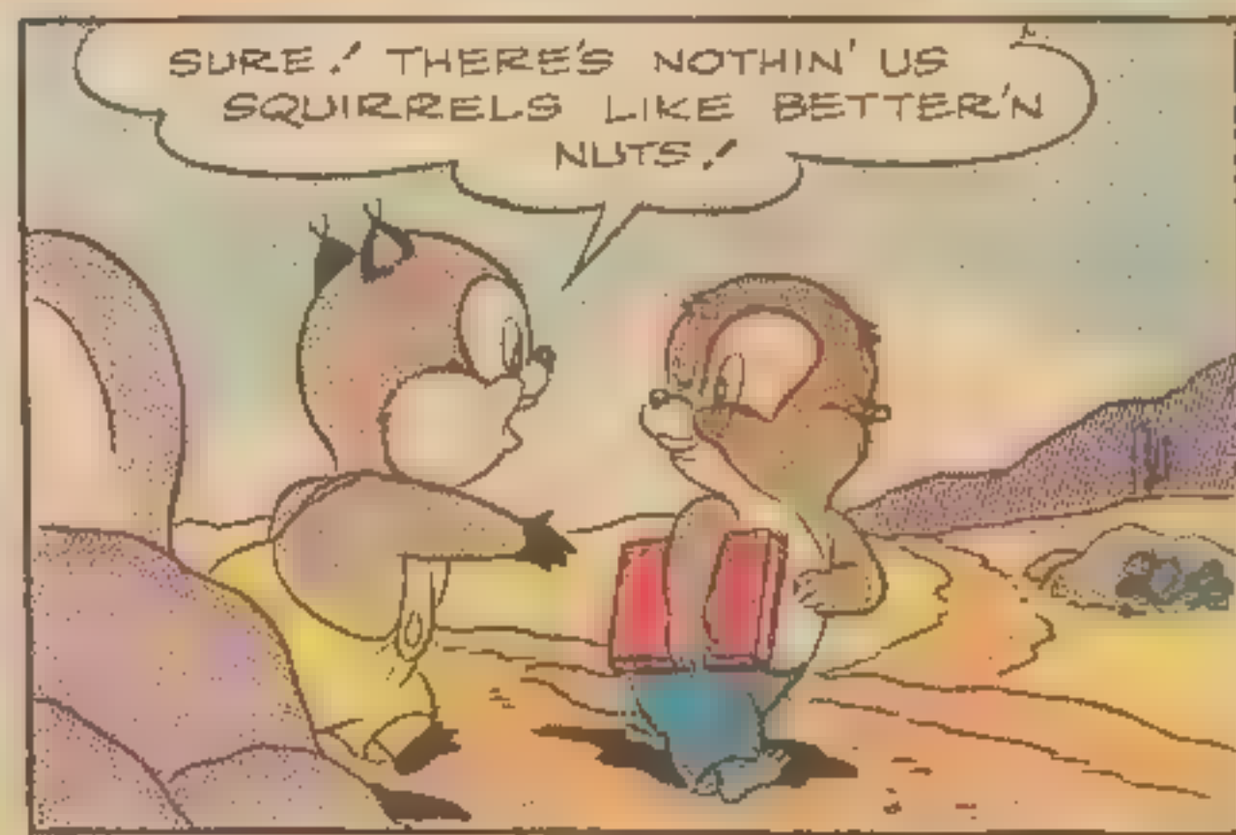


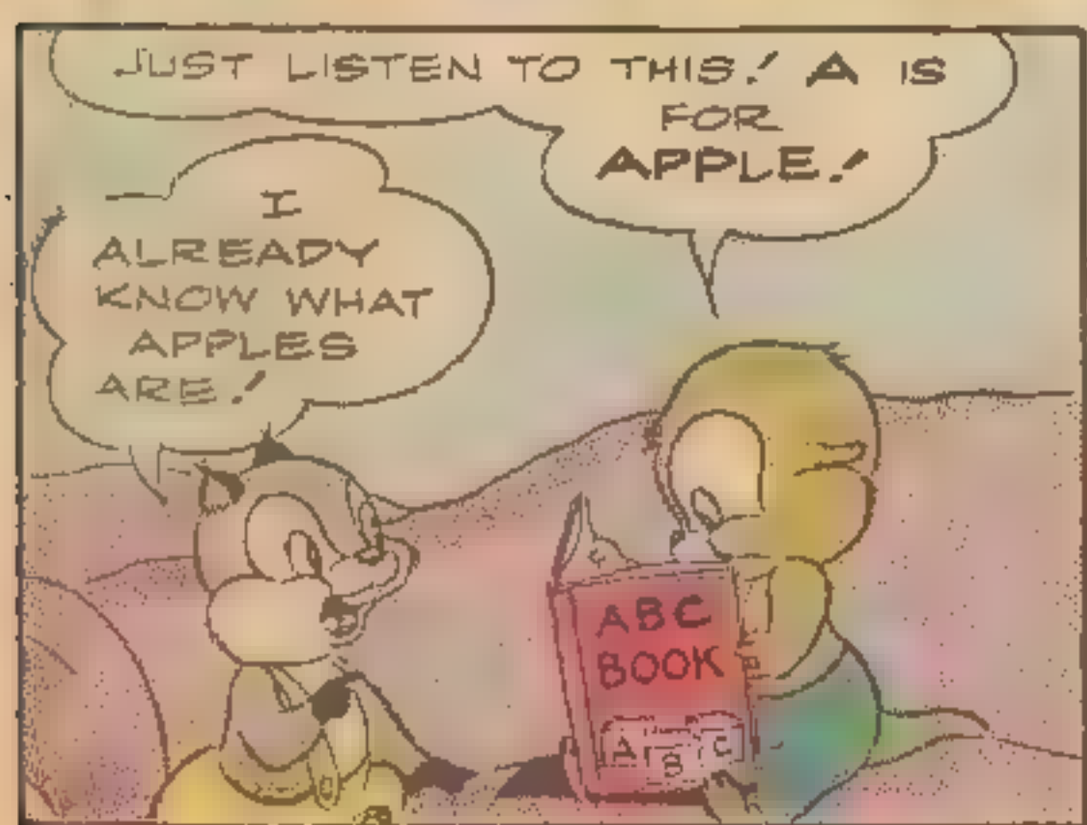


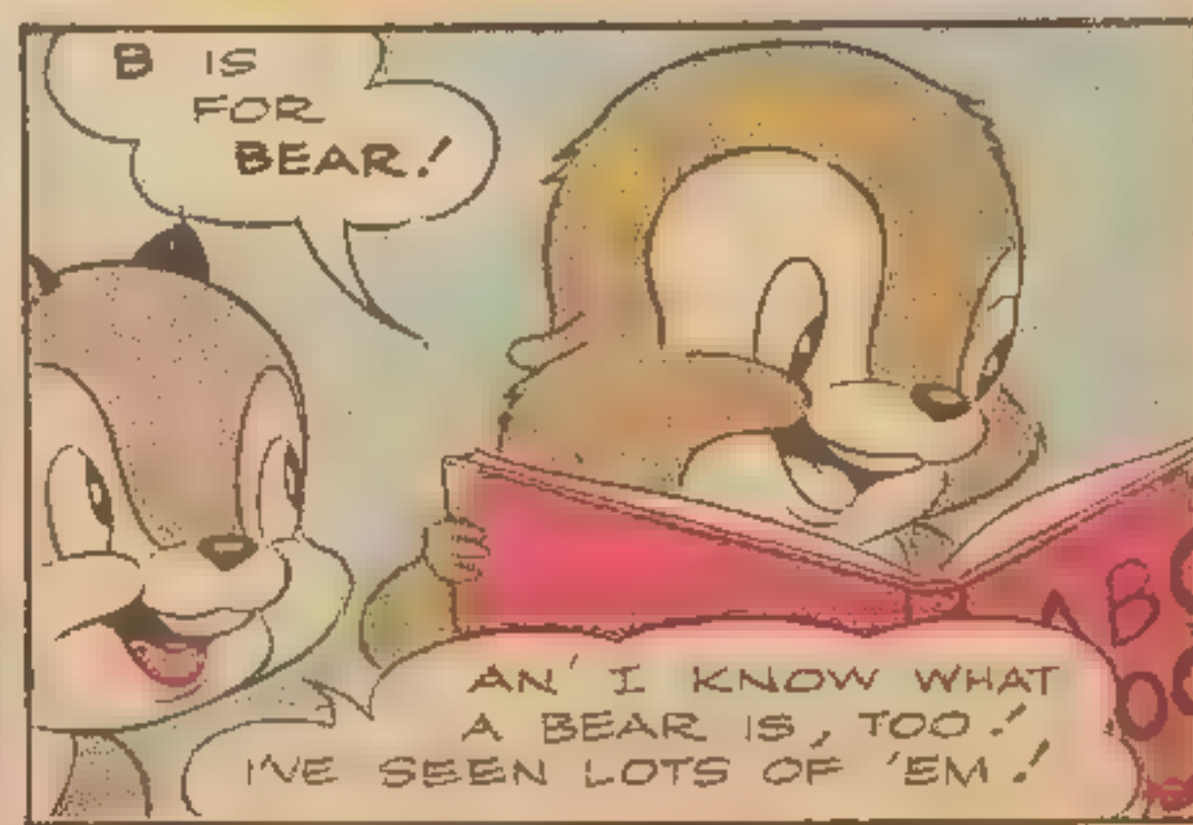
BARNEY BEAR and BENNY BURRO appearing in M-G-M pictures





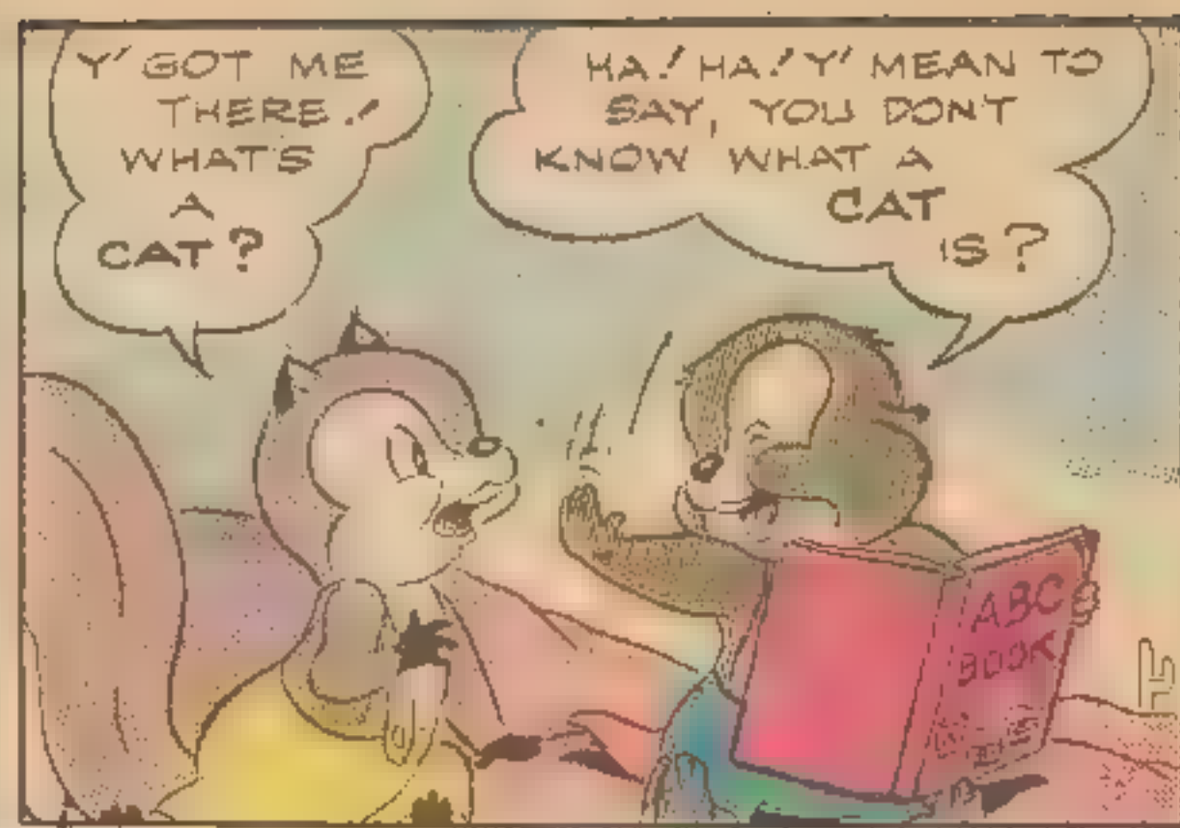


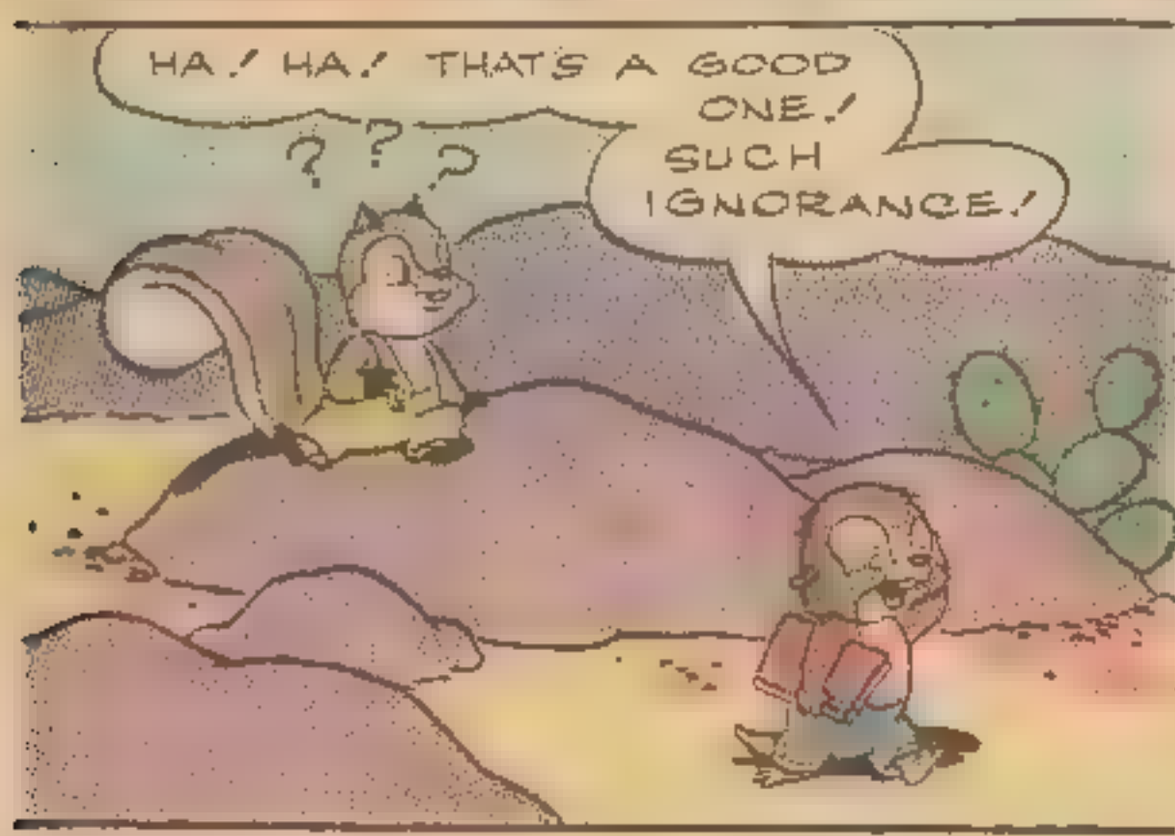


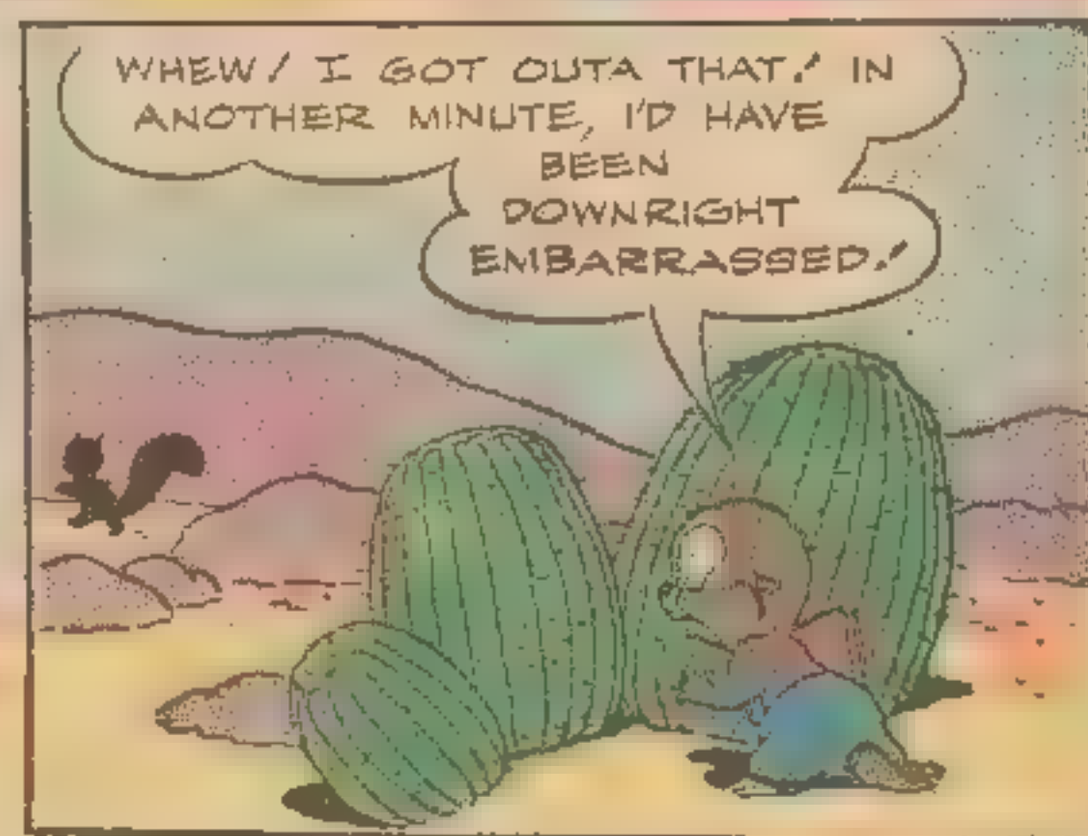


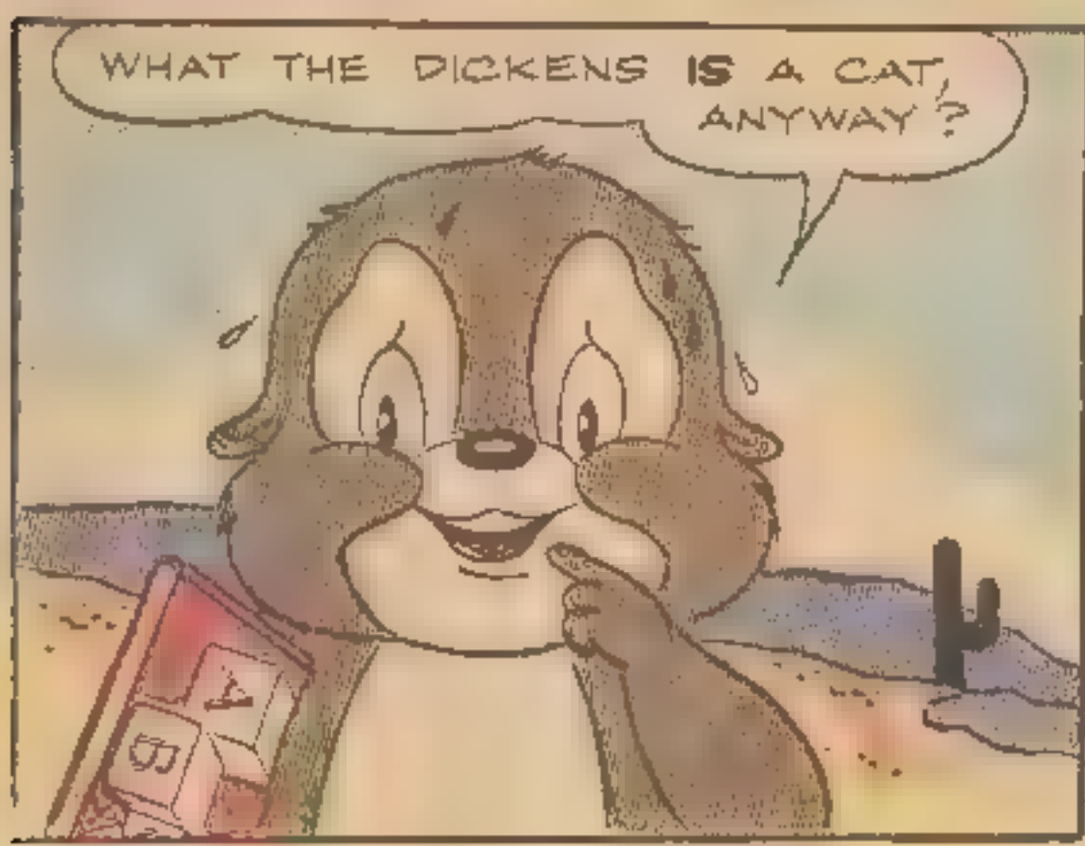
36 Picture Stamps Free. See back cover.

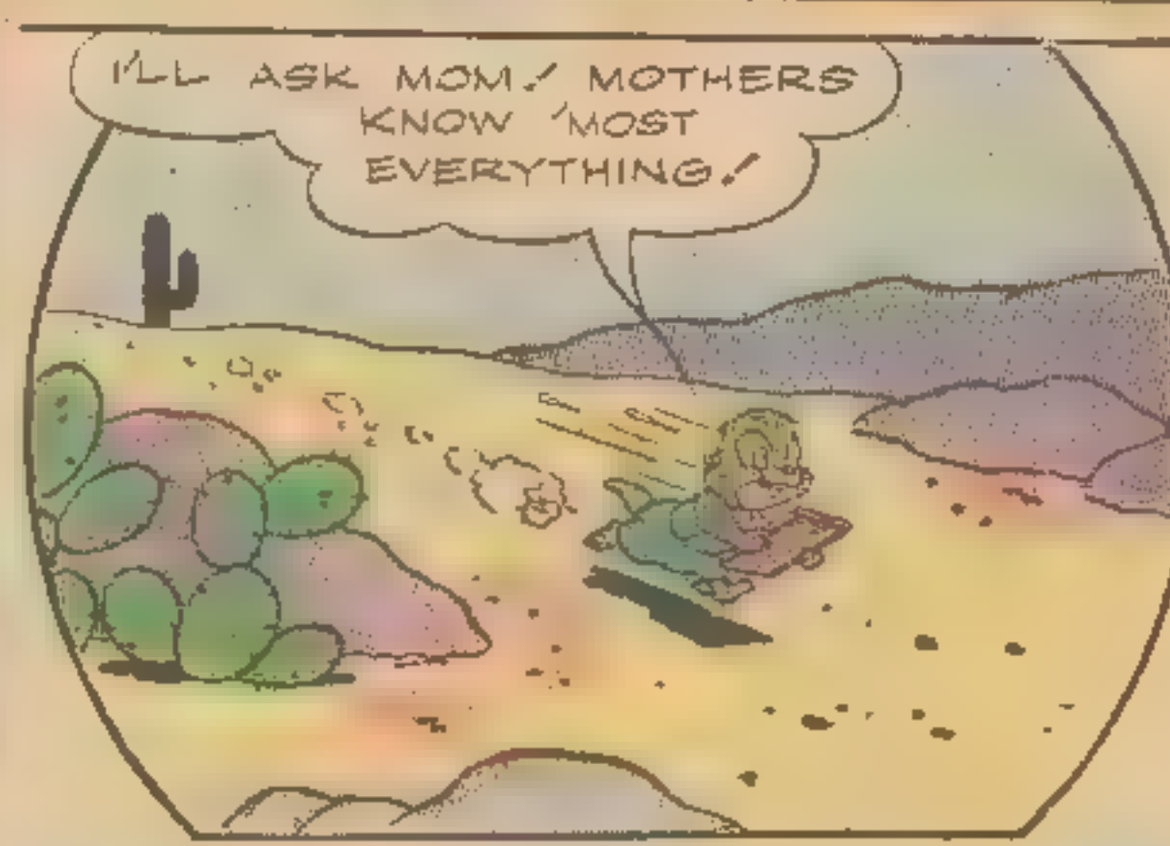
AN' C IS FOR CAT!
C IS FOR CAT

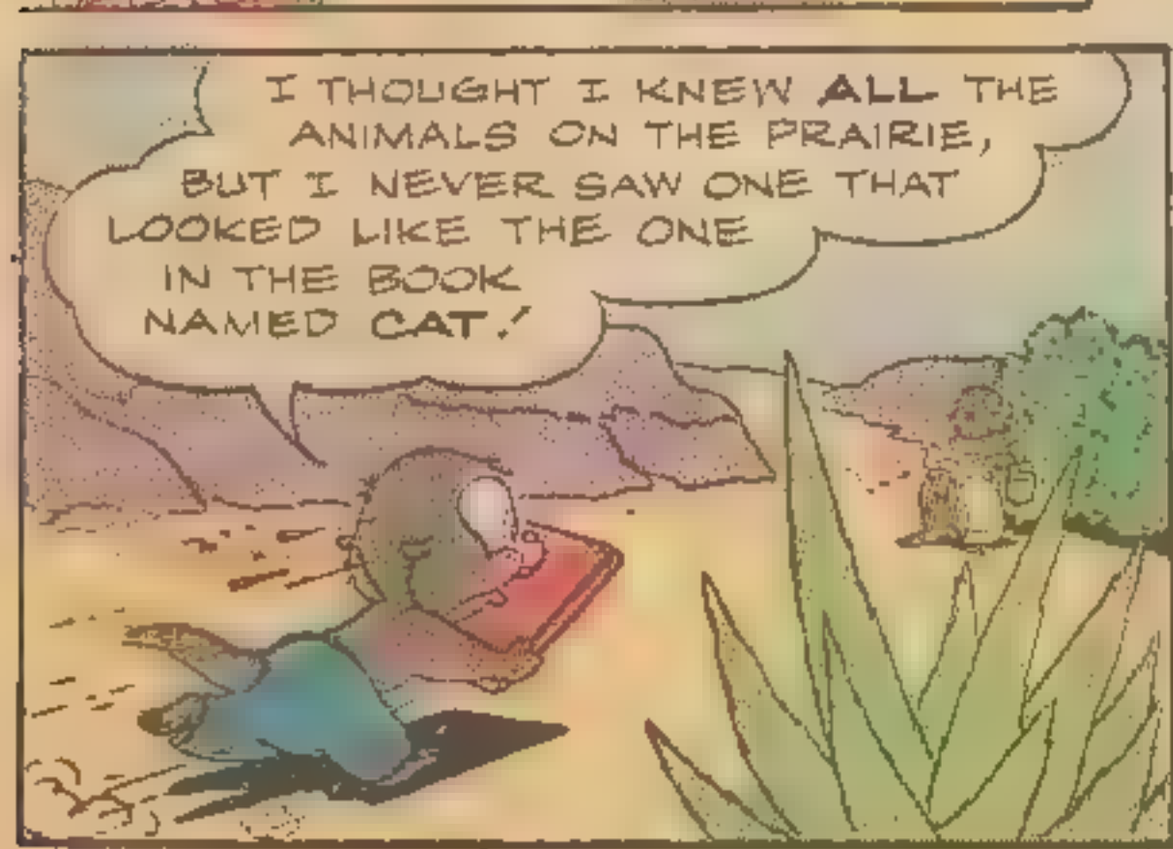

Y' GOT ME THERE! WHAT'S A CAT?
HA! HA! Y' MEAN TO SAY, YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT A CAT IS?
ABC BOOK

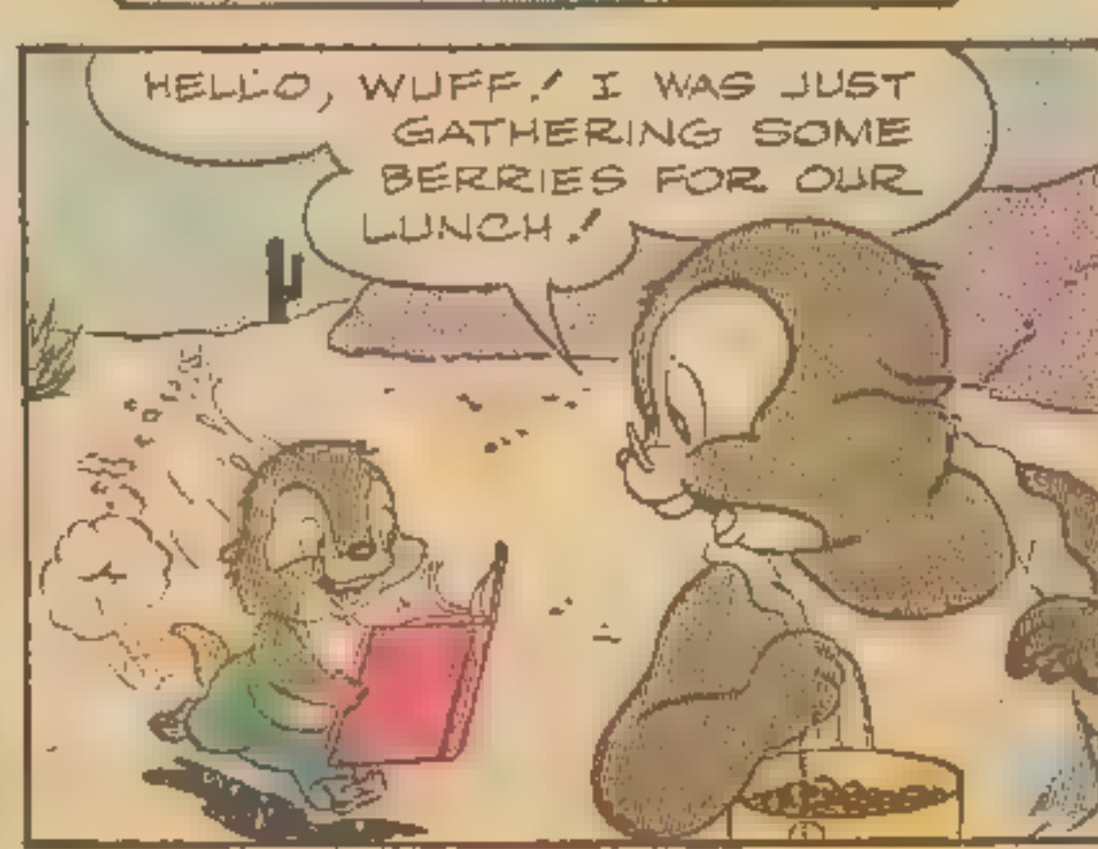

HA! HA! THAT'S A GOOD ONE! SUCH IGNORANCE!
? ? ?

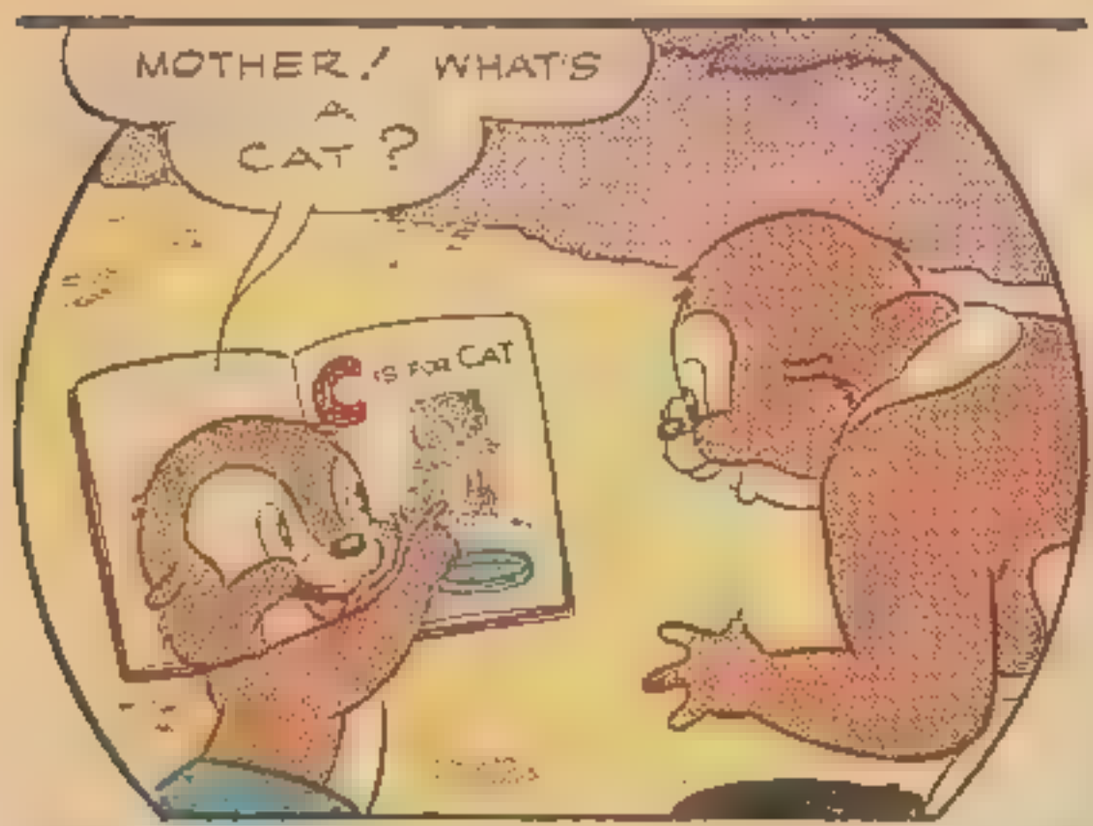

WHEW! I GOT OUTA THAT! IN ANOTHER MINUTE, I'D HAVE BEEN DOWNRIGHT EMBARRASSED!

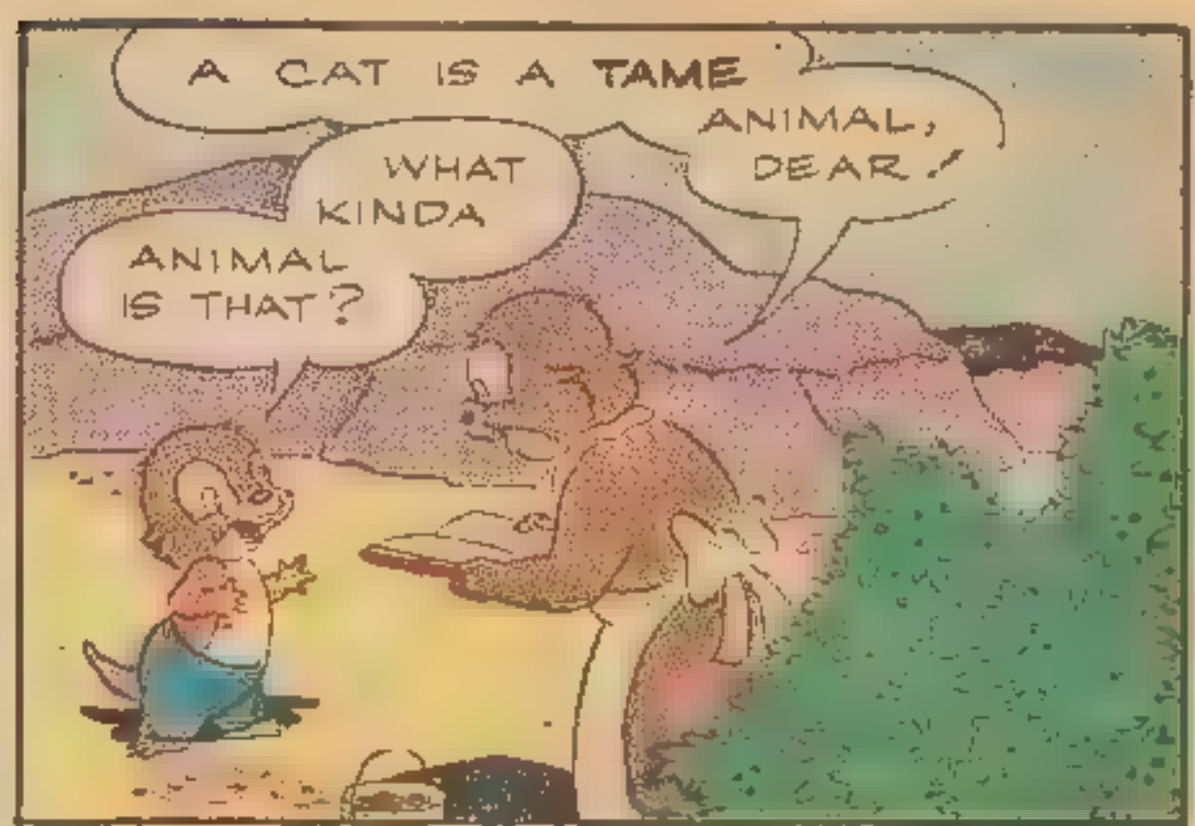

WHAT THE DICKENS IS A CAT, ANYWAY?

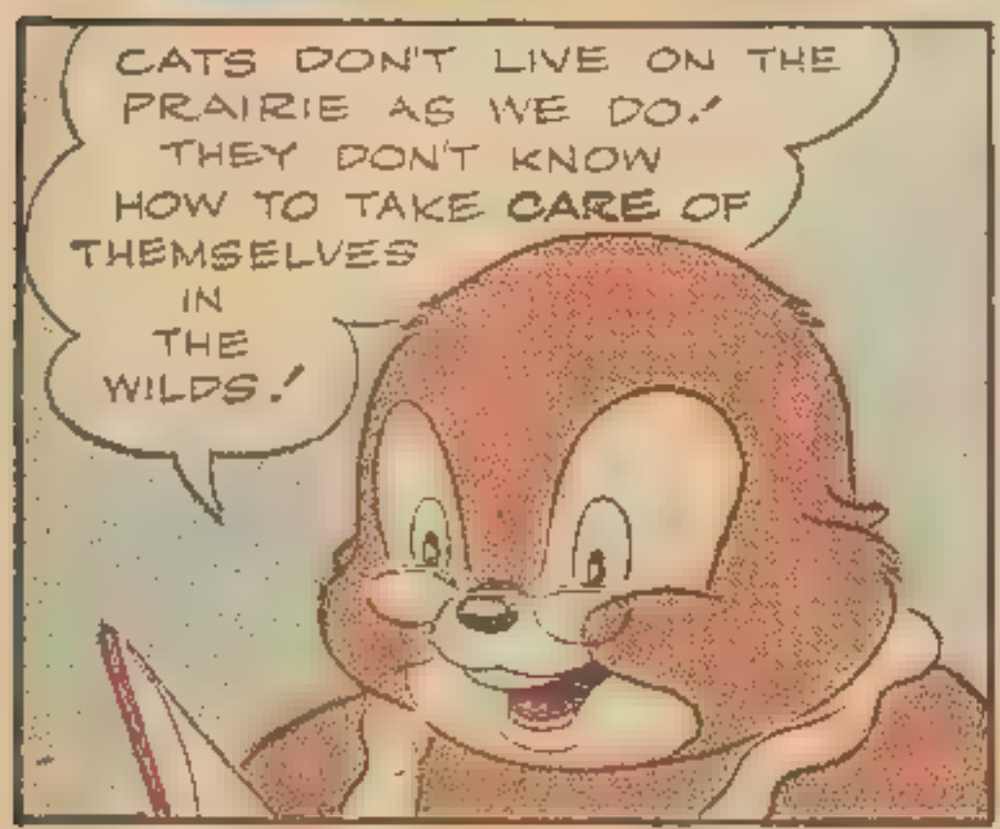

I'LL ASK MOM! MOTHERS KNOW 'MOST EVERYTHING!

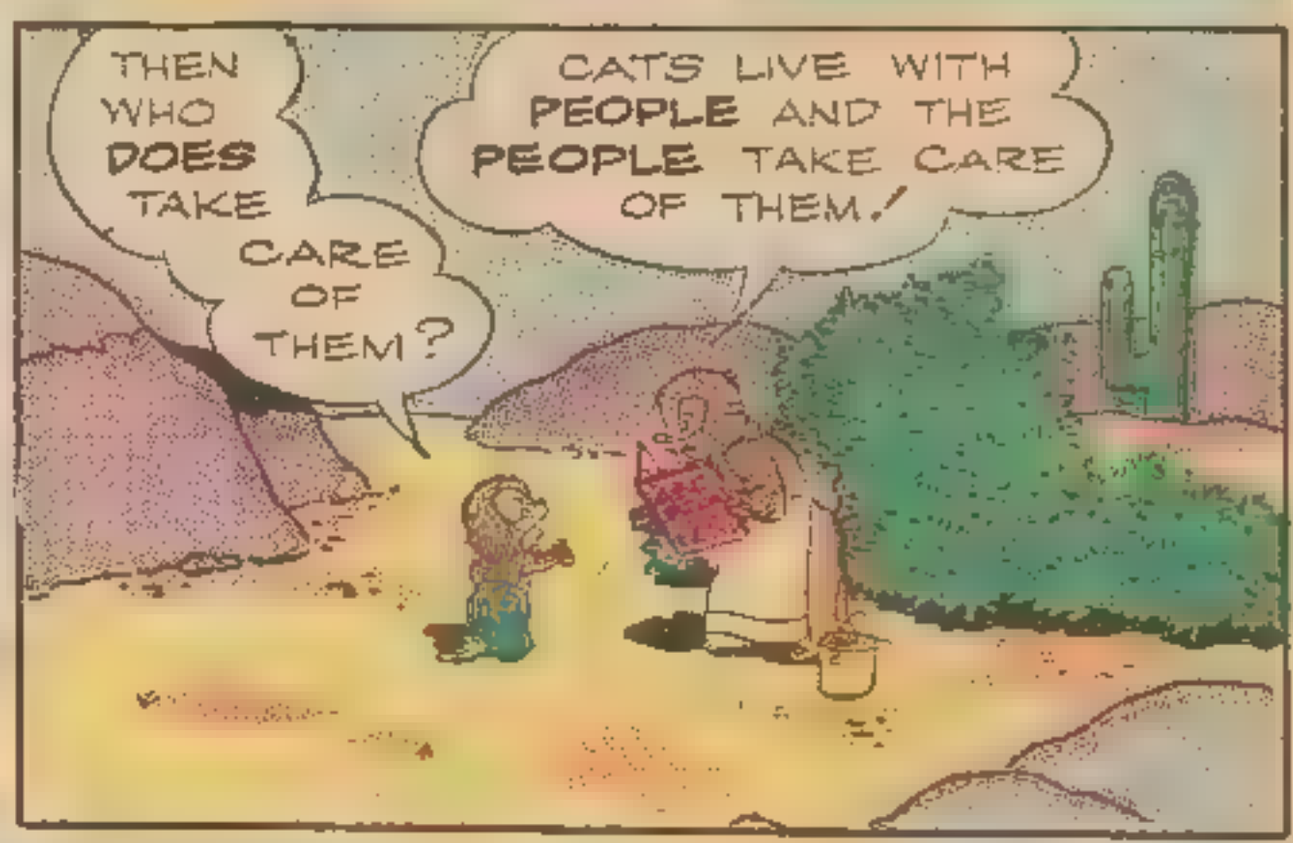

I THOUGHT I KNEW ALL THE ANIMALS ON THE PRAIRIE, BUT I NEVER SAW ONE THAT LOOKED LIKE THE ONE IN THE BOOK NAMED CAT!

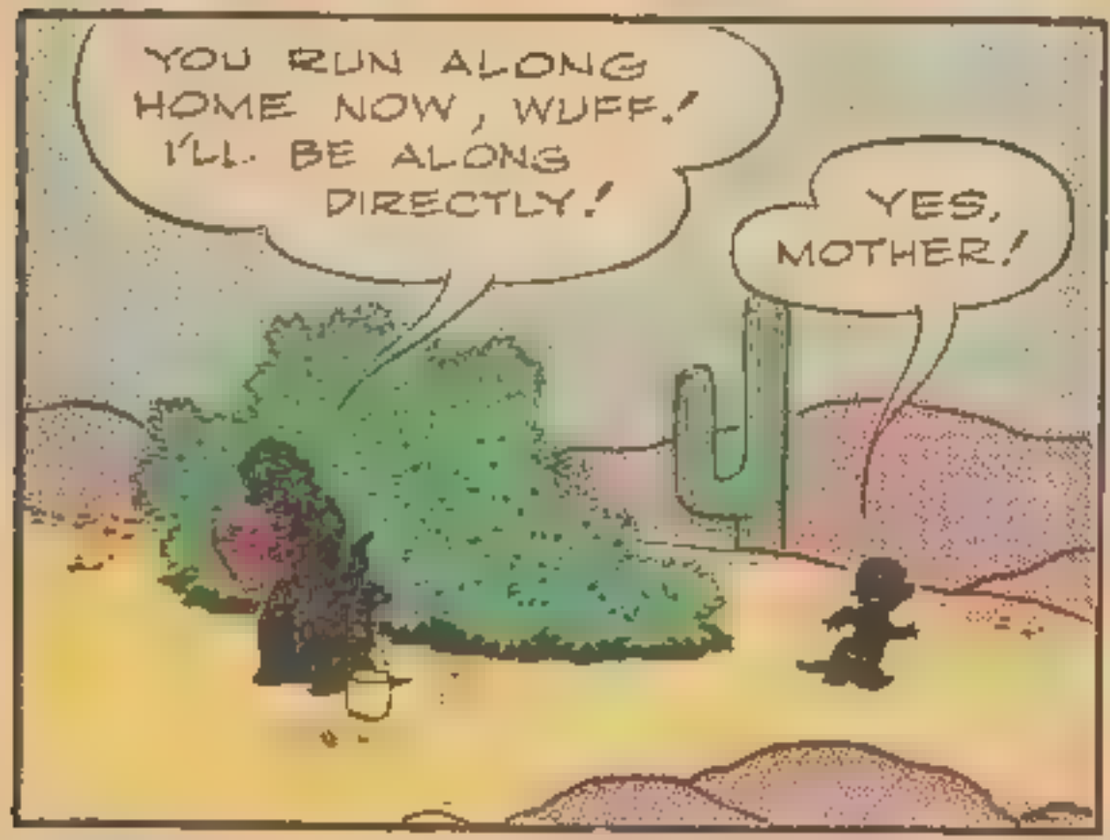

HELLO, WUFF! I WAS JUST GATHERING SOME BERRIES FOR OUR LUNCH!

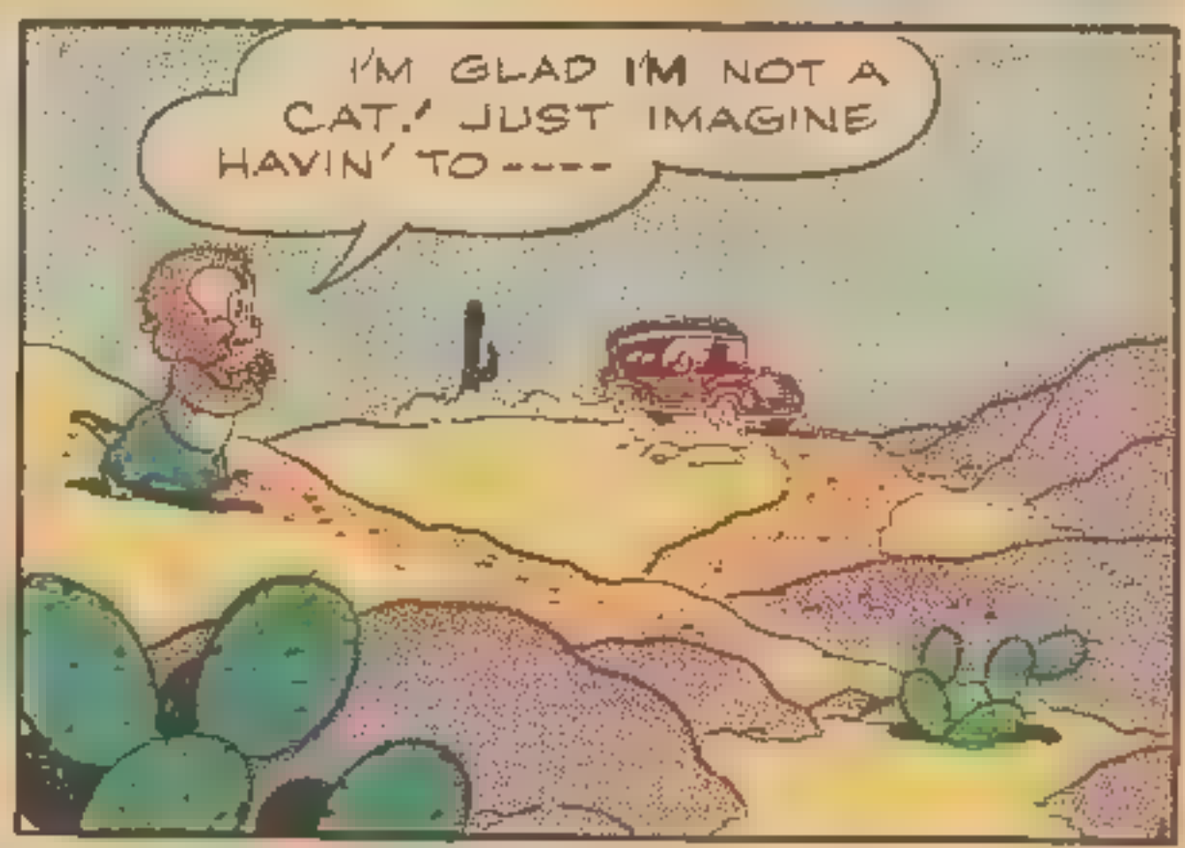

MOTHER! WHAT'S A CAT?
C is for CAT

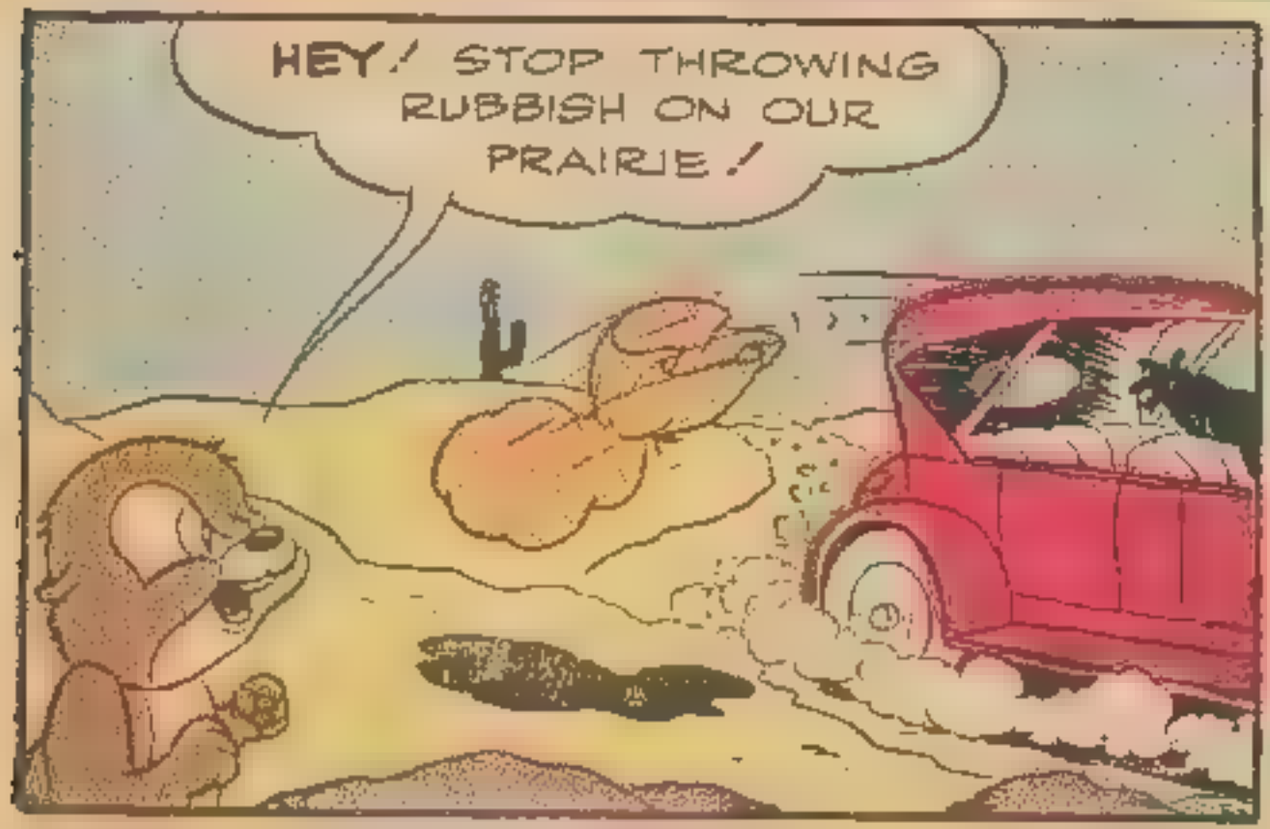

A CAT IS A TAME ANIMAL, DEAR!
WHAT KINDA ANIMAL IS THAT?

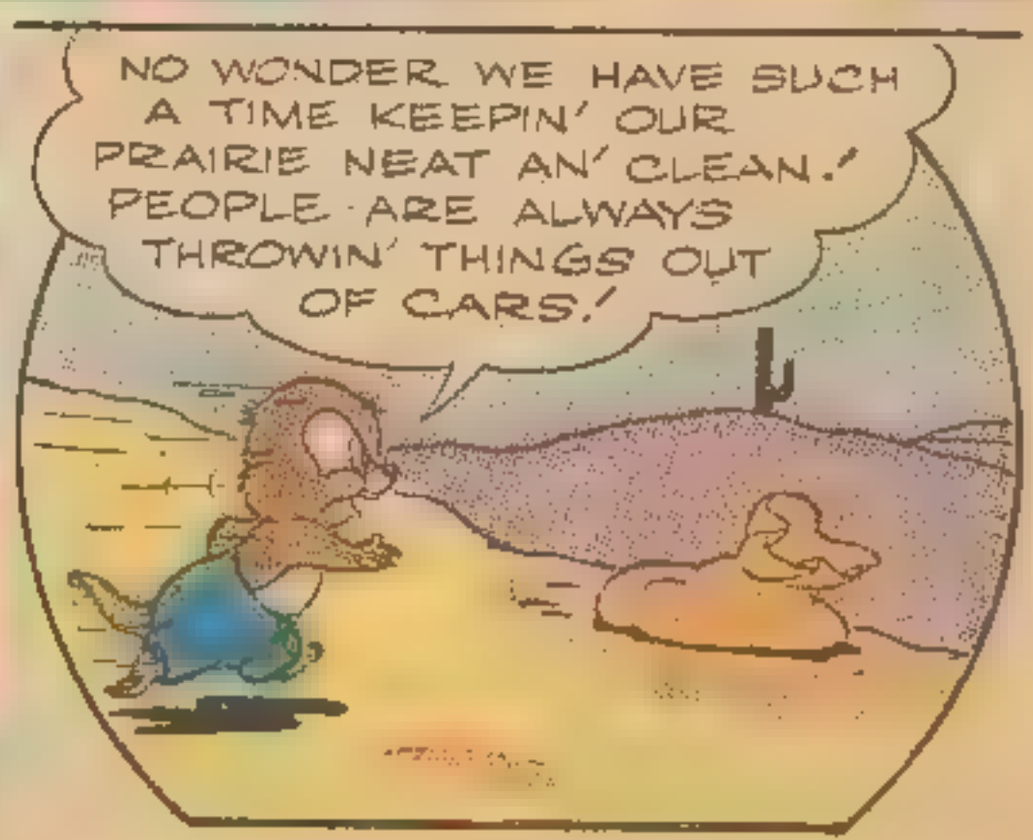

CATS DON'T LIVE ON THE PRAIRIE AS WE DO! THEY DON'T KNOW HOW TO TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES IN THE WILDS!

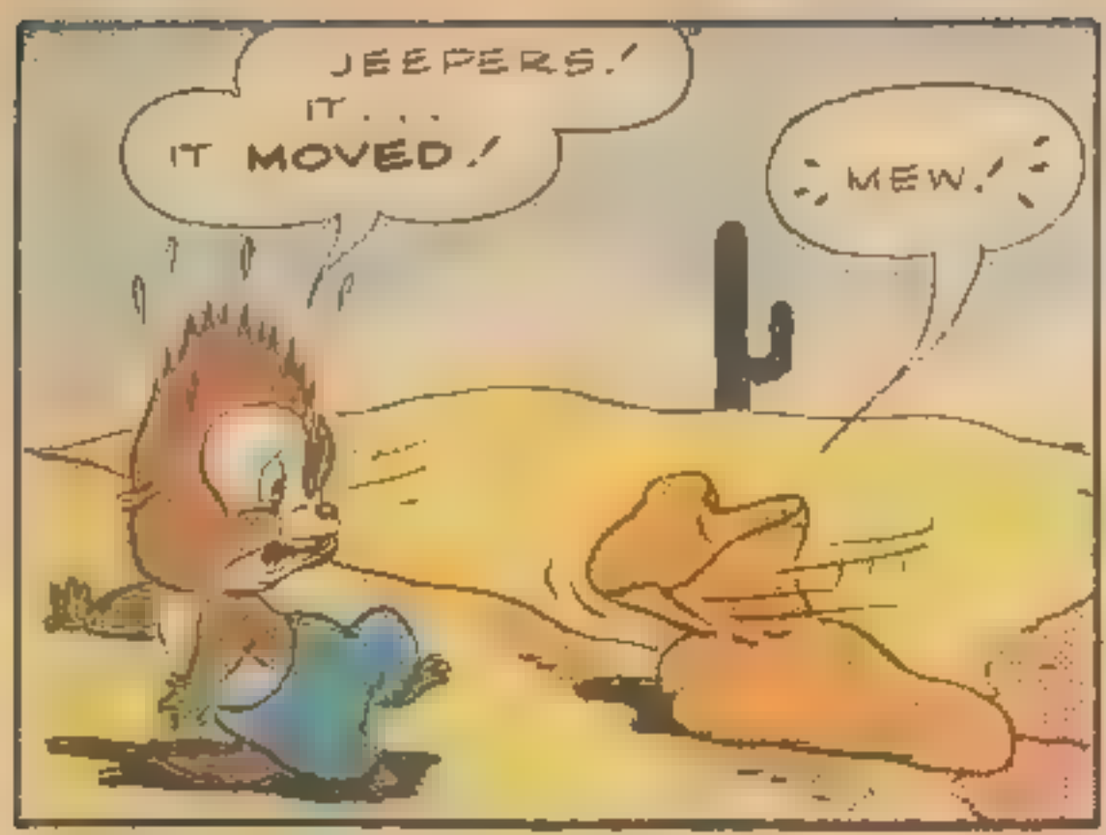

THEN WHO DOES TAKE CARE OF THEM?
CATS LIVE WITH PEOPLE AND THE PEOPLE TAKE CARE OF THEM!

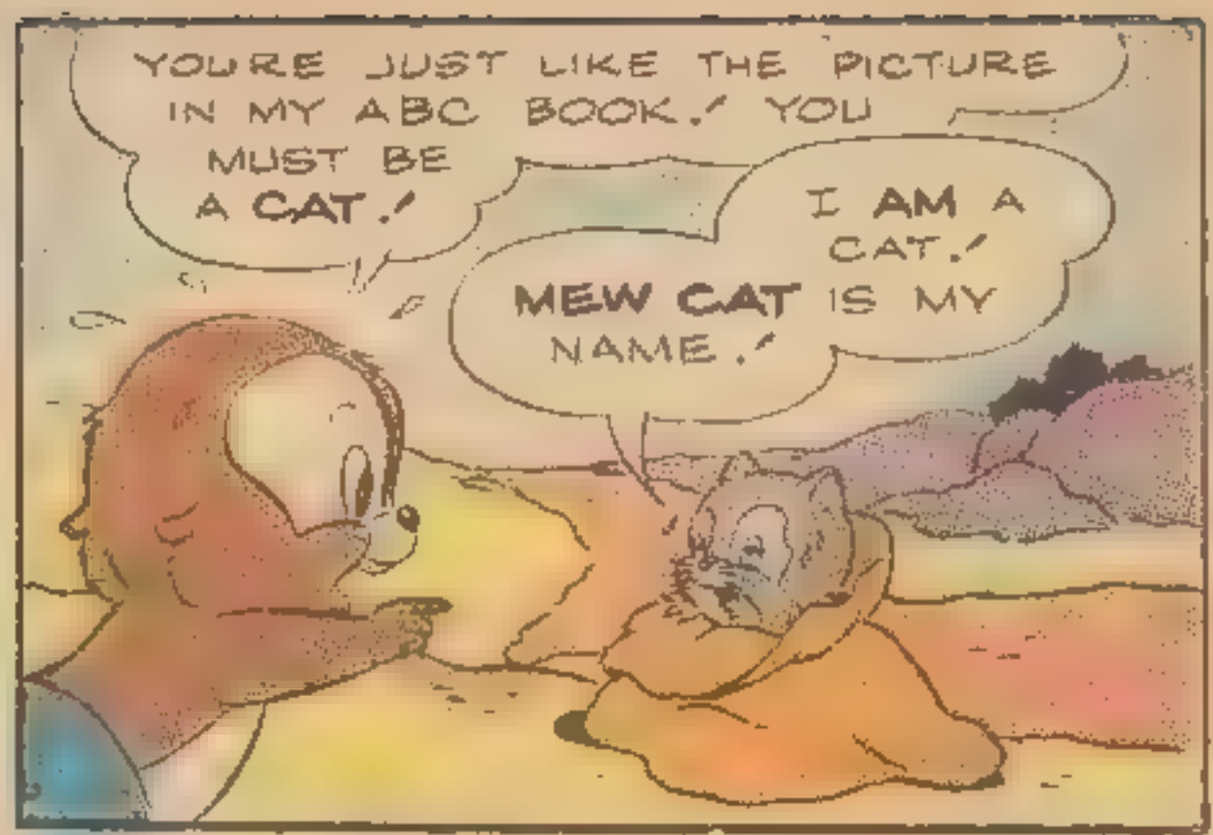

YOU RUN ALONG HOME NOW, WUFF! I'LL BE ALONG DIRECTLY!
YES, MOTHER!

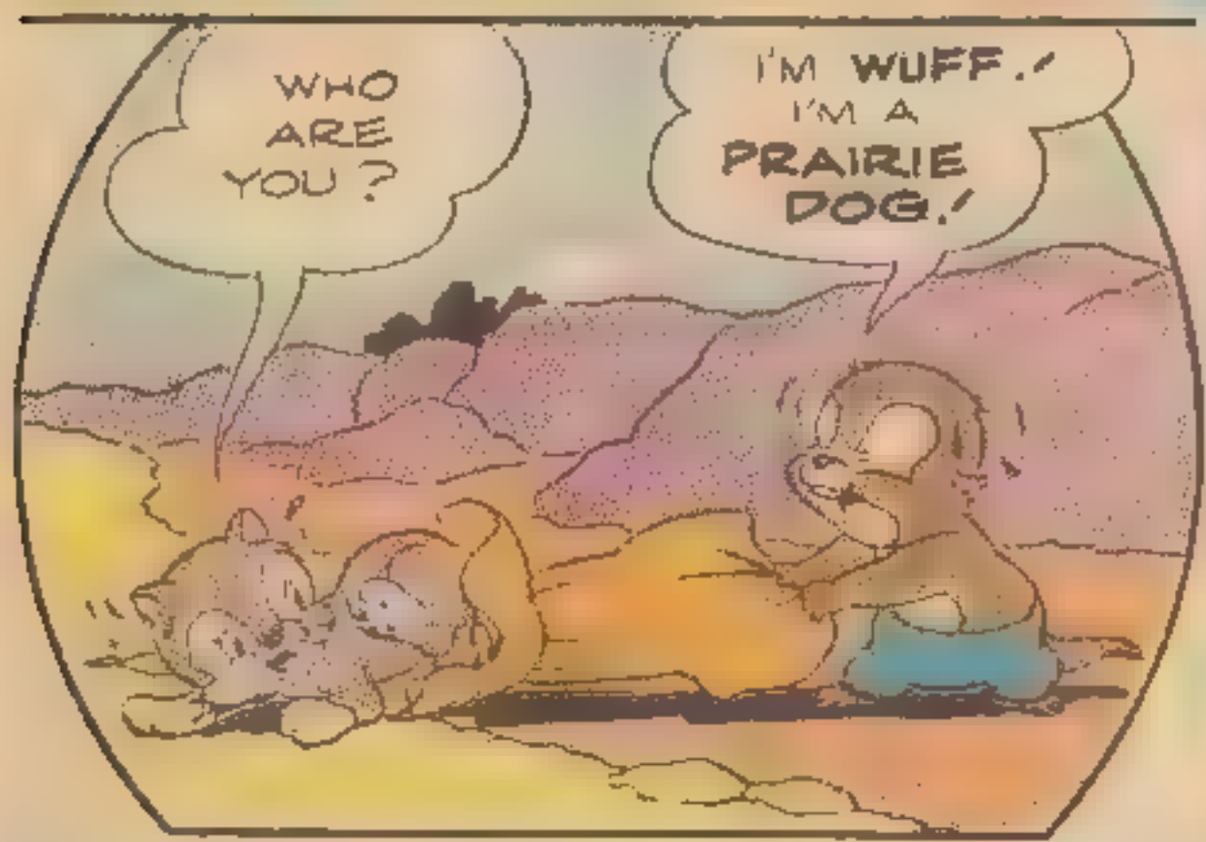

I'M GLAD I'M NOT A CAT! JUST IMAGINE HAVIN' TO----

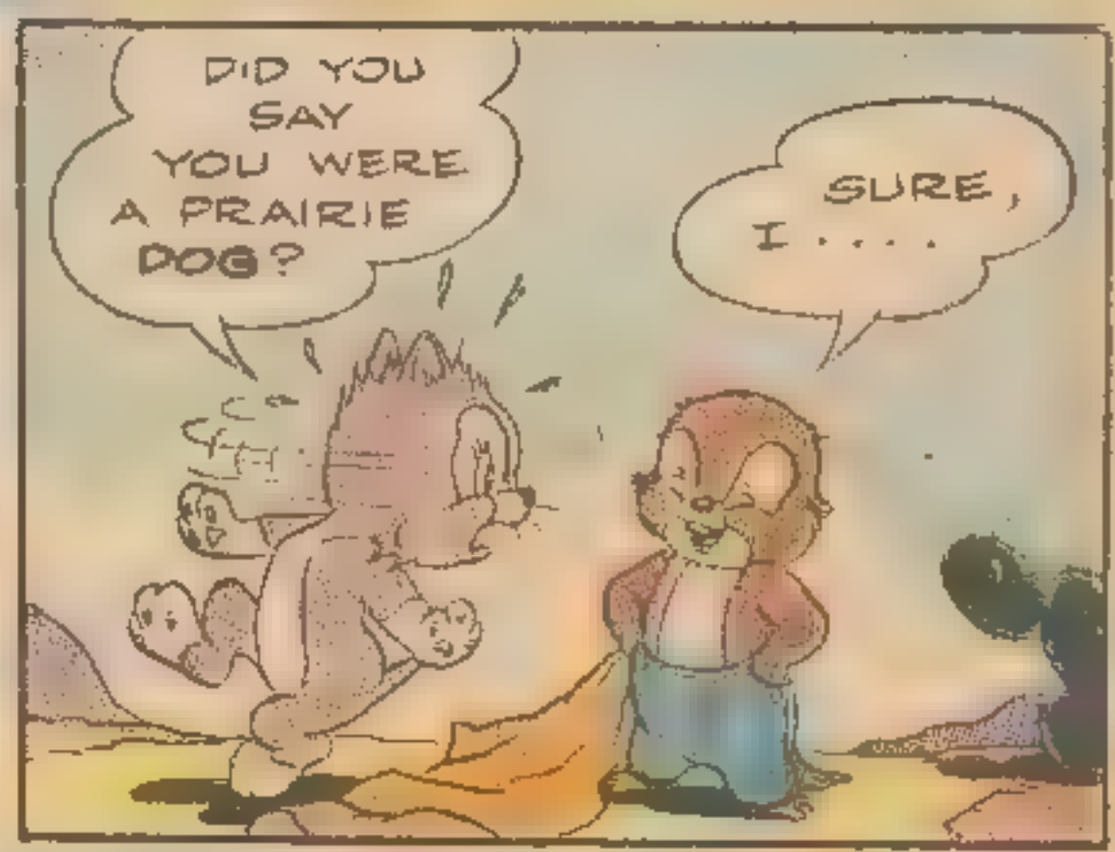

HEY! STOP THROWING RUBBISH ON OUR PRAIRIE!

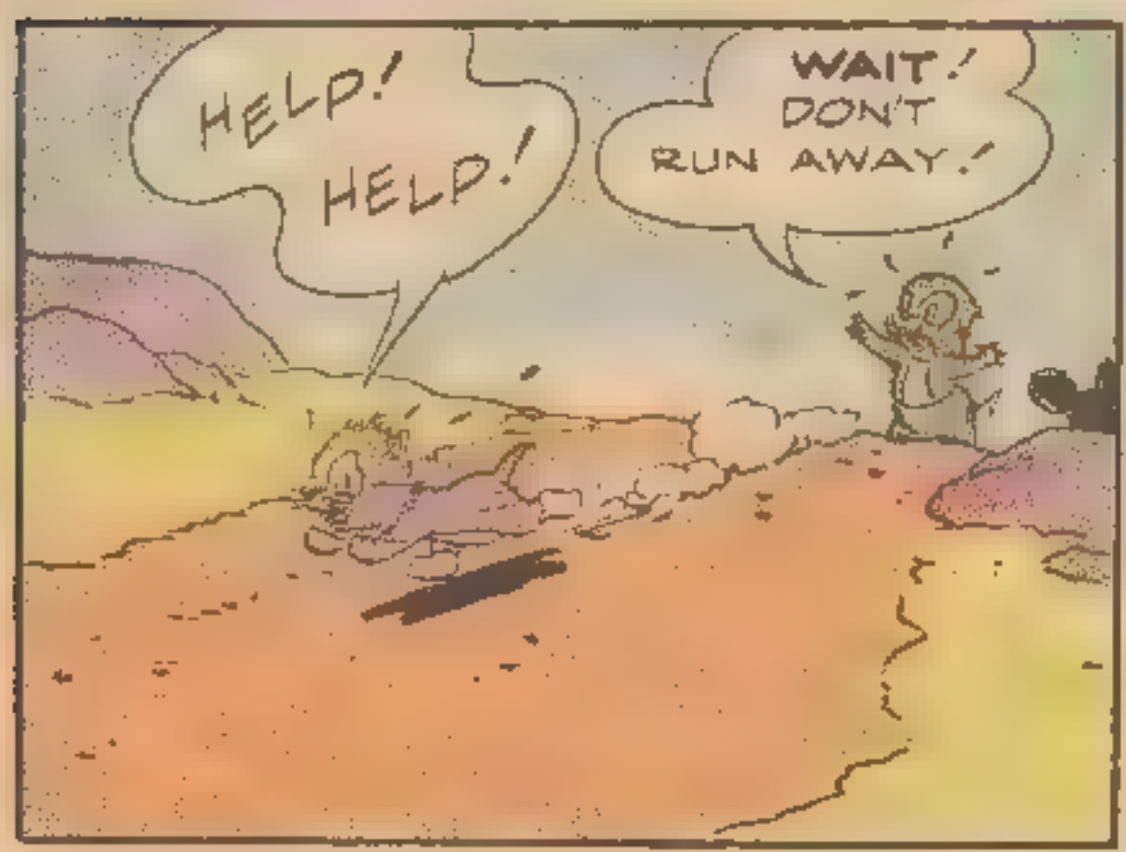

NO WONDER WE HAVE SUCH A TIME KEEPIN' OUR PRAIRIE NEAT AN' CLEAN! PEOPLE ARE ALWAYS THROWIN' THINGS OUT OF CARS!

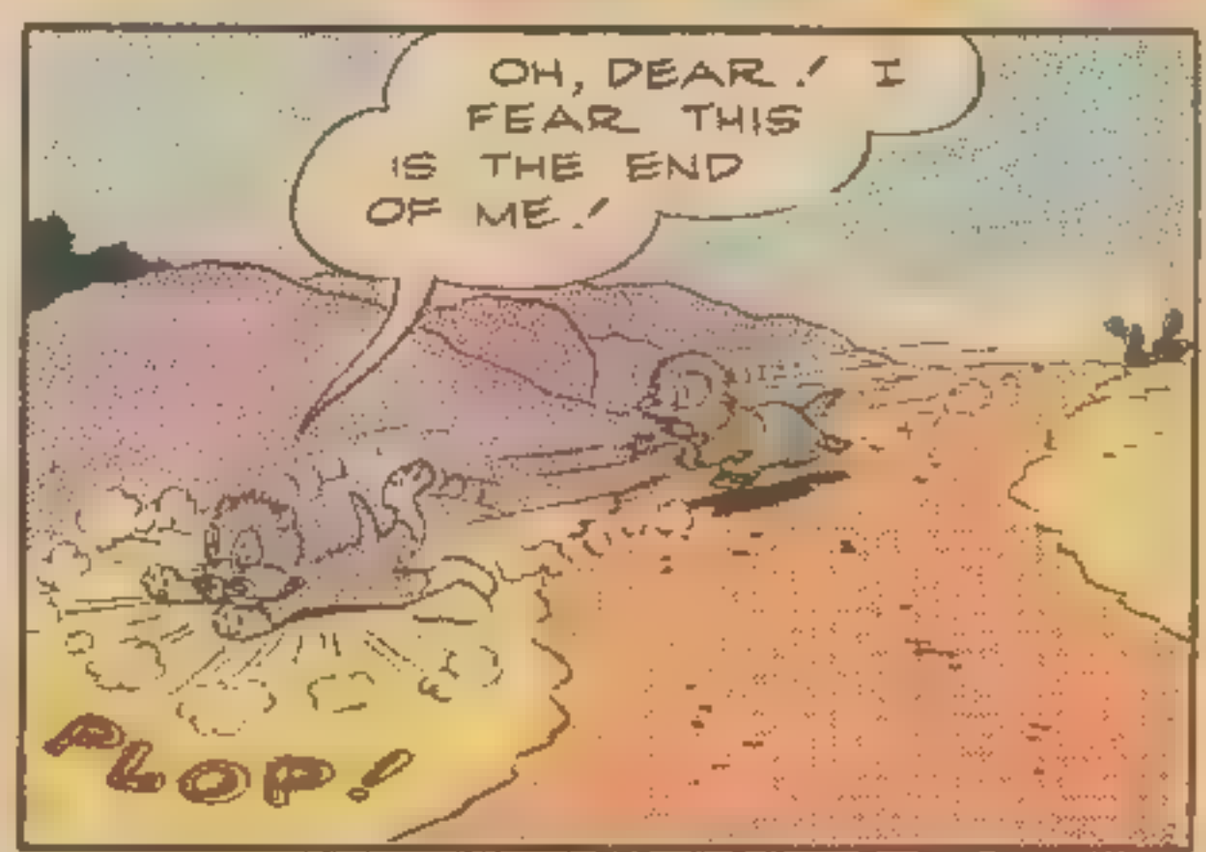

JEEPERS! IT . . . IT MOVED!
MEW!

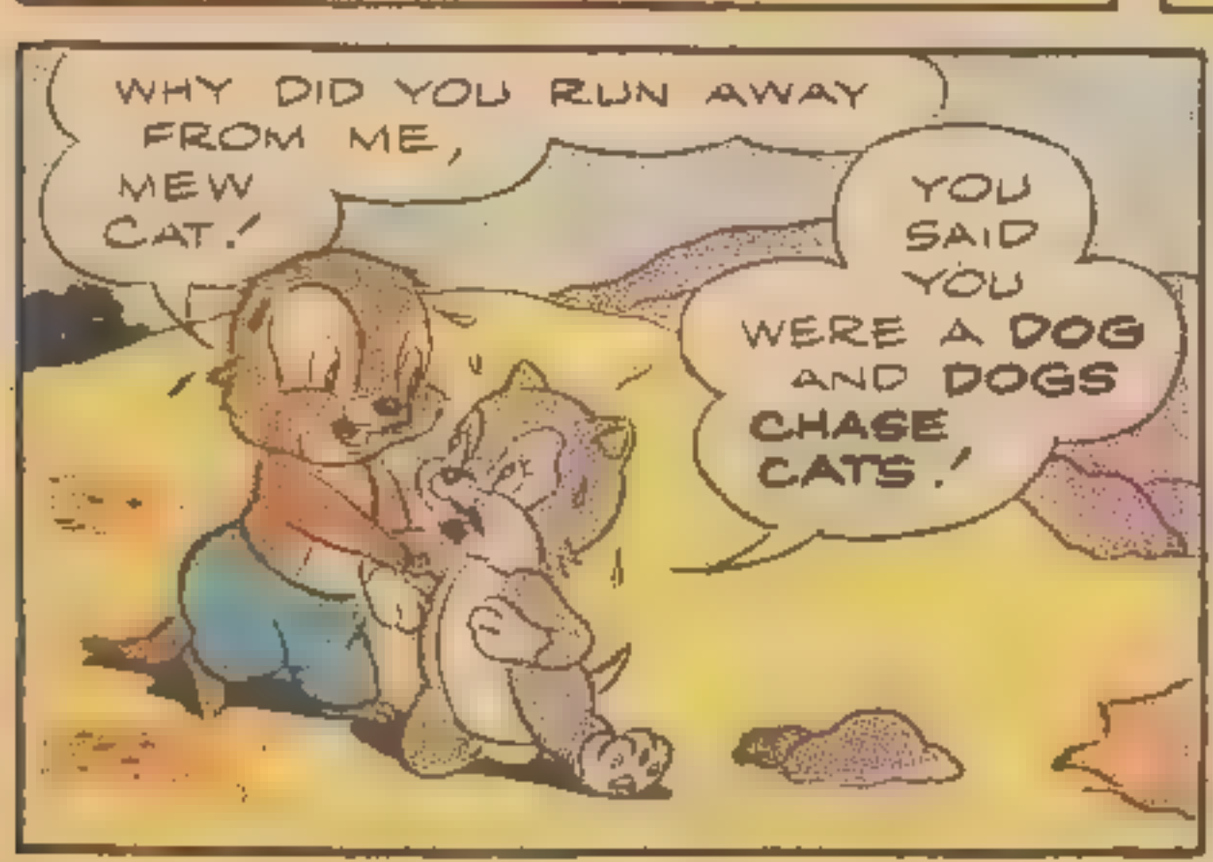

YOU'RE JUST LIKE THE PICTURE IN MY ABC BOOK! YOU MUST BE A CAT!
I AM A CAT! MEW CAT IS MY NAME!

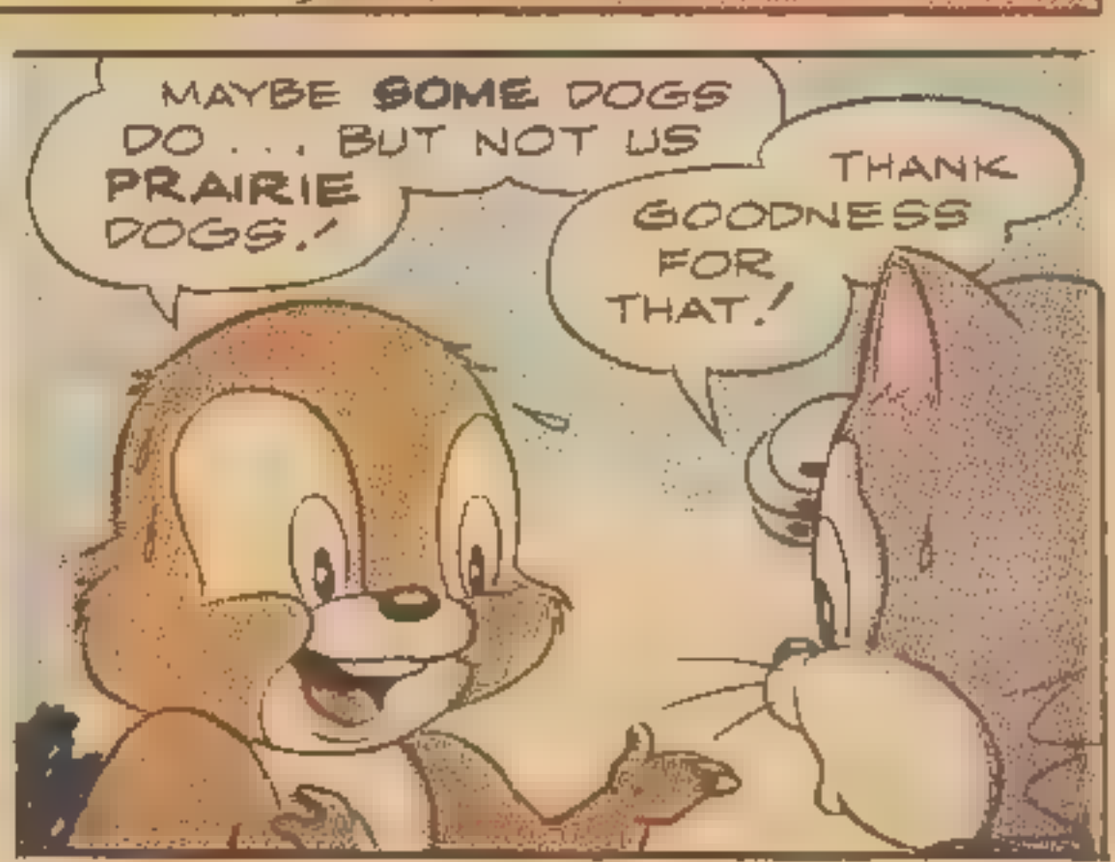

WHO ARE YOU?
I'M WUFF! I'M A PRAIRIE DOG!

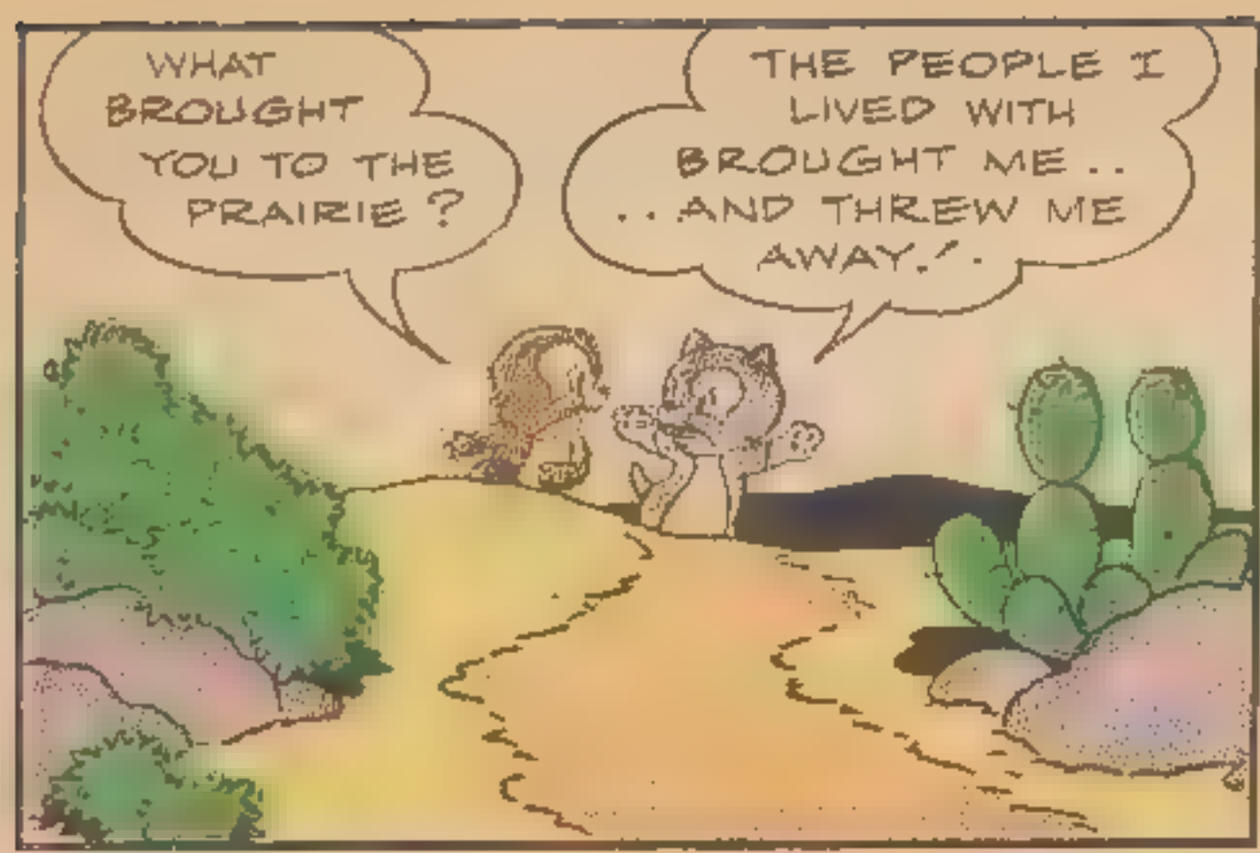

DID YOU SAY YOU WERE A PRAIRIE DOG?
SURE, I . . . .

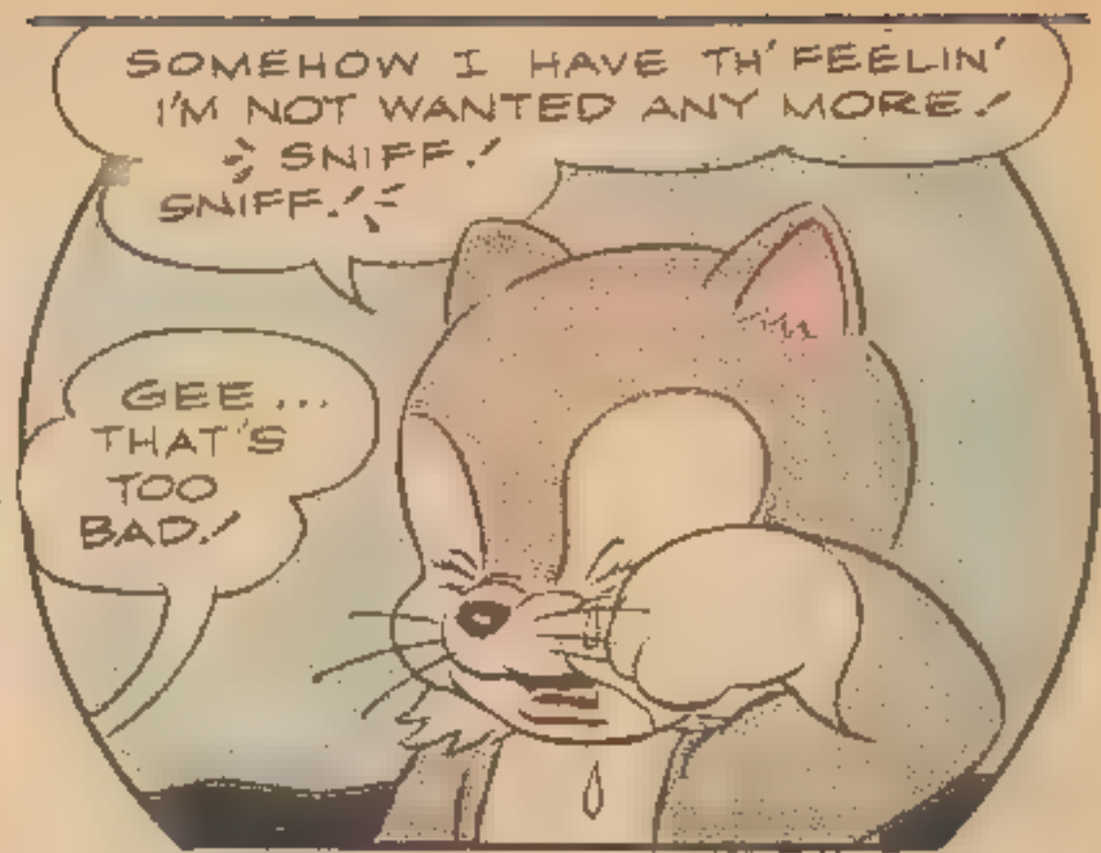

HELP! HELP!
WAIT! DON'T RUN AWAY!

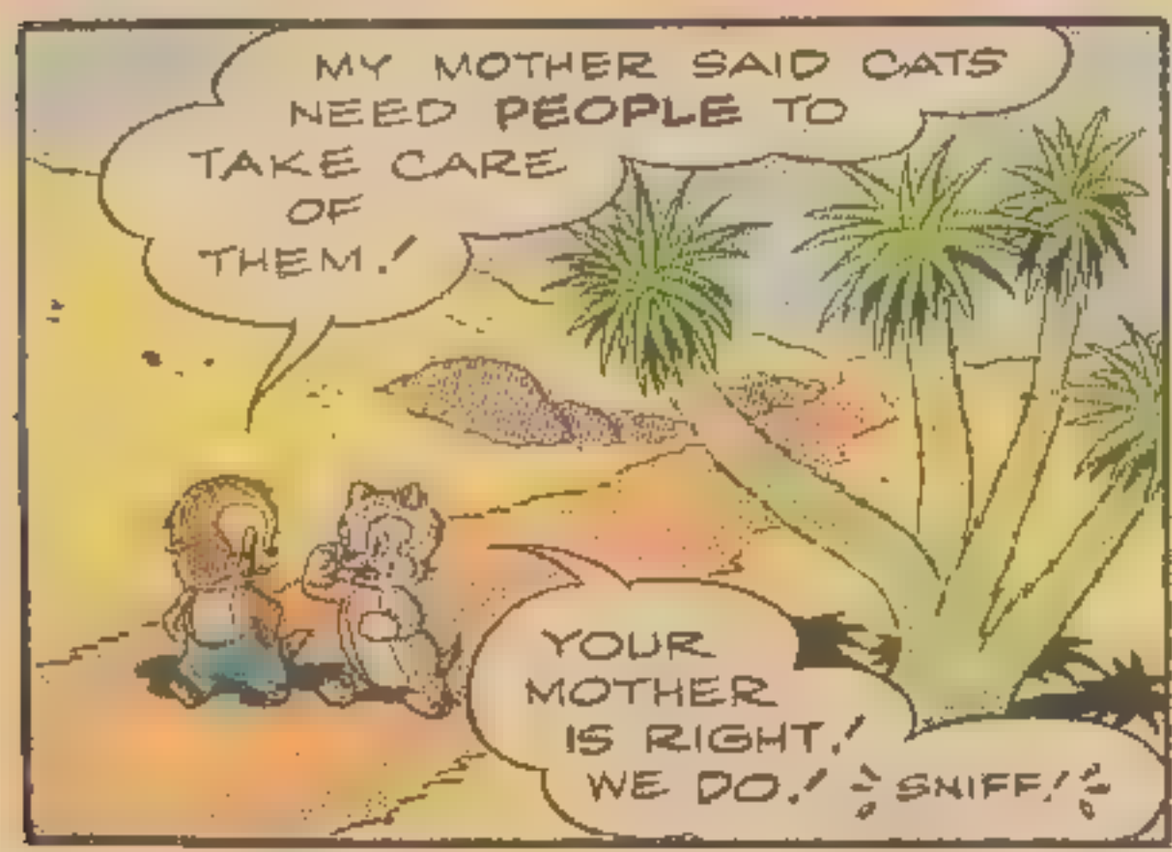

OH, DEAR! I FEAR THIS IS THE END OF ME!
PLOP!

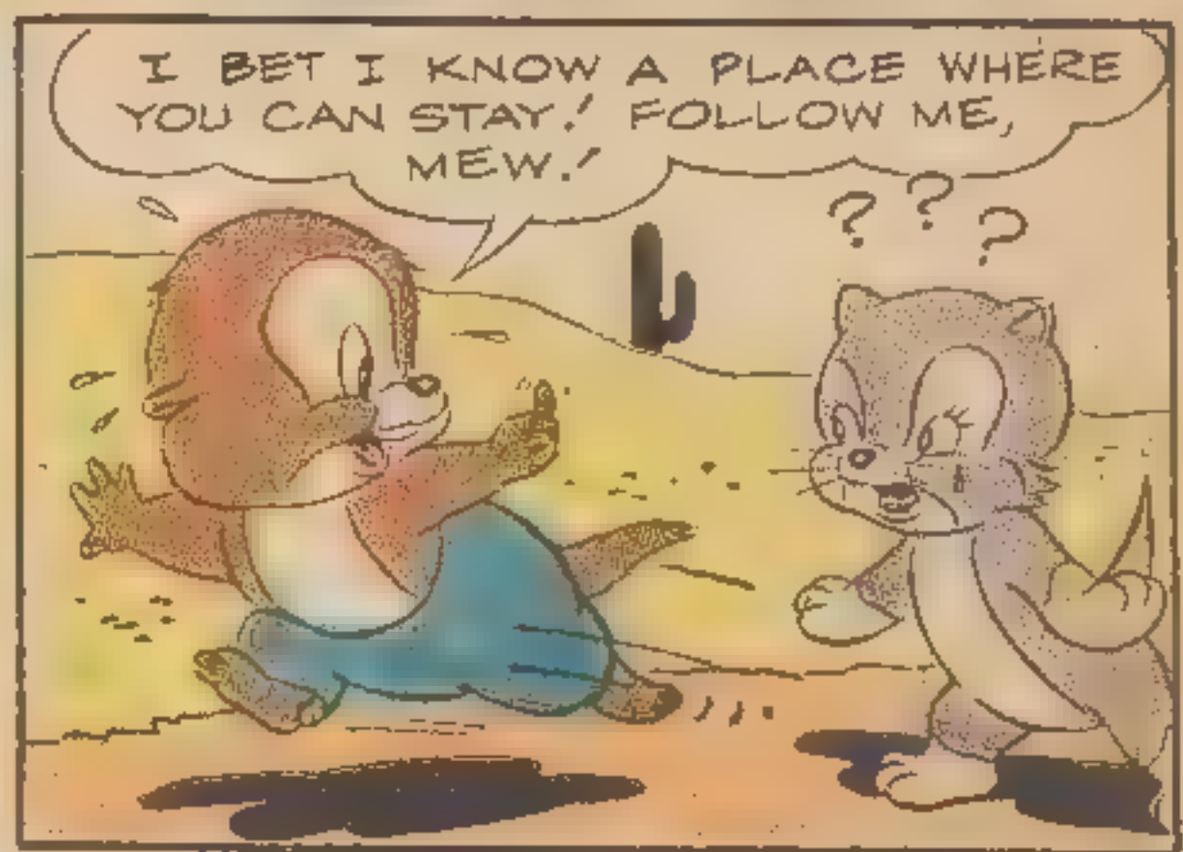

WHY DID YOU RUN AWAY FROM ME, MEW CAT!
YOU SAID YOU WERE A DOG AND DOGS CHASE CATS!

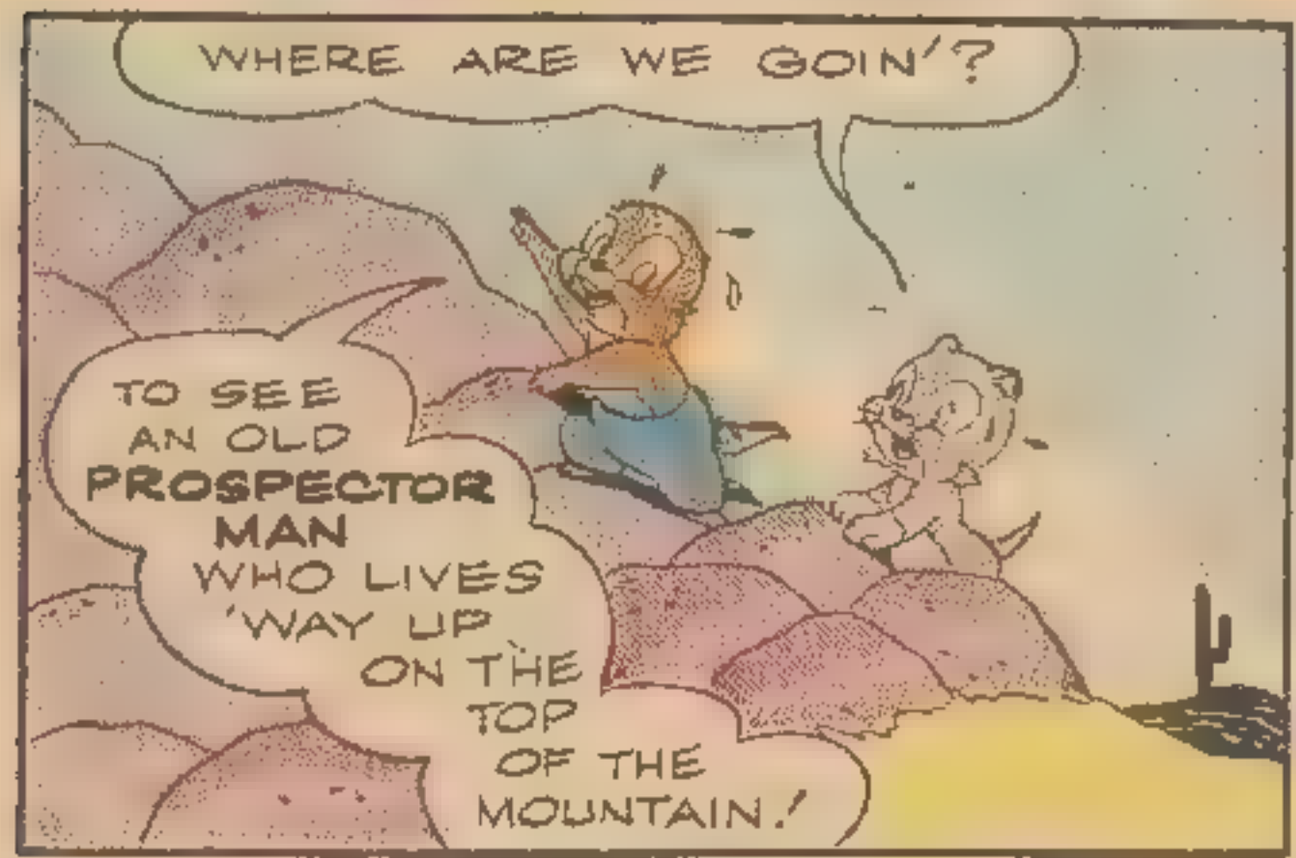

MAYBE SOME DOGS DO . . . BUT NOT US PRAIRIE DOGS!
THANK GOODNESS FOR THAT!

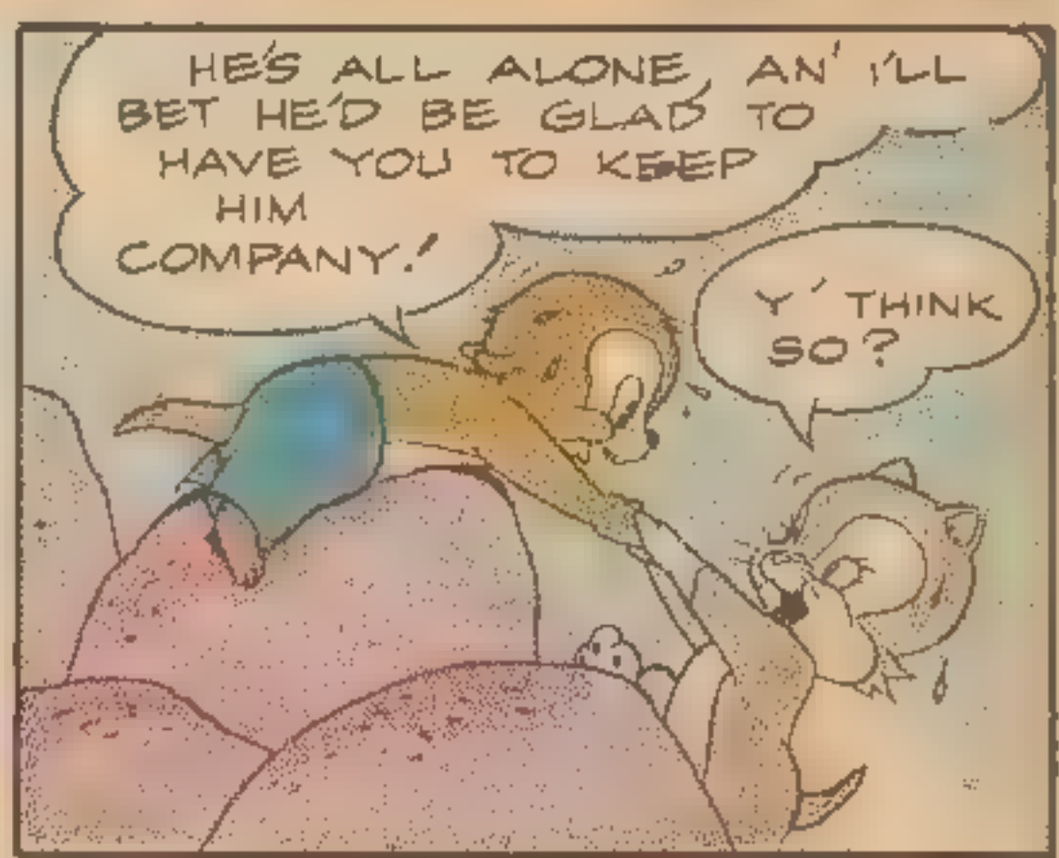

WHAT BROUGHT YOU TO THE PRAIRIE?
THE PEOPLE I LIVED WITH BROUGHT ME.. ..AND THREW ME AWAY.!

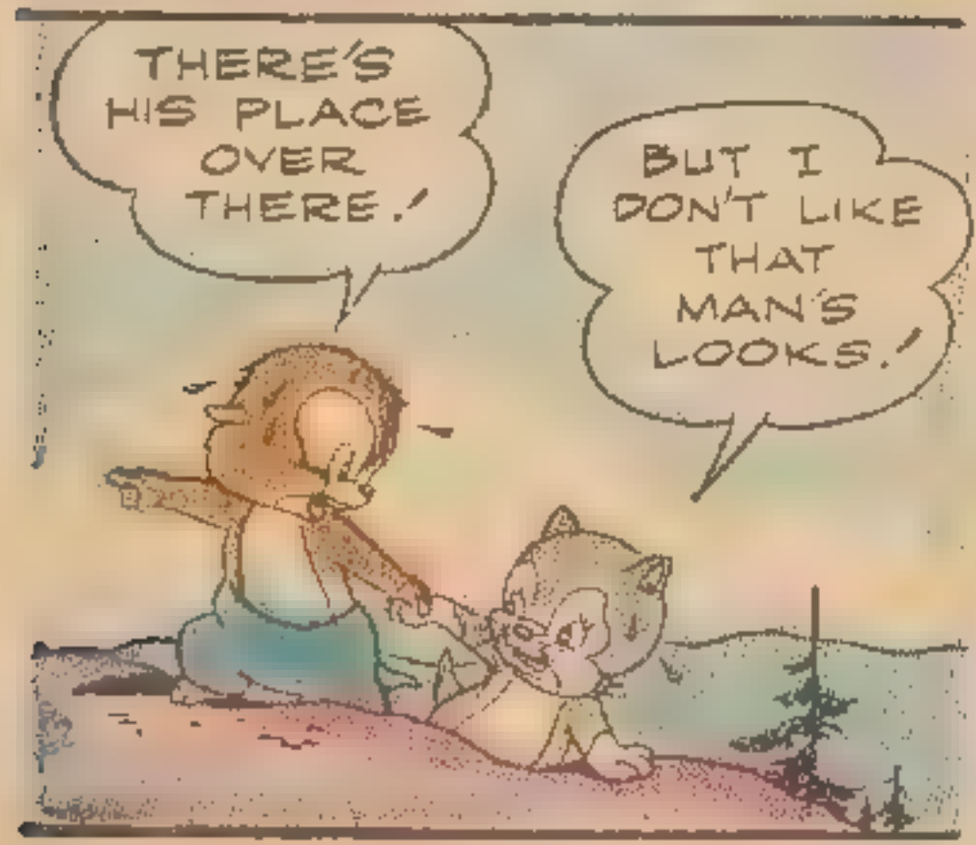

SOMEHOW I HAVE TH' FEELIN' I'M NOT WANTED ANY MORE! SNIFF! SNIFF!
GEE... THAT'S TOO BAD!

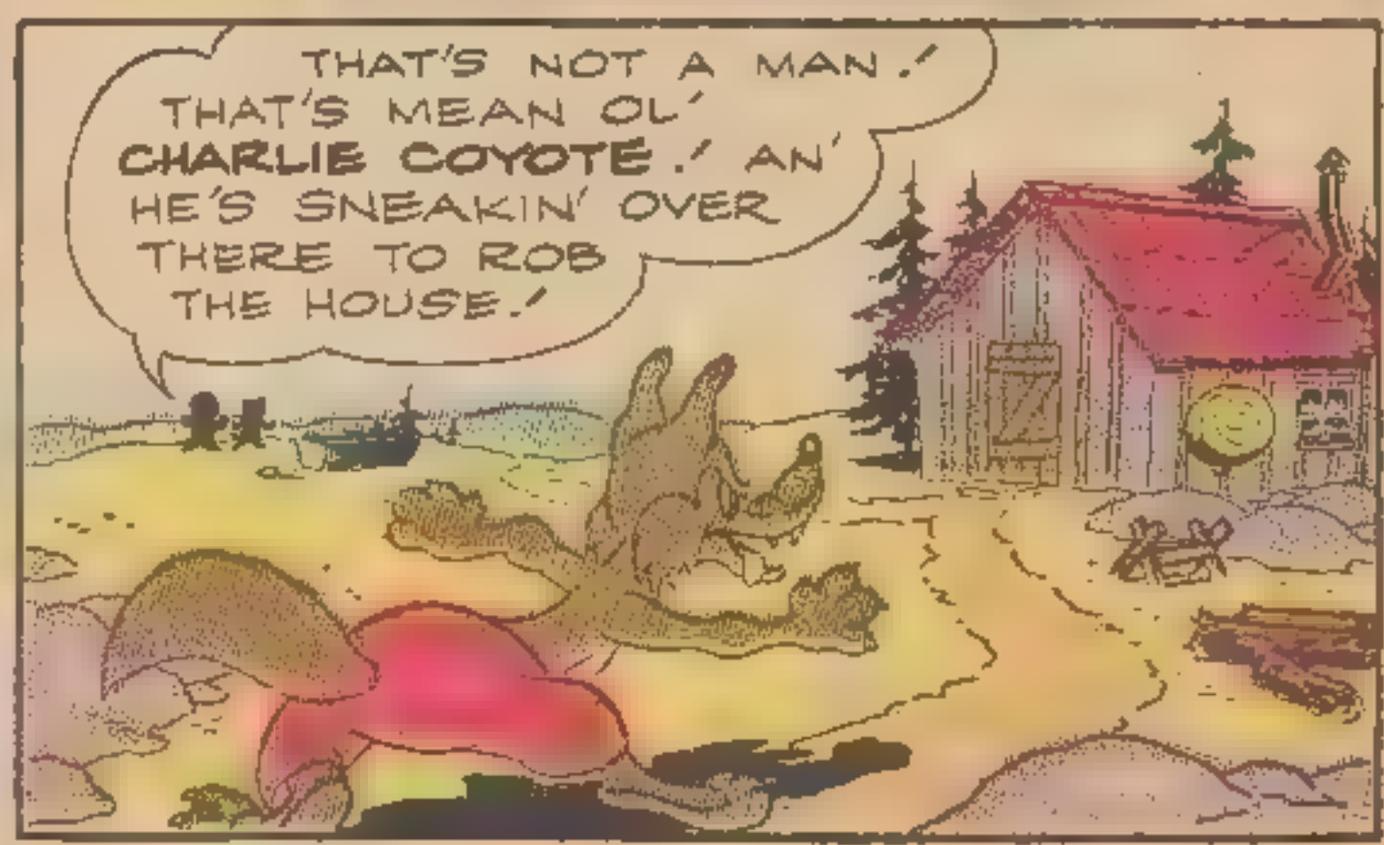

MY MOTHER SAID CATS NEED **PEOPLE** TO TAKE CARE OF THEM!
YOUR MOTHER IS RIGHT! WE DO! SNIFF!

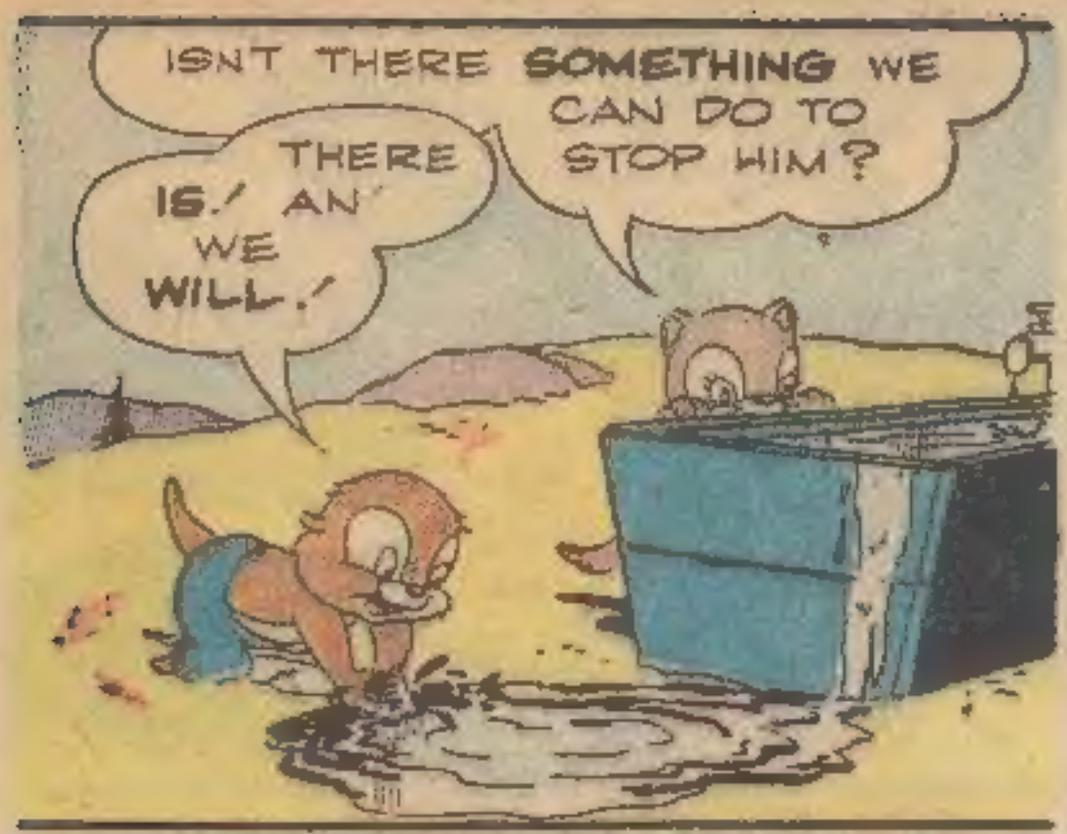

I BET I KNOW A PLACE WHERE YOU CAN STAY! FOLLOW ME, MEW!
???

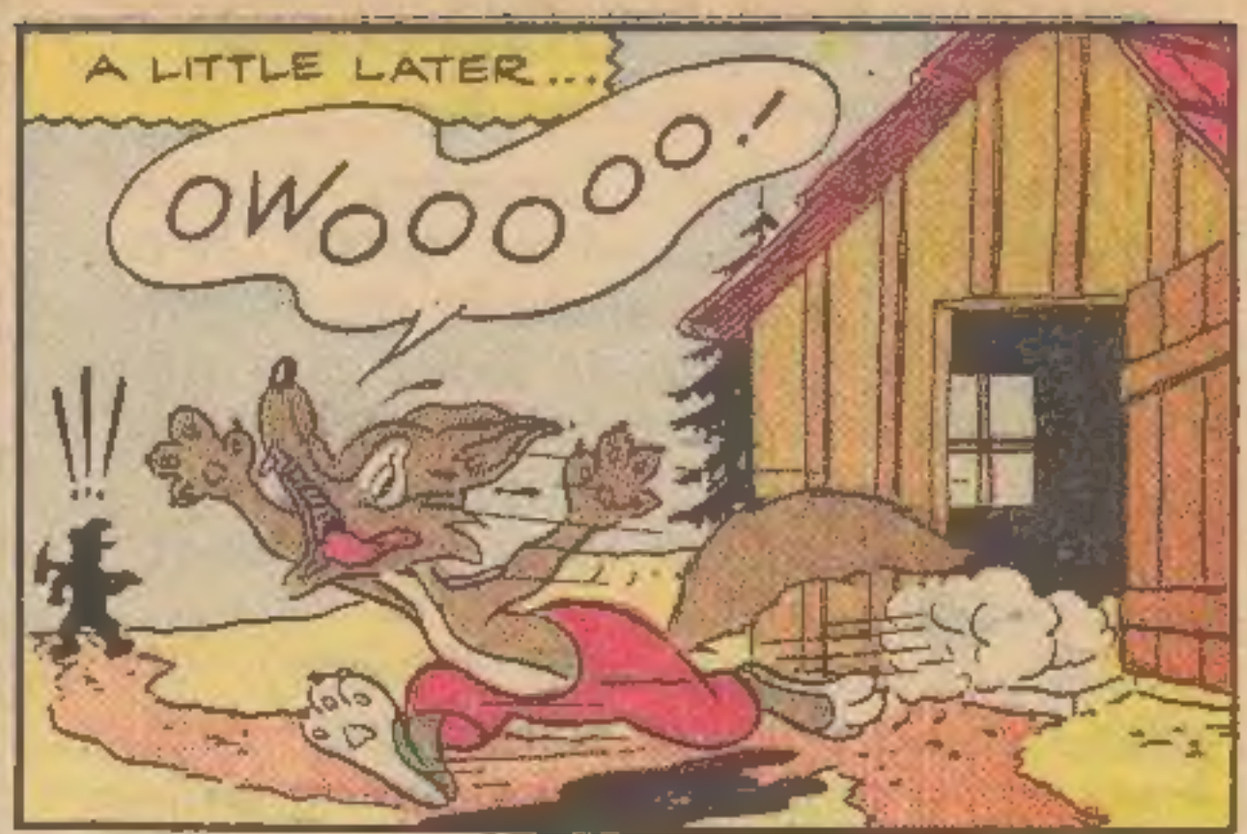

WHERE ARE WE GOIN'?
TO SEE AN OLD **PROSPECTOR MAN** WHO LIVES 'WAY UP ON THE TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN!

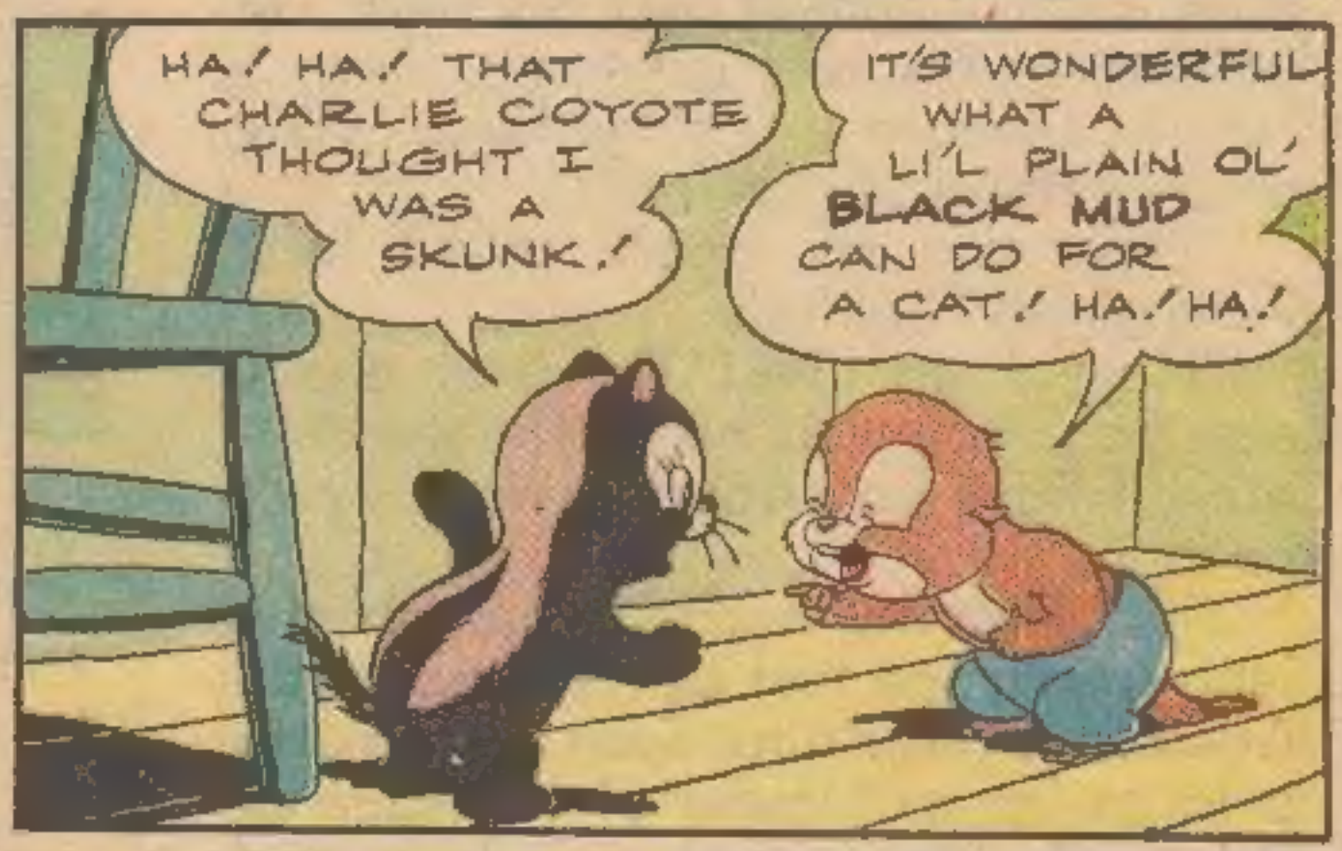

HE'S ALL ALONE, AN' I'LL BET HE'D BE GLAD TO HAVE YOU TO KEEP HIM COMPANY!
Y' THINK SO?


THERE'S HIS PLACE OVER THERE!
BUT I DON'T LIKE THAT MAN'S LOOKS!


THAT'S NOT A MAN! THAT'S MEAN OL' **CHARLIE COYOTE**! AN' HE'S SNEAKIN' OVER THERE TO ROB THE HOUSE!







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TIMOTHY'S GOOD DEED

(Continued from inside front cover)

"No luck?" asked Timothy.

And Mrs. Fieldmouse shook her head sadly. "Not a place in the forest or field that will do. It looks as if all the neighbors are moving early this season. I guess it's because we are having an early fall, at least that's what Father Owl said."

"That's tough," said Timothy. "I wish I could think of something." And then as he gazed at the sleeping children a smile spread over his face. He jumped to his feet excitedly. "Say, I HAVE thought of something. Why didn't I think of it before?"

"Have you an idea?" asked Mrs. Fieldmouse hopefully.

"Have I an idea! The best one I ever had. You wait here with the children. I have an errand to do. I won't be long."

And Timothy hurried through the long grasses as fast as his squat little legs could carry him. Soon he came to a large brown mound at the edge of the Pond. He hurried over to it and rapped sharply on its side. A voice echoed from its depths.

"Go 'way. Can't you see I'm not at home?"

Timothy rapped again. "But it's one of your great-great nephews."

"Go 'way. I'm still not at home. Won't be back for an hour."

Timothy rapped still more sharply this time. "Great-great Uncle Tortoise, you must talk to me. It's of great importance."

Great-great Uncle's sigh echoed through the deep shell. "Oh, all right. Can't get any sleep with all the noise around here anyway. What do you want?"

"Do you remember last year, when you bought this new shell? Do you remember what you did with the old one?"

"Of course I know. Put it away for a rainy day. Why?"

"Well, Mrs. Fieldmouse is left without a home for her children. And I thought—" began Timothy.

"Thought you could talk me out of a perfectly good shell—no sir. Nothing doing."

"But Mrs. Fieldmouse needs a place to live for the winter. You can't see them homeless and not want to help, can you?" begged Timothy.

"Well-ll-ll. When you put it that way—it's over at the shallow edge of the Pond."

"I knew you'd want to help. Thank you, Great-great Uncle, thank you." And Timothy scurried over to the edge of the water, and searched until he

came upon an empty tortoise shell among the weeds.

"Gosh, this is perfect." And he pulled and tugged with his strong little teeth, until he had pulled it all the way back to where Mrs. Fieldmouse waited beside her children.

"My goodness, what is that?" she exclaimed when she caught sight of Timothy and his burden.

"Just you wait and see," Timothy said. "Now to get Danny Beaver to help." And once more he hurried off, to soon return, accompanied by his friend. Danny set to work gnawing four little wheels out of some strong wood he had brought with him, while Timothy cut a little door and two small windows in the side of the tortoise shell. Then Danny made a little platform and fastened the wheels onto the four corners, and he and Timothy tugged and heaved until they had pulled the shell over onto the platform. There they carefully fastened it down and stood back to admire their job.

"Why, it's a trailer!" gasped Mrs. Fieldmouse. "How clever!" And she poked her head through one of the windows to look at the inside "Just as warm and cozy as it can be."

"Yes, sir, and with a woman's touch about the house you will have just about the nicest home in the Mill Pond. And whenever you feel like a change of scenery, I can just fasten the shell onto my shell and take you where ever I go," said Timothy.

"Oh, what good friends you are. How can I ever repay you," said Mrs. Fieldmouse.

"Aw heck, it was nothing," Timothy blushed. "Besides I like company."

And he certainly had it from then on. For it grew to be quite a common sight to see Timothy coming down the forest path, with Mrs. Fieldmouse's trailer rolling along behind, the windows gay with curtains and window boxes, and the smell of something good wafting out the door.

And Timothy smiled proudly to himself whenever friends stopped to admire the only trailer in the forest. And his good deed made him gain weight, for he soon grew very fond of Mrs. Fieldmouse's cookies.

"Well, this is one way to acquire a family," he smiled, as he watched the little field mice playing gaily about their new home.

And his friends all agreed that it certainly was.

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